

DECEMBER

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*The*

# SMART SET

*A Magazine of Cleverness*



She—Is this the end for us?  
He—Yes; make your little bow to  
the public.  
She—I wonder who will take our place?

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



LONDON

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FIFTH AVENUE & 37<sup>TH</sup> STREET  
NEW YORK

# THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE OF  
CLEVERNESS

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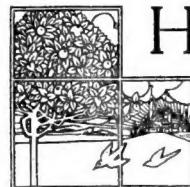
MARK LEE LUTHER, Treasurer

# The Advertising Influence

By ROBERT TINSMAN  
Vice-President

Federal Advertising  
Agency

## "Reputation and Advertising go hand in hand"



HAVE you, readers of THE SMART SET, ever stopped to think why you read advertising so eagerly? Because it is good reading, most of it; because the men and women who write it are among the most interesting and best paid writers in the country.

It is no unusual thing for a newspaper reporter to go as high as he can, say \$100 a week, and then turn to advertising, and in a little while earn twice that sum. Indeed, I know one special writer who charges \$2,500 for twelve advertisements; another who gets \$500 for six; and both earn it. These are prices that beat the dollar-a-word Roosevelt standard, for it is the rule that the best ads are the shortest. No wonder advertising is becoming better literature, more interesting to you and more profitable to the advertiser. Advertising is no longer a luxury or a gamble. It is a simple investment, a necessity to every business that hopes to be a great business. It is multiplied salesmanship, that's all. Tiffany might be content to do a New York business—but he is more progressive than that. So he prints a catalogue and uses THE SMART SET to bring its far-distant readers into his store by mail. Tiffany merchandise and Tiffany service thus know no limits.

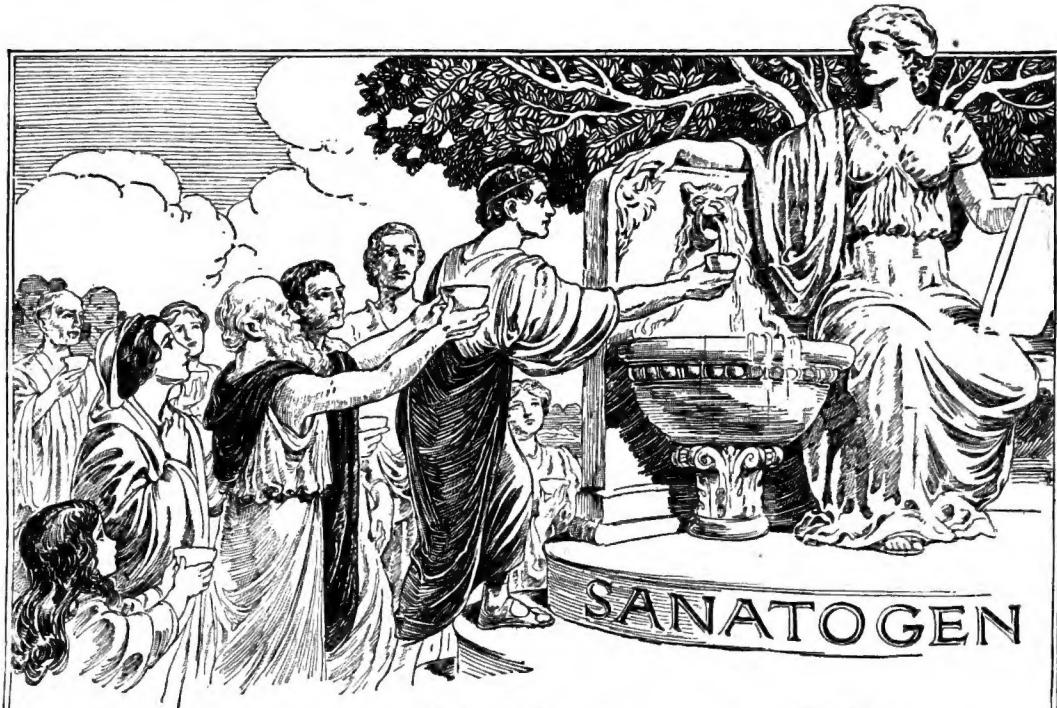
The personnel in the advertising profession is second to none; it takes brains and energy, address and tact to be a good advertising man. The influence of such men is seen in the greater and greater influence of advertising. Untruthful advertising is not only debarred from good magazines, but disgraces the firm that fathered it and the advertising man who wrote it. You can believe all you read in a magazine like THE SMART SET.

The evident influence of such advertising is good business for both advertiser and reader. You know where to get what you want when you want it. You know you will get satisfactory value. These are two items of tremendous value in these air-line days.

But I want to point to a greater influence, an unconscious influence—which advertising exerts on all of us, whether we think we ever read advertising or not. The human mind demands a standard for comparison. Think now of everything about you; what you wear, what you eat, or in your home, or at your office—take one thing at a time and name the name that means best in that line. Say Piano and it's what? say Automobile and it's—?, say Watch and it's—?—you won't hesitate and in every case you see if you don't say an advertised name.

I was talking to a lawyer, the other day, who claimed that he never read advertising at all—upon inventory I found he was wearing a Knox Hat, an Arrow Collar, a Manhattan Shirt, Bodygard Underwear, a Cranvenette Coat, Onyx Sox and Cammeyer Shoes. Do you not think that advertising influenced him? And he admitted that it was for his own good—for every one of those advertised articles he bought, season after season, secure in the confidence of perfect value. Put it up to yourself—go over the things in your home that you prize most highly—are'n't six out of seven advertised articles? Reputation and advertising seem to go hand in hand.

That's the secret—only good articles are advertised, because it costs too much to get the first customer to risk losing him. Only by repeat orders do advertised articles thrive. Get the habit of reading advertisements, believe and answer them. You will be the gainer in dollars and in satisfaction.



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Does not such a record of achievement suggest that Sanatogen will help you?

We ask you earnestly to get acquainted with Sanatogen. Investigate our claims first if you like and we are only too glad to have you do so. Ask your doctor about it, and in any case write at once for our book, "Our Nerves of Tomorrow," written in an absorbingly interesting style, beautifully illustrated and containing facts and information of vital interest to you. This book also contains evidence of the value of Sanatogen which is as remarkable as it is conclusive.

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### THE SMART SET'S New Department

*Conducted by Louise Closser Hale*

Don't you like to read other people's letters? Isn't it true that our most vivid glimpses of bygone times come to us through letters? Isn't it unfortunate that this generation will leave to the world only machine-made chronicles of our doings?

THE SMART SET means to do its part to revive this great but obsolescent art, and has therefore established a new department called "The Trunk in the Attic," and offers the sum of \$150.00—fifty dollars each, respectively—for the three best love, friendship or human-interest letters sent to the magazine that conform to the following conditions:

The letters should be typewritten, and of not unreasonable length.

The headings of the letters must specify the relative positions of the sender and the recipient—whether a husband writes to his wife, or a woman writes to her affianced, etc.

The writer must specify the pen-name to be used. Stamps must accompany the manuscripts, if the contributors wish them returned. Copies should be kept of all letters submitted, for we cannot guarantee their return.

We reserve the privilege of publishing the letters at our regular rates.

The contest opened with the November number, and will continue until further notice. The judges will announce the awarding of the prizes in the June number, 1912.

All letters must be addressed to THE SMART SET,  
Department L, 452 Fifth Avenue, New York City

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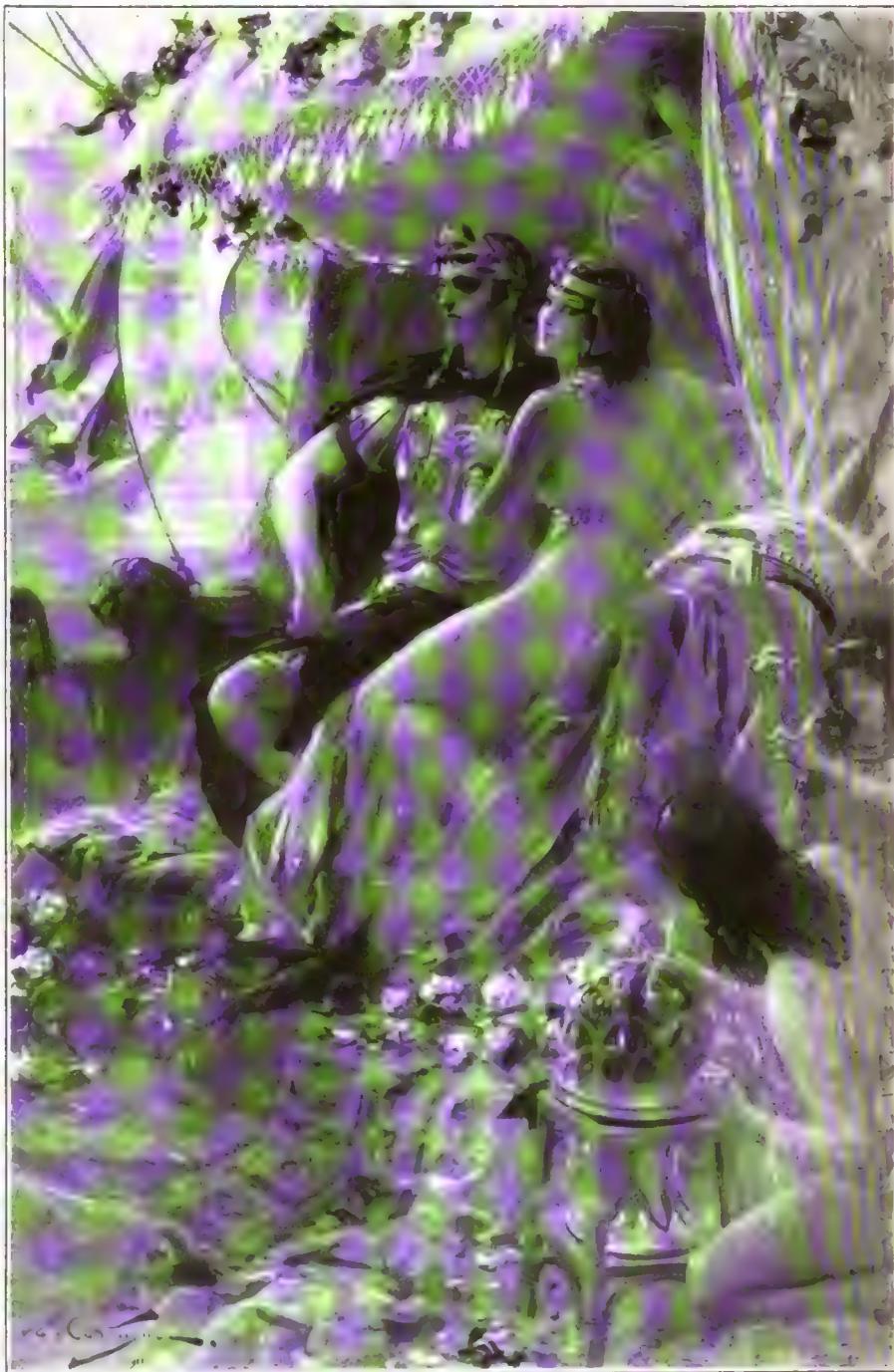
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### ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

*From the painting made for The Smart Set Magazine by André Castaigne  
(See page 167)*

# THE SMART SET

*Its Prime Purpose is to Provide Lively Entertainment  
For Minds That Are Not Primitive*

## GING YUK

By Robert Emmet MacAlarney

I HAD the letter with my coffee. I should have known it was Diana Stacey's had I opened it without glancing at the straggling superscription. There was the familiar and not-to-be-denied breath of white iris with which she always would flavor her correspondence; I had marked this the moment I entered the breakfast room. The letter said:

DEAR JACK:

You must run down for my over-Thanksgiving house party. There will be the usual lot of folk you know—Percy Winslow, the Trenavos, Rawlins Richardson, the fussy little Munworth girl and a half-dozen others who won't disgrace a bridge table. Then, too, I'm saving up for you my acquisitions—Ging Yuk, my new Chinese cook—he's a wonder, Jack, much more deft than the Jap who ran off with the spoons—and last, but by no means least, the Reverend Horace Leftwich.

Of course you will laugh like the brute you are when you read this. My fondness for the cloth hasn't been above par, I'll admit. But somehow the Reverend Horace is different—met him in London last spring. Kennels and riding to hounds have begun to pall upon me anyway. Maybe—remember, I accent the "maybe"—I've decided to settle down and replace good old Tom. At all events, you must come and look him—them—over. That's why I really want you. I've always considered you a fair judge of horse and man flesh, you know. Telegraph "Yes" instanter. I'll have the trap for you to meet the four ten.

Faithfully,  
STACEY.

Let me see—it was all of a year and a half since I had heard from her, but the sprawling "Stacey," written just as if it had been a man friend, made the months slip backward and I felt the keen air of the Fairview countryside as we rode to hounds together—Diana always had good fencers to lend her guests, and I think that I usually got a shade the better of her stable contents.

Brackett gave me a stiff but welcoming touch of the hat brim as he took my bags. He had been long enough a part of the Stacey *ménage* to regard himself as a fixture. Although properly unbending, as befitted a wearer of the smartest livery in all the Fairview colony of country houses, he relished imparting a bit of information to an old friend of the family, if the cue were given. And without delay, I gave it.

"They've a very lively Thanksgiving party this year, sir," said Brackett. "It's mostly bridge and horses—gallops in the morning, billiards after luncheon and bridge in the evening. There's been some changes, too, sir, since you was here last. Marcotti, the chef, he's gone, and there's a heathen Chink as directs the kitchen. Not that he can't cook; he can—as good as a white man. But he messes up pots and pans something

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awful. Only yesterday the maid that's hired to do the dishwashing announces as how they'd have to give her a help or she'd leave. And the queer boxes of stuff the expressman brings from the station, with Mott and Pell Street fixings in 'em, is something to wonder at."

"Anyone new beside the cook, Brackett?" I asked.

"One other, sir—the Reverend Horace Leftwich. Him and the cook is all. You know the others, sir."

Concealed behind the coachman's linking of names I divined a reason for persistence. "Is the Reverend Horace popular?" I inquired.

"He's popular with the missus." And with that I had to be content.

But at dinner I had a chance to see for myself. It did seem good to look at them all again. Each of us was a bit older, perhaps a trifle stouter, save Diana. She still clung to half black, with white rims at throat and wrists. Upon my soul, I wondered that I'd had the heart to cut my lines of communication with Fairview.

"What do you think of the soup?" she asked; I was at her right, where she always placed me when I was in high favor. At other times I was banished to the remote end of the board, from which, facing her perforce, I might be confronted continually with her reproachfulness.

"The soup," remarked Rawlins Richardson, giving me pause, "is a work of art, constructed by one of whom Confucius himself would have approved. But what we want to know, Diana, is where you keep your collection of sharks' fins and birds' nests. I asked Brackett yesterday if the new cook sent him to rob the vacant robins' tenements in the orchard, but he only grunted."

"None but a soulless diner would miscall this liquid sunshine 'birds' nest' soup," said our hostess severely. "Ricky, my unenlightened friend, this two inches of amber, mark you, enshrined in my newest bouillon cups, is 'ki-lihi,' the 'juice of Heaven.' I have my kitchen *maestro's* word for it. He swears it was first made eons ago by a certain mandarin who was summoned to Pekin and

decorated for tickling an equally certain emperor's palate. Twice he distilled the precious fluid in the royal brass stewpans. Then he fled."

"But why not have stayed?" It was the little Munworth girl who made the query from among her familiar accompaniment of fluffy furbelows.

"Why not, indeed?" echoed Diana. "That's what I inquired of cookee. He explained that the mandarin had said: 'To make the "juice of Heaven" on Monday is happiness; to make it on Tuesday is tempting the gods of the thirteen heavens' (I think it was thirteen); 'to make it three times in succession is sacrilege.' So he fled back to home and mother, did the Shensi mandarin."

"Ah! Shensi? That is a place. It must be nearly six years since I've seen Shensi."

This was spoken in a curiously soft, well rounded voice, which proceeded from somewhere near Kitty Munworth. I leaned forward, past the interfering candelabra, and knew this must be the Reverend Horace, placed far enough from his divinity to allay rude suspicion that Diana Stacey, horsewoman and pigeon shot, was contemplating striking her colors to a clerical waistcoat.

"Yes, that is he," she whispered as I turned to her, comprehension in my regard. "I've been saving him up for you. I kept him out of the drawing room before dinner so that you should have him burst upon you. Now you'll start square. And, remember, I shall expect a fair answer."

"Jack, good old comrade," croaked Richardson from her left, "arouse me when service is over. And just please recall that I've already made my contribution to foreign missions. It's going to preach again. Really now, Diana, you shouldn't allow it."

"Drop it, Ricky," murmured our hostess; when her whisper was thus pitched she was in dead earnest. So there was silence save for the soft-fibered words of the Reverend Horace.

He was perhaps forty; and there was strength, great strength, in the lines of his firm, smooth-shaven face, faintly belied by an indefinable something which

seemed to lurk, not around or in his eyes, but behind them. I remember fancying them opaque screens for masking that which this man knew he must keep securely hidden. I say this as I thought it then.

And yet he half pleased me as I listened. There was no canting accent to score against him, and the hand which lay upon the cloth, twisting the stem of his wineglass, was large and well shaped—the hand of a man who could grasp, and hold, too, I reflected. From him I glanced at Diana. Could it be that a year and a half had transformed the instincts of this goddess of the hunt? Why, she could—

"Shensi," mused the Reverend Horace. "I don't think I shall ever go back. I am not at all sure that I should like to go back. But really, you know, I can qualify as an expert in Chinese cookery. You see, I have spooned up 'juice of Heaven' on its native heath, so to speak; and I've heard many times the tradition of the mandarin at Pekin. By the way, Mrs. Stacey, why can't we have a look at your coolie chef? We've been eating his *chef-d'œuvre* for three days, and none of us has laid eye upon him."

"Between us all," said Rawlins Richardson, "I don't believe there *is* any Chinese cook. Of course we get relays of these outlandish chop suey dishes. But all we know about their kitchen pedigree is Diana's word for it that they come to the table via Ging Yuk, an unknown Celestial quantity."

"Ging Yuk," repeated Diana, "Ging Yuk, a jewel of Asia, my cook. And now, since Ricky's skepticism reflects, mayhap, the state of mind of you all, I shall conjure him to appear in the flesh—that is, if he'll come. He's shy, is Ging; and he's got a temper, has Yuk. And I must not really cross him for fear I may lose him. Still, upon reflection, I think he'll come—for me."

Looking at her, I murmured: "I think he will—on the run, eh, Rick?" But her shoulders labeled my remark as fatuous.

"Walker," she said to the butler, "tell Ging Yuk I wish to see him here after dessert. Make him understand

that I mean here—in this room." So we came to the end of dinner.

"And now," said Diana, "we'll have the entrance. You men, of course, will coffee here—the liqueurs are on the low-boy. We shall have cigarettes of our own in the library. Walker, cook may come."

"Diana's jewel of Asia, agent on commission for the 'juice of Heaven'—say, that's a good idea, Jack," exclaimed Rick. "Why not can the stuff and advertise it in the elevated and subway trains? We could get out some red and yellow poster pictures with doggerel underneath." He paused for a moment, grinning, and then chanted:

"This is the goddess of Soupless Town,  
With riding crop and a hunting gown.  
The 'juice of Heaven' for well or sick  
She sells. And it's made by her own  
Gung Yik."

We all laughed—that is, all save one. The lips of the man in the clerical waistcoat tried to curve but failed miserably.

"Ricky, you're a fool," cried Diana. "You've got his name wrong, too."

"Nonsense; that's poetic license," said Rick.

"I give you the laureate of Diana—and Ging Yuk," said I, lifting my glass.

"I pledge you my word," chuckled Richardson, "that was all done on the spur of the moment. And, barring a slight limp in the last line—"

But we laughed him down. "Ging Yuk!" shrilled the little Munworth girl. And "Ging Yuk!" we all shouted. In the midst of our clamor the swinging door of the butler's pantry opened and Walker announced, as if an echo of our own fun, "Ging Yuk, Mrs. Stacey." Then the door swallowed Walker again, leaving behind cookee.

"Enter the King of the Opium Ring," muttered Richardson, regarding the apparition. It stood in strange contrast to the tableful for whom it had been compounding the "juice of Heaven." Rarely have I seen a bigger specimen of the race. He must have been a shade more than six feet two, with abnormally long arms, from one of which dangled a knife that doubtless he had been using when summoned. The face was the

yellow, expressionless domino habitually worn by Celestials, save that across the upper part, from forehead to cheek, there was a line of bluish white, the memory of a gash. His cue was coiled, and he wore the usual collarless blouse and bagging trousers, with felt shoes. All were of white and below the left shoulder was embroidered in crimson the Stacey crest. This was so like Diana that I could not forbear leaning toward her.

"Do you intend having the Reverend Horace wear one upon his waistcoat?" I whispered.

"Ladies and gentles all," began Richardson, "we take great pleasure in introducing to you Ging Yuk, dispenser of the far-famed 'juice of Heaven,' the only original Shensi Delmonico, imported at great cost by Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Stacey the First—"

"Shut up, Rick!" I growled. "You make him ugly, and I'd hate to be carved by that kitchen blade."

"And you must talk to him in his own Shensi language, Mr. Leftwich." It was the high key of Kitty Munworth.

And lo, there was the Reverend Horace upon his feet, looking pretty sick and pasty. I turned to see if Diana saw what I did, but my glance got no further than Ging Yuk. And, upon my word, my heart leaped far into my throat like that of a silly schoolgirl at the sight of a cow.

Swaying slightly, the Chinaman was regarding the Reverend Horace very earnestly. Oriental countenance never expressed a more perfect blending of hate and a desire to get even.

Rawlins Richardson stretched an arm across the linen and clutched my wrist. "Look at that!" he muttered, as if he had been watching some spectacular effect at a play. "For the Lord's sake, look at that!"

Diana leaned back, her lips separating. "Ging—Ging Yuk," she was trying to say, but no one heard save Rick and myself.

A second afterwards the stretched string snapped. The Chinese cook gurgled forth a torrent of slithering gibberish. All of it, every hideous echo of it,

was hurled across the table at the Reverend Horace. For a full minute this went on uninterrupted. Then the Munworth girl squealed. I hated her for it, but it cleared the atmosphere. "Heavens! Why, he's crazy, and he's got a long knife!" she cried.

Still clutching the back of his chair, the Reverend Horace spoke, thickly to be sure, but as if he were answering Ging Yuk in his own tongue. There seemed to be entreaty as well as a note of anger in what he was saying. It was uncanny to watch a white man apparently imploring a favor from a yellow menial, and Diana's startled look now had been replaced by one of keen curiosity. Her elbows were upon the cloth. First she would stare at the Reverend Horace and then at her servant.

Finally the Chinaman moved in the direction of the clerical waistcoat. This time the Munworth girl did not content herself with a squeal; she shrieked and kept up a horrid sniveling, her head pressed, eyes down, upon the linen, her straw-colored hair stained where it had touched an upset coffee cup.

But Diana had seen the game played as far as she dared. She walked to the yellow man, touching him upon the shoulder—the shoulder under the Stacey crest. "Go back, Ging Yuk," she ordered. "Go to the kitchen—go back—back."

Fever faded from his eyes. He was only a servant cringing before a mistress now. "Velly solly. Oh, velly solly, Missy Stacey," he muttered; the swinging door hid him as it had done Walker.

Diana turned with a laugh that even I was minded to think almost genuine. "Why, it was as good as private theatricals, eh, Rick?" she exclaimed. "I didn't know Ging Yuk had it in him. He seemed to interest you, Mr. Leftwich." Her quick glance must have been like a blow to the clergyman, but he was stanch and never winced.

"I was startled," he rejoined. "You see, I knew Ging Yuk—in Shensi."

"I'll cancel my subscription if that's a sample mission product," said Rick, whereat, we tried to be merry, and a few of the women got the Munworth girl to

her feet and led her, tottering to the hallway.

"I fancy we shall need that cigarette," Diana called back to us. Then we men were alone.

Rick strode over to the array of glasses and decanters. The butler had reappeared and was setting out the vestas and the ash trays.

"Quick curtain," chirruped Rick. "And now, dearly beloved, I am resolved that mine shall be *kümmel*." He glanced in the direction of the Reverend Horace. "And yours?" he asked.

"Mine," replied the clergyman, "will be brandy."

"With *curaçoa*, sir?" Walker had relieved Rick beside the copse of crystal.

"Just plain brandy," the Reverend Horace directed.

We took our liqueurs in a stillness relieved only by the scratching of matches, a sound in which we all joined somewhat ostentatiously. Smoke—much of it, and silence—much more of it. Walker had vanished another time, his severe countenance betraying not the slightest hint of the Ging Yuk tableau. I reflected that I should recommend him to Diana for a brevet because of it.

But the most perilous crust of social ice must be broken, and Hugh Trevano did the breaking, with more or less of a splash, it must be confessed.

"Diana's a brick," he remarked. "Think of a country house, manned by a widow and a dozen servants, where you can always find a squash court in condition!" We had been so many, many mental miles distant from squash that I could not forbear a smile.

The Reverend Horace regarded the somewhat flustered speaker and then the others of us. "I suppose—" he began.

Ah! It was coming then—the explanation! And we were keen enough for it, you may be sure. What had touched off Ging Yuk? And what was the Shensi skeleton whose dried bones he had clattered?

"I suppose, Trevano, you are looking for another victim in the morning," he finished. "I'm game."

"Oh, hell!" breathed Rick into my ear.

## II

THERE was bridge, as usual, that evening, and I had no opportunity for even a word to Diana alone. But with my shaving water in the morning came an envelope. And opening it, finding it minus a hint of iris, I realized that she must indeed be perturbed. The scrawl said:

You are bidden to a *tête-à-tête* with an agitated old lady after breakfast in the White Wasp. At sharp eleven—you to drive—anywhere—for a talk.

The Reverend Horace was not in evidence at table, which, however, was an omen of naught, for the morning meal at The Rowans was a continuous performance, as all countryside breakfasts should be, lasting from coffee and rolls in bed, if one liked, until time to clear away the platter clutter for luncheon.

When there was the customary drawing of mounts for the eleven o'clock gallop, I paid little heed to the clamor. And Rick, noting my lethargy, asked for and got my number in the pool which Norma Follansbee was running—one of the jolly customs Diana had established when entertaining a big house party—designed to prevent grumbling over Brackett's discrimination in the allotting of horseflesh. Of course, I was lucky when I didn't care; Rick got first pick of the stables, amid a chorus of execrations over his rapacity. The Reverend Horace, being absent, had last choice, old Methuselah, a hunter that should and would have been retired long before but for his devilish delight in trying jumps, apparently for the doubtful pleasure of demonstrating the proper fashion for coming croppers. In the midst of it the clergyman appeared, booted and spurred, looking anything but like one who had weathered bad dreams. He manifested bland disappointment when he observed that his divinity was not to ride.

"Aren't you going to pilot us to that mythical meadow water jump?" he queried.

"I'm going down to the village with Jack to look over a bull terrier puppy," announced the mistress of The Rowans.

"Oh, I say, Diana," called the Munworth girl, really pretty and trim this morning in her habit, with those confounded furbelows missing. "I call it rude of you to cut us all like that. When it comes to a stone fence and a brook on the other side of it, we want to string out behind a leader who doesn't see double. For one, I saw ghosts enough last night."

"Goose! Why doesn't she ever know when to shut up?" It was Constance Pritchard behind me, in muttered monologue. Then Rick to the rescue, still flushed with glee at having annexed the best of Diana's timbertoppers, and humming:

"What shall he have who slays the deer?  
A wreath from the hawthorn tree;  
Have for his share the polished horns,  
A venison pasty we."

"Cut that out, Rick," snapped Kitty Munworth. "You make me tired. There isn't any use in trying to make believe one doesn't hear the smash of broken china when it's tipped over under your very eyes. Why, I haven't got the coffee stains out of my hair yet. If there is a real antidote for peroxide it's coffee. I didn't know it before, but I know it now. Look here, Mr. Leftwich, you'll admit, won't you, that it's pretty queer to see a Chinese cook go up in the air and shake a carving knife at a tableful of harmless folks?"

"Well, for open indecency that—" Constance Pritchard's murmur was lost as the Reverend Horace's syllables trickled like carefully poured ice water.

"Just so, my dear Miss Munworth," he began, his face utterly untroubled. "But we have all recovered nicely from our little attack of nerves, haven't we? A few furlongs on old Methuselah, if he lasts them, will wipe the last cobweb from my brain—maybe the last trace of coffee from silken tresses." If ever I saw a ministerial grin, the Reverend Horace produced one just then. I can't say that I found it especially beautiful.

Diana came across the room and clutched my sleeve. "Take me away—now—Jack," she whispered. And we left them there chattering about the gallop.

The car was not a stranger to me, and I knew its moods. So for a mile or two, just to spare Diana the necessity for speech, I steered "with all the links let out." Then we slowed down and crawled along the edge of a sunken road the buckboards and tallyhos use in good weather—a short cut from the station to the Country Club. Whereat she leaned from the tonneau, a hand upon my shoulder. "Stop here," she bade me. "Let's talk it over here."

The brakes rattled into locking and I drew out my cigarette case.

"Not that I believe in women smoking in public—I don't," remarked Diana, reaching for one. "But this is a moment of stress, and the sunken road is rarely used of a Tuesday morning. Thank you, Jackie. If you had struck that match on the new paint I'd never have forgiven you. It's a long journey from The Rowans to get a motor coated properly."

What a superb day it was! We had clambered higher than I had realized, and over the dipping hills to the south and west we could make out the towers and gables of the house, with the occasional bulk of an adjoining country place. Still beyond, traversed by the ribbon of the brook, which widened to a little river by the time it had wandered as far as the village outskirts, was the white and green of cottages, with the spire of the one church—Presbyterian I remembered her once telling me. A handful of specks to the left, splotching the road, might be Rick and the rest in the saddle. There was the sunshine, the crisp, stinging November breeze—and Diana. Her eyes were bright as she regarded me from her furs.

"Jack, you are an old friend," she began.

"Diana, I fear I'm an old fool," said I. Truly, I was beginning to fancy that I might be, upon slight provocation.

"You'll be honest with me?"

"I try to be honest always."

"What did it mean?"

"What do you mean?"

"Don't fence, please. I mean, and you know I mean, last night, and Ging Yuk."

"It wasn't altogether nice."

"It was horrible."

"Not that I minded the cook and the knife," I temporized, "or feeling that maybe, after all, we were going to play 'Three Blind Mice' with the traditional melancholy ending. Let's see, how does it go? 'They cut off their tails with a butcher's knife, three blind—'"

But she was not in the mood for laughing. "Don't," she pleaded; "you're not Rick. Do you know, I'm haunted by the fear that he is a coward. Lord, how I hate a coward! I think Tom taught me that. It was hard enough to get used to the fact that he was a clergyman. I've always sneered at them a bit. But a preacher and a coward rolled into one—ugh! That *would* be hideous!"

"I quite agree with you," said I.

"He didn't keel over on the table-cloth, face down, like Kitty Munworth, but he was staring at ghosts. Even that wasn't hopeless. We've all got our trunk full of specters. But, looking at Ging Yuk and then at him, I seemed to read that he'd done something he was ashamed of once upon a time; that he was playing the coward now when he was reminded of it by a man who knew what he'd been and what he'd done. I've got to know the truth. I've just got to know, Jack."

"Why don't you ask Ging Yuk?"

"Don't be hopelessly stupid, man. I've seen Ging Yuk a half-dozen times. I've bullyragged him and smiled at him and offered him more wages to make him tell."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Absolutely nothing. I'd think Leftwich had seen him ahead of me if I didn't know that this couldn't have been. Ging Yuk just rolls his eyes and looks as expressive as the side of the stables. 'Velly solly. Velly solly. Ging Yuk plenty clazy. Go to-mollow, maybe,' he keeps repeating. And I've had all I can do to make him understand that I don't want him to go tomorrow. Why, Jack, I wouldn't lose cookee for a queen's ransom—now. He's the key to the mystery, and we've got to learn how to turn him. We've got to find out if the

Reverend Horace Leftwich ever was a bounder."

"See here, Diana," I interposed—"you may have to, but why 'we'?"

I looked keenly at her. It occurred to me then, as it had the night before at her right hand, that I had been made of stern stuff indeed to have remained away from The Rowans for so long.

"Next to Tom, you were always my good angel," said she.

"It's a leading question, Diana," I rejoined. "And before I answer, you must answer me. Is the Reverend Horace so far in the running that a fast rider can't overtake him?"

She hesitated. "That's fair," she admitted. "I'll answer you squarely. No, he isn't. And he's carrying a good many pounds added weight since last night. But the man interests me. And until last night I believed in him."

"The Reverend Horace almost persuades *me* to believe in him," I agreed. "But there's no doubt about it, he's done something, some time, probably in the outlandish Shensi country, that Ging Yuk doesn't consider good billiards. And whether Ging Yuk is right or wrong, your clergyman friend doesn't want to have people know about it. But also remember this: if you women raked up all the old scores against the men you thought of marrying, we'd all be rated bounders."

"Oh, we women forgive pretty nearly everything with good grace," she answered. "You all say the same thing in the confessional of romance: 'I've been a bit of a rake. I've drunk and gambled a trifle too much.' That's one thing. But not even a king may show himself tainted with a genuine streak of yellow and hope for the hand of an honest slavey. We women will forgive a man anything but that. And, criminal as it sounds to say it, physical cowardice is to a woman much unlovelier than moral cowardice."

"Then you and I are to be judge and jury—in Star Chamber?"

"But a fair trial, Jack. I've too much at stake—at least I think I have—not to want a fair one."

"But will he plead at the bar?"

"He'll plead all right," said Diana confidently. "Now see if you can break the township speed limit on the way home. I feel as if I'd had a breath that I needed badly. I can get through the afternoon and evening now. I can even talk to Ging Yuk about the Thanksgiving turkeys. He has some heathen notion of stuffing them with limed eggs a few generations old. But I draw the line at that. Something tells me I shall grow tired of Ging Yuk very soon, Jack—just about coincidental with the time I squeeze him like an orange and ask the Reverend Horace to sample the product."

Winslow, still in riding breeches, was loafing upon the veranda when we chugged to a standstill.

"Hello, you two!" he shouted. "I see you didn't take the bull terrier. Hear ye—I've renewed my missionary subscription. The Reverend Horace cleared the six-foot gate on Methuselah without even tripping—lifted the old skate over by his very fetlocks. It wasn't riding—it was circus acrobatics. He's a regular dare-devil in the saddle, is your clerical waistcoat, Diana. You didn't happen to see Constance Pritchard and Rick, did you? They owe me a tenner between them for fluking the last ditch."

"Score one for the cloth," I said, as Diana shed her wraps upon the hall settle.

"I've marked it down, Jack," she replied. "He needs all the tallies he can get."

### III

I FOUND Rick in the billiard room after luncheon, knocking the spot ball about aimlessly. We had a Scotch and soda together at ease upon the leathern wall cushions.

"What we need," he said impressively, "is something to shake us up—something after the manner of Ging Yuk last night. That charade of his has whetted our appetites to such a sharp edge that ordinary country-house existence palls upon us. I've a scheme—it's really Percy Winslow's and mine. You've

got to see us through, for Diana will object, and, as far as I can see, you're about the only one just now who can persuade her."

"If it's farce comedy, Rick, I warn you I'm not in the mood," I answered. "Not this time. Get the Reverend Horace to do the necessary persuading."

"Oh, he's lost caste since yesterday," declared Rick. "I think Diana is a bit absurd about it, at that. She seems to imagine that her erstwhile favorite may have been a bank sneak or a burglar in the dim past, and all because a cursed Chinese cook did a little song and dance in her dining room. You ought to have been at The Rowans a few days earlier, Jack. You should have seen how ace high the Reverend Horace stood. Not that he seemed to take things for granted; he isn't that sort at all. But all of us know Diana well enough to notice when she deliberately loosened her grip of the reins."

"Ricky, sweet soul, don't be enigmatic," I entreated.

"I won't," he assured me. "But Norma Follansbee says she thinks Ging Yuk is plain jealous of his mistress. Percy Winslow advocates the theory that there is a quarrel over missionary graft back of it—says the Reverend Horace may have blackmailed a viceroy, then neglected to divvy up with Ging, who might have been his wardman, for all we know."

"I'm beginning to think we are all a lot of paranoiacs," I suggested. "Don't you regard it as the least bit silly to let a Thanksgiving house party take on a joss house flavor?"

"I don't know. We're bound to have Thanksgiving dinner take on a joss house flavor with a Chinese chef; why the devil she corralled him I can't imagine. I've seen the whole crew of his predecessors, and managed to stand 'em, too, even that villainous Greek, Spiro. But when it comes to chop suey and preserved pineapple, I'd rather go down to Mott Street after it than have it served from my own pantry. Jack, it's a safe gamble that this house party is queered—that is, unless we strike a circus gait pretty soon."

Percy Winslow peered in from the hall, and we beckoned him to the space between us.

"You ought to hear the catty talk among the women," he volunteered. "It would make you take the count from pure fatigue. Of course, not one of them as much as chirps when Diana's around. They're as much afraid of her as they are of Ging Yuk."

"Rick was just beginning to tell me of your newest circus act."

"Ah, that's good," said he. "We're counting on you to be master of ceremonies."

"You know what they say about counting your chickens," I objected.

"Rubbish!" Rick put in. "You aren't a chicken; and if you ever were, you've been hatched long ago, so long ago that I hate to remind you of it. All of which is epigrammatic, and I wish it to be recorded as such. Why can't I think of things like that to get off at the dinner table?"

"This," Percy Winslow announced impressively, "is our inspiration. You know, the Hubbards have a Thanksgiving houseful, too."

"Not more than two miles off, with a good pike for a motor sprint," added Rick. "Note the mention of automobiles, for it is important."

"You know who'll be over there," continued Percy.

"Don't I though?" I replied. "There'll be Jim Hubbard and his wife, a half-dozen of the sort you see yelping in crimson touring cars after an afternoon at the Sheepshead track, a certain wine agent we wot right well of, perhaps a show girl or two and a couple of chaperons who wouldn't be allowed in a brace game of bridge for fear they might steal a march on the house."

"You're too savage, Jack," remonstrated Winslow. "And the wine agent isn't there this year."

"You're a primitive savage, a society Apache," added Rick. "Beggars can't be choosers, and, besides, there are a few of Kitty Munworth's giddy girl friends in the assortment this season who she says are good fellows and in for sport."

A light dawned upon me. "So you've

been polishing up your silver-plated idea with Kitty's assistance, have you?"

"Just by way of finding out who were at the Hubbards'," he explained.

"They had 'Butch' McMackin, the Tammany boss of the upper West Side for last Easter," I grumbled. "The Sunday yellows were full of it. In three columns 'Butch' gave his opinion on Royal Bokharas and the Grinling Gibbons paneling in the dining room."

"Well, for that matter," interposed Percy, "I'd wager a lot that precious few of our household could do a monologue on Grinling Gibbonses offhand."

"Count me far, far from your ignorant friends, Percy," exclaimed Rick. "Gibbons, Grinling. A woodcarver of the blankth century. His work to be found in English country houses, but *not* in the Waldorf-Astoria. Specialist in fruit and game chimneyshelves. Might have designed subway stations had he been born in Manhattan instead of Rotterdam."

"In short," Percy Winslow went on, waving Rick into silence, "we can't locate any quarry nearer than the Hubbards', and by the nine gods of combat—a most fitting oath, as you shall see—they've got to furnish us diversion. Hear ye the articles of war, to wit: First: Tom Stacey had a bully collection of armor. Diana thinks it's so much plumber's clutter, so it's stowed away in one of the gable garrets. I've seen it, and, what's more, I've tried some of it on."

"Eke I. Leave me not out of the reckoning, good Sir Percy," Rick entreated.

"Article Second," Winslow recited: "Jim Hubbard's got a lot of the same sort of junk, only it's in use, standing around the hall and on the staircase landings, with a whole rack full of knives and slashing tools of various sorts."

"The falchion bright is my delight; I love to wield it day and night,"

chanted Rick. "But I refuse to be armed with the Malay creese, Percy. If anyone has to take that Malay creese, let it be Jack. He has not the soul of a true cavalier, anyway. He is but a peasant hind—don't be mortified, old

man; that's merely a quotation from 'The Black Arrow.' I hope you're well enough up on your Stevenson to appreciate it."

I was grinning impressively by this time, for understanding had arrived. "So you intend to sack castles in good old feudal fashion," I said.

"And Diana—Diana is to be our Joan of Arc—that is, if you can persuade her," said Rick. "The other women will think it good enough fun to sit around and watch the prisoners brought in. We'll steal the most presentable of Jim Hubbard's guests and make 'em eat Thanksgiving dinner with us tomorrow night, captives of our bow and spear."

"But how about Jim Hubbard?"

"Jim Hubbard is game. You might have guessed that. Here's what a groom brought from Greystones an hour ago. I fancy they must be a bit bored, too, from the quick way he picked me up. They haven't got even a Ging Yuk to draw on for excitement."

I read:

To the good knight, Sir Percy Rattlebrain. Greeting!

With the setting of the sun this night—which is at five or thereabouts of the clock—the truce between Castle Rowans and Castle Greystones is at end. Man your drawbridge and look well to your moat, for, by my halidom, I'll puff a perfecto within your barbican this eve or know the reason why. Any man at arms with coat of Yorkist hue found within my domain will be treated as a spy, and shall be thrown from our battlements. Beware! The Crusader 'Kid' McMackin has returned from deadly encounter with the infidel dogs. His arm is strong to smite.

If you will yield ye the fair Lady Diana to grace our holiday board, the lives of all within your walls shall be spared. If no herald come with acknowledgment of submission, prepare for the worst. *Verbum sap.* A Lancaster!

HUBBARD, EARL OF GREYSTONES.

Written in right clerky fashion by my squire, Paul Baxter, this Wednesday before tomorrow which is Thanksgiving.

"By Jove!" gasped Rick. "They must have a real library at the Hubbards'. Now I call that handsome. You know 'Kid' McMackin, the lightweight, 'Butch's' nephew. He boxed a draw with Fitzsimmons at Carson City once. Paul Baxter is that new story-writing chap. I divine that this will be a real lark."

Winslow regarded me quizzically. "What think ye, fair sir?" he inquired. "These be parlous tidings. Had we not rather yield us the Lady Diana and treat with our enemies?"

"You precious pair of mountebanks!" I said, leaping to my feet and making for the door. "It's going to be sillier than any herd of supernumeraries in a Hippodrome production. But it goes. Treat? No, you lovely idiots. The game's afoot. I'm off to choose my coat of mail and mace. A York! A York!"

"Come, Jack, be really dramatic," coaxed Rick. "You ought to grind your heel and say something like, 'My kingdom for an automobile!'"

"But are you sure you can persuade Diana?" asked Percy Winslow.

"Take my word for it," I swaggered, "the Lady Diana shall ride beside us upon a milk-white palfry motor car when we loot Castle Greystones."

"Didn't he take it beautifully?" Rick's cackle followed me as I reached the stairs. "The rest will be easy. You go telephone Jim Hubbard that we fling our banners on the outer walls at five sharp."

I heard Winslow asking Central for Greystones as I went in search of the mistress of The Rowans.

I found her at the piano, Glinka's "L'Alouette" upon the rack. She was not playing it at all well, and, I reflected, was quite out of chime with a huge brown copy of St. Cecilia that hung over the round window seat. She was alone, and, I fancied, hailed my arrival with relief.

"Pretty bad when I'm driven to Glinka by myself at my own house party, isn't it?" she remarked.

"That depends," I answered. "I've been doing something still less exciting. Percy Williams and Rick have been enganging me in trifling badinage."

"Nice children, aren't they?"

"Question is, when are they going to take off pinafores?"

"Never, I trust." She said it so earnestly that I leaned over the keys to read her face. "I mean it," she declared. "It's being uniformly childish or unswervingly grown-up that counts.

Now I'm a horrible example of betwixt and between. Sometimes I'm an old lady just as plainly as if I were labeled 'seventy come Candlemas.' And, again, I belong to the kindergarten folk, like all good kindergarten folk, with my full assortment of broken china."

"Kitty Munworth used that well-worn simile last night," I protested. "Ordinarily I should scorn to pursue one of Kitty's metaphors. But I waive my rule, the particular ruined Crown Derby you refer to—the very newest domestic disaster—being—"

"Being! Has been."

"With all deference," I corrected, "being the Reverend Horace." I moved away from the piano, crossed my arms and glowered at St. Cecilia. "Red Cloud has spoken."

She laughed, but I knew when Diana's merriment was pinchbeck. "Chicane!" I said.

"Don't be ridiculous," she ordered. "I made it 'no trumps.'"

"Hearts would have counted almost as much," I grumbled. "Good bridge called for making hearts. And, upon reflection, I am sure that some of those dissonances are not of Glinka's scoring."

A few more chords and then she looked up. "The Reverend Horace is my most recent bit of ruined Crown Derby," she admitted. "And, frankly, I'd glue him together if I could."

"That's amiable but impossible," I said. "One, of course, always has the broken bits, and one can even lay hold of genuinely well intentioned glue if he knows where to go for it. But although the glue sticks to the pieces, and a whole lot more of it sticks to your fingers, it never holds the bits together."

"You're too analytical," she commented. "Why don't you put it in a real parable?"

"I will," said I. "Here goes."

"And I shall play the 'Feuerzauber' to give the proper setting."

"Thanks." Then I began: "Once there was a Man, quite a plain ordinary Man, not very rich, very handsome or very clever— Don't play that way, Diana! You are supposed to be supplying the stage with 'shudder' music."

"Can't you just see the red fire and hear Wotan bellow?"

"The Man fell in love," I went on. "The Woman was tiny and pretty and clever, all of which, you must remember, the Man wasn't. Also she had been used to the things that money can buy."

"A pearl of great price! *Allons!*"

"A pearl of great price. The Man thought so until one night when the Woman came into the drawing room. Please understand that until then there had been no differences, no quarrel."

"Is this a parable or simple natural history?" queried Diana.

"Red Cloud has not done," I answered. "Don't interrupt. The Woman came into the drawing room. She had on a blue cloth frock. They were wearing them with little brass-button trimmings then."

"What an archaeologist you are! They haven't worn that sort since—well, since Cheops and Rameses."

"The Man regarded the Woman, saw her outlined in the doorway. Something—he had never been quite able to decide what it was—gripped him by the brain. He knows it was not by the heart, at least not at first. He shut his eyes, and when he opened them again—"

"It's like Grimm, to be sure," exclaimed Diana. "When the Prince opened his eyes he didn't see his Princess at all. He saw in her place an old woman, disagreeable to look upon. He hated blue cloth and brass-button trimmings. He hated nice, sweet girlish talk, and especially he hated the idea that he had ever been in love."

"He hated her," I echoed solemnly. "And that's the sort of broken teacups he's carrying around with him. He didn't even try to get this particular five o'clock set mended. They were in too small pieces for the faintest hope of that."

"Beast!" snapped Diana. "I hope the pieces cut his fingers."

"His fingers have been chipped pretty badly now and then," I answered.

Crash! Diana's fingers stung the bass into rumbling protest. "Jack," she exclaimed, "as a producer of parables you are impressive but not cheerful.

And I told you that what I need is cheering up."

"Where is he?" I asked.

"Off for a stroll with Kitty Munworth. I told him he simply had to get that girl out of my sight. Kitty, in the saddle or on the other side of a card table, isn't so bad, but she's got on my nerves ever since the 'Incident of the Yellow Hair and the Black Coffee.' Kitty can't help being impressionistic, even when she is sniveling and wants to faint."

Whereupon I revealed to Diana in its entirety our new-hatched War of the Roses. She listened without a word of interruption until I had finished; so severe was her face that I foresaw the mistress of The Rowans putting her firm little foot down upon Percy's and Rick's dream of diversion. "There *might* be some fair sport in it," I finished in rather lame extenuation.

"There will be more than sport," she said, laying a hand upon my shoulder. "Don't you see, Jack, it will be our alembic for trying out the Reverend Horace. He shall wear the helmet of Navarre; and gadzooks, I'll see that the white plume upon it is fixed to stay! We'll mark him well when the combat is on."

"Exit St. Cecilia and enter Jeanne d'Arc!" I cried, catching at the fullness of her meaning.

"Brackett shall loot the conservatories for white roses," she cried back at me. For a moment we regarded each other joyously. The thrill of the sport had entered our veins. This would be real fun, and maybe something beyond a jest.

"A York!" cried Diana.

"A York!" I echoed.

And we hastened to arouse Castle Rowans.

#### IV

By four I might have fancied I was really to be in at the death on Bosworth Field. Not one of all within The Rowans had failed to clutch opportunity to play at feudal times, and the Reverend Horace was a leader in the game. He,

Percy and Rick, with the aid of Walker and one or two other servants, had transported the grimy store of armor to the hall.

The Reverend Horace was more or less familiar with what seemed to me only a meaningless mixture of pots and pans. It was he who sorted these out and placed corresponding parts together. Kitty Munworth had ransacked the library and produced—as dusty as the armor itself—the "Paston Letters" and Grose's 1790 edition of "A Treatise on Ancient Arms and Weapons." Alternately she declaimed paragraphs from either, no one paying the slightest attention. Norma Follansbee, Constance Pritchard and the rest of the women, assisted by two maids, were fashioning kirtles and headdresses so that they, too, might play in character while their knights were in the field.

"At five of the clock the truce with Castle Greystones is ended," announced Rick, who was struggling into a considerably rusted haubergeon. "So be it. Ouch! That sleeve is too tight, Percy! Armed *cap-a-pie*, we shall sally forth to win our spurs. By the way, where *are* my spurs?"

"Peace, brother to the ox!" replied Winslow, trying to buckle the wriggling Rick into his harness. "You won't need any spurs. You are going to the fray in a motor car."

"Spurs, you dolt," retorted Rick, "are the evidences of a knight's respectability. He had to win 'em to get his degree of B. K. Wherefore, procure me spurs, silver gilt preferred."

Diana leaned over the gallery rail, dangling a cobwebby veil of rose hue. "Bravo, Rick!" she called. "Spoken like a true and belted knight. You shall wear my favor for that."

The bit of film floated downward, but Rick, handicapped by ring mail, ambled toward it awkwardly. And behold, it was the Reverend Horace who grasped the trifle and knotted it about his own left arm.

He blew a kiss to the gallery. "Gramercy!" he cried. "'Tis the allotment of fate, my lady. And *this* shall serve in lieu of oriflamme. Remember, I have

been trusted to lead the attack. Gallant gentlemen, I give you our watchword and battle cry: 'St. Joan and Merrie Rowans!'"

How we took up the shout! As it died away the chimes on the landing tinkled the half-hour.

"S'death, Lord Leftwich!" growled Rick with great dramatic emphasis. "I'll joust you for the token on the morrow if either of us survive the combat."

"Now, my lads, busk ye!" commanded the Reverend Horace. A few inches of rose-hued film had made him leader, of a truth, and all of us flew to do his bidding, Diana looking on from above.

First we took count of our forces. There were, of knights fit to bear arms in Castle Rowans, our clerical leader, Percy Winslow, Rick, Trevano, Jay Charlton, Monty Fearing and myself. For men-at-arms—"tall men in harness," the Reverend Horace called them—there were Brackett, Walker, Diana's French chauffeur, who entered into the play right heartily, and a half dozen from the stables and gardens. That gave us sixteen blades and pikes. A formidable, if a bit ragged and rusty, crew we were, when mustered there in front of the big fireplace.

The Reverend Horace wore a padded hauberk and chausses, with poleyns and vambraces, and a pair of cavalier jack-boots that creaked hideously as he strode. His headpiece was an ancient casque, thus blending pre-Norman Conquest, Henry III and Charles I with remarkable effect.

"I'm really a hybrid knight," he confided to me, "but none of the women know the difference, so what boots it?"

"'Boots' is a bad choice of words," I replied as he squeaked away on his what must have been painful footgear.

"Little reck I," he retorted. "The dew of the thickets about Castle Greystones will limber old leather."

Rick and I were garbed in more or less fragmental bits of chain mail, having in addition been induced by Percy to don helmets several sizes too large. Handkerchiefs stuffed in about the neck kept

the iron pots from sliding, but the visors were not quite cut to fit, and we had to slant our eyes at an acute angle to peer through the slits. They smelled vilely, too, of the metal polish Walker had used. "But, after all, being a knight is a serious business," remarked Rick, puffing a cigarette stuck between the bars of his "birdcage," as Kitty Munworth described it.

He carried a Scottish claymore and I a cavalry saber, vintage of 1861. It was the lightest weapon I could find, and, besides, it was rusted tight in its scabbard and I knew that even in the heat of the battle I could do no one harm. Our other gentlemen warriors were similarly fitted out, the men-at-arms—Brackett wearing a look of utter disgust, while Walker was expressionless—being accoutered in odds and ends of breastplates and greaves, one stableman wearing a Cromwellian cuirass with the museum label still affixed. Tom Stacey used to pick them up at auction sales, and would talk you to sleep about his collection. But even he never had conceived the brilliant idea of putting them into active service. It was the irony of Fate, I mused, that Richardson and Winslow should have been the inspired ones.

Jay Charlton and Monty Fearing had been late in choosing from the pile of metal scraps, their warlike front having been eking out by automobile caps and goggles, which looked just as grimly forbidding as any of our headpieces, besides being vastly more comfortable. All in all, we were a somewhat imposing party, and might have gone on for the battlefield scene in the last act of "Richard III" with much propriety. How we would behave when real work was begun was another matter. "However, we shall soon see about that," I said to Winslow, who was watching the Reverend Horace stalking about in his cavalier boots.

"You'd never imagine that man wore a clerical waistcoat beneath his harness," Percy remarked. "He's the jolliest person I ever came across. And to think he wasted six years among Chink heathen where there wasn't an aniseed bag

to be had for love or money; where a dinner, with white faces around the board, was probably a thing to dream of o' nights and, maybe, realize at Christmas or midsummer, when he could cut and run to Shanghai for a week!"

"Why *did* he cut it, Percy?" I asked. "That's the crux. If he went into it, he must have gone in because he wanted to. And if he wanted to, how could he cut it all?"

"I thought Diana 'd told you that; you've been holding private conferences enough for it. Didn't she inform you that the Reverend Horace came into a pot of money a year or two ago? Had to return to the right little, tight little island to see that a bachelor uncle's estate was wound up properly. You know what happens when a man gets back to God's country from a desert isle. Naturally the desert isle, no matter how nice the savages and the sunsets have been, ceases to appeal to him. He begins to chafe. He wants to stay. And, in the end, if he can stay he does. That's all. The Reverend Horace could stay and did; and here he is—because of Diana. He met her in England, and this is his second trip across—presumably in full cry after the mistress of The Rowans."

"Even so," I mused. "Even so, Percy. But think of it! How can a man with a missionary past hope to enter in where M. F. H.'s and polo players have feared to ride?"

"For the same reason that the Reverend Horace took the water jump on old Methuselah. It's his cursed English nerve. And nerve counts with Diana as nothing else does. You remember how she threw over Fordie Heatherton when he wouldn't tear apart her bull terrier and Kitty Munworth's dachshund on the golf clubhouse porch?"

"I do," said I. "She accepted Tom Stacey the week after. Everyone said it was because she thought Heatherton had been afraid of getting hurt."

"Even Tom admitted that he was simply lucky, that was all. He was happy enough with Diana, but he understood; he gave her her head, save when

he felt that it was honestly wise to interfere."

"And then," I remarked, "he came down rather hard, they tell me."

Percy nodded. "That was where good old Tom scored. He didn't interfere often, but, when he did, she knew that there was a man behind the guns, and she loved him for it. The masterful man's role is very easy to overdo, Jack. You may have found it out. But there are times when the King of Decision, led from a suit of five and followed by the Ace of Command, backed up by the Jack of Imperturbability, takes all the tricks save one. And, in a game with a woman, one trick doesn't count."

"Bravo, Percy!" I exclaimed, gazing toward where Rick was giving instructions to the men-at-arms. "But why not the grand slam?"

Winslow frowned. "Jack, my usually intelligent friend, the clever player in matrimonial bridge never asks for more than little slam. He lets the woman take the last trick with the Tenspot of Graceful Acquiescence. The last trick always seems the most important to a woman. So there is no bickering over score."

What more of this unwonted philosophy Percy might have unfolded I could only guess at, for the Reverend Horace, having, with Rick, dismissed the retainers—Brackett still uncompromisingly stern and inwardly protesting, no doubt—to take their posts in the shrubbery about the lawn, came over to us.

"This is our plan of attack," he announced. "We can't manage horses in rusty armor, so we're going to move on Greystones by motor. You are to take the White Wasp, with Rick and three of the men-at-arms, because you can be trusted to play chauffeur in the dark, they say. Winslow and I, with Raoul, Mrs. Stacey's mechanician, are going to use the new six-cylinder. That will give us eight for picking up a hostage or two. I've an idea that Hubbard's party will be scattered, and if we can nab a single knight, preferably Jim Hubbard, and bring him back to eat Thanksgiving dinner as our prisoner, it will be checkmate. But The Rowans must be prop-

erly garrisoned. And the force we leave behind ought to be sufficient for that. They've got only one touring car at Greystones, Brackett says, so they can't bring over more than four with the driver, unless they come in the saddle; and they'll find that just as difficult in chain armor as we have, I fancy. It's first come, first served, after five o'clock, and we're going to be the first to attack."

"The person you ought to catch is 'Kid' McMackin," suggested Norma Follansbee, who, with Constance Pritchard and Rick, had been listening.

"By all means give the women a chance to study a real prize fighter at short range," agreed Rick. "The 'Kid' should prove entertaining over chestnut stuffing and champagne."

"Diana has found some Roman candles, left over from last Fourth of July," said Constance. Better take two or three in each car, with some matches. If either party gets into trouble you can signal for help. And in the meantime if we are attacked, we'll send up a stale skyrocket to call you back."

Rick wagged his head in disapproval. "This is a reincarnated War of the Roses. Why make it a Manhattan Beach fireworks show?"

But the Reverend Horace snatched at the idea. "Excellent!" he exclaimed. "You see, we will take the approach by the brook bridge. It's a difficult road in the dark, and there's little likelihood of their imagining we'll come that way. You in the Fernieux will use the rear driveway, leaving the machine in the lane turn at the foot of the hill. Then you are to lurk among the trees until you hear us shout. There are only three men guests with Jim Hubbard, and if we can once get inside Greystones, bar the doors and truss up the butler, we can make Hubbard order his servants, who, probably, will be thrown out as skirmishers, to lay down their arms."

"But if they won't?" asked Norma Follansbee.

"But they will," replied the Reverend Horace. "We'll be inside, with the doors and windows locked. What else will there be to do? The Hubbard party will be at our mercy. Daring? Of

course it's daring; but who wouldn't dare for St. Joan and Merrie Rowans?"

Percy Winslow ambled about awkwardly in his clanking mail. "This is meant for a dance of glee," he exclaimed. "It's the very best game, the very best game, the very best game I ever did see. Hurrah!"

Percy's spirit was infectious, and, taking hands, the five of us clattered a jig upon the polished floor, until Rick's heavy steel caught upon a rug and he went down, for all the world like a shaken tin shop. We had not quite pried him into standing, when there was a cheer from without and the sound of struggling feet upon the veranda. Then the door opened and the unsmiling Brackett, with Walker, piloted into the hall a Lancastrian foe.

Jim Hubbard, too, had been hard put to it for complete livery. This fellow, evidently a groom, wore a moldy jacket of almayne rivets fashioned for a man almost twice his size, and clutched a salet that had fallen from his head. How the man could have covered the distance on foot from Greystones thus accoutered puzzled me. Brackett carried in his disengaged hand a pike torn from the scout, who seemed a bit dazed by his predication.

"We found him skulkin' along the driveway hedge," said Brackett. "There was another with him, but he got away."

"Jim Hubbard shall be attaint of treachery for this," grumbled Rick. "He must have sent out his spies long before the hour for breaking truce."

The Reverend Horace clinked over to our captive, who, to tell the truth, was staring at us as if we were so many animals upon exhibition.

"Your life will be spared upon one condition, caitiff," said our leader, with really fine effect. "Reveal to us the disposition of the Lancastrian forces."

The prisoner grinned. "Lemme go, Brackett," he murmured. "I can't git away in these here things anyhow."

"One of the Hubbard grooms, sir," explained Walker. "Hodgett is his name."

"Look you, Hodgett," blustered Rick, shaking his fist beneath the prisoner's

nose. "Wouldst like to be tossed from the battlements?"

"I'm sorry Mister Richardson," said Hodgett, fingering his salet strap, "but we're all gettin' an extra tenspot from Mister Hubbard for playin' the game, and I ain't tellin' nothin'."

"Take him away," the Reverend Horace ordered. "And see that he is well guarded."

Then Brackett surprised me. For his features seemed to relax gently as he touched his forehead and inquired: "The lowest dungeon, my lord?"

"The pit with the rats, in the haunted tower," answered our chief, catching the coachman's spirit.

"Very good, my lord," said Brackett. "Step out lively now, you Hodgett."

He and Walker would have led the captive away, but the latter refused to budge. "Look here, Brackett," he protested, "is this here a game or not? I don't want no rats or ghosts in mine."

"Remove the prisoner," snapped Rick.

"I say, Mister Richardson—" began Hodgett.

"Varlets, away with the Lancastrian dog!" cried the Reverend Horace. And, muttering angrily, Jim Hubbard's groom was hurried off toward the stables.

Norma Follansbee clapped her hands in delight. "I feel just as if I were in a book. What a lark it is going to be! And what a pity all the people in town won't know about it!"

"But they will," said Constance Pritchard. "Do you suppose Paul Baxter is going to miss a chance for a little free advertising? Read next Sunday's papers."

"Paul Baxter, the young writer of society tales, has been enjoying a novel experience in the country-house colony at Fairview—much more and so forth," quoted Percy.

"The cars are ready," announced Raoul from the doorway.

"Got the Roman candles?" asked Rick. "There's going to be a moon, though; we may not need 'em."

"Diana had them taken out to the garage," said Norma Follansbee.

"Why isn't she here to see us start?"

I inquired, glancing up at the empty gallery.

"She's busy with her frock. She means to dazzle the captives with a wonderful costume at dinner," replied Constance. Kitty Munworth is helping her get it ready."

"Just a minute," said Rick. "What's going to be our private signal? We can't depend entirely on Roman candles, you know; they may be too old to work. There's got to be something we can whistle."

"The chorus of 'In the Good Old Summer Time,'" suggested Percy.

"Ah, that is Wagnerian," remarked Rick with crushing scorn.

"You've said it, Rick," cried Norma Follansbee. "Use one of the *Ring motifs*—Brünnhilde's—the very thing. 'Ho-yo-to-ho-oh!'" She gave the call, *pianissimo*.

Percy applauded. "Why, it might be Nordica herself sliding down the *papier-maché* crags. It'll whistle well, too," and he whistled it.

"Agreed," said the Reverend Hoarce. "'Ho-yo-to-ho-oh' it is. Fair ladies, now we take our leave. 'And be your oriflamme today the helmet of Navarre!'"

Norma and Constance betook themselves to the chilly veranda to see us march to the garage. "Cover yourselves with glory, brave knights," they called. "The honor of Castle Rowans is in your hands." We could hear them giggle delightedly as they scurried indoors.

"I begin to feel like a goose," growled Rick as we stumbled on, all unused to travel with a few pounds of metal lashed to the ankles.

"You'll feel like a stuffed and roasted goose if they clip your wings at Greystones," volunteered Percy. "Jim Hubbard will have no mercy on the luckless wight who has to feast, a prisoner, around his board."

Rick was right about the moon. There was the rim of it already breaking through the dark cloud masses, and there, too, were the Fernieux and the new car, motors running in each, fairly bucking to be off.

"We go first," said the Reverend Horace, clambering into the smaller

machine beside Raoul, Winslow disposing himself somehow between their feet. "We've got a longer road to travel. Remember to wait for our call before you charge. And if you come across a lone sentry, gag him and lash him to a convenient tree. You'll find rope ready coiled."

"A Roman candle means that we need assistance," added Percy. "So long, you fellows." And they were off and out into the road.

"Well, Rick," said I, "here goes. Somehow, now that we're in for it, I begin to have the tremors. What a grisly business it must have been when they did this sort of thing in dead earnest!"

He did not heed me. He was peering into the open doors of the garage. "Ho-yo-to-ho-oh!" he whistled. And an answering whistle came from within. Then into the half moonlight stepped our three men-at-arms.

"Ah! there they are," said Rick. "Hurry up, you. We'll be late for Donnybrook Fair."

Somehow these three had managed to find fairly complete sets of chain mail, and each wore a helmet, visor down. Rick's and mine were up. One of the fellows was a big chap, the other two being rather undersized.

"You men know what to do?" I asked as they came up.

"Oh, they've been instructed," growled Rick, impatiently. "I've told 'em everything. There's room for three here. You can take one in front with you. Come on! Lively now!"

## V

"CLIMB in here with me," I said to the big stableman, "and don't tramp on the fireworks." Meanwhile Rick was tucking the two other retainers in the tonneau. Then we snorted into starting. As we slid out of the private roadway upon the macadam of the pike, the promised moonlight was poured full upon the Queen Anne battlements of Castle Rowans. By it we could plainly see a flapping banner that the Reverend

Horace had flung from a gable window. The flood of steely white turned the lawn shrubbery black. It even blurred the flashes of the Wasp's acetylene eyes and touched us with a silver finger which wiped away the grotesquery of our costuming and made our battered armor new again. So shining must the jousters have looked when they caracoled up and down the lists at Ashby, while John, the usurper, gazed on and sneered with Fitzurse.

It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to steer a motor with a tin box—unskillfully slit for vision—over my head. In the first hundred yards I had almost ditched us, so I slowed down, and with the help of my silent seatmate lifted off the helmet, placing it between my feet among the Roman candles. Whereat Rick became desirous of removing his headpiece also, but I growled at him, saying that he'd need it soon enough to ward off "Kid" McMackin's straight leads, intimating, too, that he wasn't playing chauffeur and didn't have to see further than the length of his sword.

Queer, was it, purring along over that Fairview highway at night, in company with five animated sardine cans? Well, rather—so queer that fences and trees, all of them old acquaintances, were transformed into a landscape labyrinth, out of which any moment might leap some Minotaur to crunch us, almayne rivets and all. On we rolled, finally easing to a snail's pace as the lights of Castle Greystones glowed warmly dead ahead.

What in thunder had the knights of old done in cold weather? As I bent forward to apply the brake I felt like a bit of brittle glass encased in an ice pack, realizing that I'd been chilling to the bone and wondering if the others had survived the ride any better.

"All out," I announced. "The camp of the enemy is before you. But my prophetic soul tells me that this Thanksgiving auto act is going to be a frost."

Rick was galloping painfully beside the motor in an effort to restore circulation. "Jack," he groaned, "I couldn't strike a match to light a signal rocket if my life depended upon it. My fingers"

—he blew upon them frantically—“are spatulate thumbs.”

I in turn sidled over the mudguard and played the moving iceberg, but our three retainers, apparently waiting for instructions, sat silent. “Come on; tumble out lively there,” I called. “Bless me, Rick, they must be frozen solid in their tins. Ah, no! By my halidom, there is a sign of life!”

The big stableman, my seatmate, was the first to respond. He rattled around to the tonneau door with a racket that, I bethought me, might reach the ears of the Lancastrian sentry, if there were one hereabouts.

“Hold on, you,” ordered Rick. “Get us out a couple of candles first.”

“Oh, this is awful! I’m perishing with the cold.”

I fairly jumped in amaze despite my steel garments, for the words came from a helmet in the tonneau, and the voice belonged to Kitty Munworth. I wheeled toward Rick, my wrath for the moment choked by the shock of discovery. And then I heard Diana Stacey imploring Ging Yuk to help her down, all of which cookee—none other than the giant bulk that had sat at my left hand—did, swinging his mistress to the turf, armor and one hundred and forty pounds of hunting weight, as if she had been a child.

“Well?” grunted Rick, waiting for the storm to break.

“Don’t blame him, Jack,” cried Diana. “We made him agree to bring us. Constance and Norma know, but no one else at the house does.”

“It was my very owney own idea,” cackled the little Munworth, “and I’ll think it a great lark as soon as we get up a circulation.”

So there we were, trespassers upon Jim Hubbard’s preserves—and of five men to execute an asinine *coup*, born of a weekend ennui, two were women. Would it be pretty for Diana and Kitty to be caught in the meshes of their own folly and help make a holiday dinner jest for the Greystones crew? Decidedly not.

“Well?” intoned Kitty.

“Not well,” returned I; “to be bru-

tally frank, I don’t regard this as at all decorative. In fact, it might be pretty ugly if we were taken with you two as Exhibits A and B. Doesn’t the Reverend Horace know?” I was staring at the helmet of the mistress of The Rowans.

“He hasn’t the ghost of an idea,” she rejoined, annoyingly cheerful. “What do you think we did it for?”

“You wanted to see if he would—”

“Just so,” replied Kitty; “and, consequently, we came, with Ging Yuk for chaperon.”

“Climb in,” said I, pointing to the motor.

“We can’t go any nearer in the Wasp,” Diana objected.

“We aren’t going any nearer,” I announced. “We’re going home.”

“Not I,” chuckled the Munworth girl.

“Not I,” echoed Diana.

“Oh, come on,” snarled Rick. “We’ll be frozen again if we stand still, and we’re in for it now. Don’t let’s be late for our part of the entertainment.”

“Do you really mean that you intend going on with it?” I asked Diana, the joke of the crackbrained excursion beginning to be colored with something very much resembling disgust.

“Don’t make us feel like social outcasts,” she replied. “I’m going to gaze upon the helmet of Navarre in real action, even if I have to deck the Hubbard board in all my shocking finery as a penalty.”

“Besides, you’re only the chauffeur,” said Rick. “I’m in command here, and I haven’t seen fit to tell you yet all that we got out of Hodgett, the Hubbard groom.”

“Who dares talk of retreat with Joan of Arc in shining armor in our van?” cried Kitty Munworth. All the same, her voice was trembling a trifle.

“And you,” said I, ill-humoredly enough—“you are the lion-hearted Amazon who laid her yellow head upon a coffee-stained tablecloth when the Reverend Horace did his ghost dancing the other evening.”

“Beast!” shrilled the little woman.

“Never mind; I’ll heap a hot coal upon your benighted head for that.”

"Oh, come on," repeated Rick. "I've got the fireworks. Easy now; I'll go in front with Jack, and Ging Yuk can play rear guard."

We left the Wasp well shaded by a clump of roadside willows, and set out, shuffling along in Indian file, dragging overweighted limbs. It was a strenuous moment when we negotiated an orchard fence. But for Ging Yuk, the women would have had a difficult time clearing it. Finally we reached the edge of the lawn, which sloped in gentle terraces toward wide verandas. We were to strike in on the flank, Rick explained, lying in wait by the evergreen hedge until we heard the whistled Brünnhilde motif.

The exercise had now turned chilliness into an uncomfortable warmth within our mail. "How the old codger that wore this overcoat ever managed to put up a good scrap I can't imagine," I murmured as we paused.

No one seemed to hear me save Ging Yuk, who was plowing along behind like some tremendous nickeled engine that had dispensed with wheels. Rick had plucked up all his old spirit and was airing his warrior knowledge. "You see, we're using the Zulu formation," he was saying. "We're one impi and the Reverend Horace and Percy are the other. The two horns of the crescent are being pushed forward, and when they meet, Jim Hubbard will think it's Isandula and—"

"Mercy!" cried Kitty Munworth. "Something's coming!"

It had become too serious a matter to laugh over now, but we must have been a comical sight trying to flatten ourselves upon the grass in our boiler-plate wrappings. And Kitty had given a false alarm, for as we crouched and listened, all we heard was our own labored breathing and a faint merriment from within Greystones. Then through a half-opened dining room window came the words of a song:

"There was I a-wytin' at the church,  
Wytin' at the church,  
Wytin' at the church.  
When he went an' left me in the lurch,  
My, how it did upset me!"

"That's Gloria Gibbons," said Diana. "So *she's* one of Jim Hubbard's Thanksgiving party!"

"Heigh-ho!" remarked Rick, helping the mistress of The Rowans to her feet. "The life of a warrior bold may have been attractive once upon a time, but no more for muh—no more for muh."

"Ho-yo-to-ho-oh! Ho-yo-to-ho-oh!" Faintly came the call from over the expanse of lawn; then a second time more clearly. We had no time for answering. Ere I could fairly pucker my lips, from the left floated an answering signal.

"Good Lord, Jack!" muttered Rick. "Listen to it. They've been stalking us."

Then from the road beyond—where the Reverend Horace and the other car had journeyed—came a racket of shouts, the honking of auto horns and, woven through the clamor, the shriek of a motor siren that we all recognized.

"Cubbie Forbes's yellow touring car," said Diana. "That means Jack Hubbard has turned the county loose on us. It's a real trap, and we're in it—plump."

More shouting, and then a sudden spurt of sparks—a red ball followed by one of blue, which caused the throwing up of all the dining room windows and, a moment after, the patter of many feet upon the porch and the laughter of men and women in evening clothes. "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!" they were crying. Heavens! The whole country club set must have been pressed into service for this climax.

"Jack!" Diana clutched me. "If you let me be made a laughing stock before that crowd I'll never forgive you."

"Rick," I said, "cut and run for the Wasp—take the women. Ging Yuk and I will cover you."

"But the other car?"

"There isn't any other," I answered. "Or, rather, there won't be a Yorkist coat on Hubbard acre for more than a few minutes longer. Look! The Reverend Horace is making the pace."

And, as we stated, there shot a young Vesuvius along the distant roadway, Roman candle fireballs floating backward in a straight line to show what a

fine gait a six-cylinder could churn up if it really extended. From where I stood I figured that even the Fernieux, if we were ever lucky enough to gain it again, could probably not shake off pursuers any faster than Percy and the Reverend Horace were then doing. Of course, they had fired the candles to warn us, leaving us to shift for ourselves. I could not help wondering what they would have done if they had known that they were deserting Diana and Kitty Munworth—in tin-plate evening attire—with a mongrel mob of country club racketers at hand just yearning for sport, sport that might be pushed past the line of demarcation between fun and horseplay. But there was no time for philosophizing. Even as we watched the fireballs blazon the path of our ally fugitives, there came a crackling among the Japanese maples by the tennis court and we were in headlong flight, if a really painful progress may be called headlong.

Back over the turf, through the evergreen hedge, and at last the stern barricade of orchard fence. Rick was swearing softly; Kitty Munworth was actually sobbing—although there was a hysterical note of laughter tangled in her throat—and Diana, like a true sportswoman, was husbanding her breath for the finish. Ging Yuk was beside her, a “verray parfit gentle knight,” fairly carrying her half the way and tossing her over the fence while he vaulted it. Of the three men of us, only the Chinese cook was found worthy of a seat at the Round Table. Rick and I were not of the Launcelot and Galahad class that night.

“I’m all in, Jack,” Rick would murmur between profanity and panting. But somehow he kept up and tottered along with the little Munworth, who was the lightest-footed of the five. As I scrambled last over the shaking rails, there came the exultant hail of our pursuers, and then, luck of lucks, the moon went under a beautifully thick cloud.

“Bless the drop curtain!” I stuttered. “And how Jim Hubbard will revile himself for not guarding the rear way in!”

Again the blood-curdling tones of Cubbie Forbes’s siren. “They’re getting ready to chase us with that yellow

car,” groaned Rick. “If they have half an even break, we’re done for now. They’ll make the back road by the stable lane in another five minutes.”

Then for the first time my brain began to work. “Listen,” I counseled my winded fellows. It was so dark for the moment that I could barely make out their metal outlines, but we were breathing like grampuses. “They’ve got to be drawn off somehow, and Ging Yuk and I will do it. Rick, you pilot Joan of Arc and her understudy to the car, bundle ‘em in and mote lickety split for The Rowans. Cookee and I will try a little Fourth of July through the tennis courts above the brook. That’ll bait ‘em for the necessary leeway, and *bon voyage*.”

“Nonsense,” cried Rick. “We’re not going to leave you here. We’ve got to keep on together and trust to luck.”

“Luck—with that country club set waiting to unhelmet and roast the life out of each captive?” I said.

Diana shivered. I knew she did. “Hurry; let’s go,” she murmured. “Stay with him, Ging Yuk.”

“Plenty sure,” gurgled the giant in his coolie falsetto.

“Good luck then,” said Rick. And they were off in the gloom, for the silver disc above bade fair to be unscreened in another minute.

“Now,” I remarked to cookee, “follow me.” We doubled to the right, back along the evergreen hedges and across the turf courts, turning loose a Roman candle as we ran. A net sagged from one pair of poles and I ripped it free, plunging on with it in my arms until we reached the turn where the stable lane met the macadam.

“Catch hold, Ging,” I commanded. “It’ll just reach across. Lash your ropes fast to that tree while I anchor mine to the fence.” If that cloud hung on a bit longer I felt that we had a real chance of putting Cubbie Forbes’s yellow motor out of commission.

## VI

WE lay there with our white-webbed barricade ready, ears straining for the rasp of tires.

It came, after a while, the car moving slowly because of the hummocky lane, but speeding a trifle at the bottom of the hill. They had no lights, the better to creep upon their quarry. For the moment I could not tell how many were in the motor, but it must have been packed full, reckoning by the chatter that followed the impact of front wheels upon an elastic barrier which gave, then held taut, shaking them like dice in a box, and afterwards snapped in the middle, the torn ends of cord twining industriously about the axle; whereat the motor whined like a goaded animal, but stopped and did not stir again.

While Ging Yuk and I watched their discomfiture from opposite stations the moon came out. There were eight of them, six in the roadway, Jim Hubbard and Forbes still at the steering wheel.

"A tennis net, by thunder!" yelled Paul Baxter. "And, Cubbie, you'll have to be towed back to drydock. The tangle has played hob with the driving gear."

Forbes's ejaculations were cakes and ale to me. "You may think it is a bally jest," said he, getting down to see for himself. "But of all asylum stunts ever devised, this night's work wins in a canter. Here am I, chauffeur for a gang of billet mill samples, and my machine gone smash. Show me a tennis net. I'll bet the car couldn't stand the weight of scrap iron it had to carry."

Well, Diana and Kitty were safe now, sure enough, with the yellow motor stalled. And, realizing this, I began to feel a bit weary. Certainly I had no intention of walking back to The Rowans. I would let Ging Yuk solve his own problem. I unhelmeted me and cast the thing fair in the middle of the road. Then I clanked out athwart the moonlight, brandishing my cavalry saber.

"So perish all enemies of the White Rose!" I declaimed. "A York! A York! 'Twas I who blocked the King's highway."

"Well, I *am* damned!" said Hubbard. Then, catching a fair glimpse of me, he fell to laughing immoderately.

"People who live in glass houses—"

I retorted. "And, Jimmie boy, if I looked half the guy you do in your Jerusalem brass clawhammer, I'd go and hide in the duckpond."

"Yield ye! Yield ye!" shouted Baxter. "I've been carrying this mace so long that if I don't crush someone with it soon I'll have writer's cramp."

They surrounded me, jibing to their heart's content, all save Cubbie Forbes, who had clambered into his car again and sat gloomily clutching the wheel, yet cursing the rent tennis net. So I surrendered as gracefully as they would allow.

"Where are the others?" asked Hubbard. "Why were you marooned here alone *en casserole?*"

"I'm sorry on account of Cubbie," I made answer. "But I had a pressing engagement with a certain yellow motor, and as a result the others are—"

Far off sounded the note of the Wasp's horn. That meant they were safely started. "Possibly," I observed, "what you have just heard may indicate—"

"The devil!" said Hubbard. "Let's hike back to the house. The game is over for tonight. We'll exchange prisoners tomorrow."

"Exchange prisoners?" I cried.

"I forgot you didn't know," explained the Lord of Greystones. "That new car aggregation of yours trussed up 'Kid' McMackin and carried him off. But it's a draw, thanks to your goodness in surrendering."

"Bully for the Reverend Horace!" I applauded.

"You don't mean to say that freak, with jackboots and a towel tied around his left arm, was the widow's parson flutterer?" said Baxter.

"The same," I assured him. "And it wasn't a towel, either. That was a lady's favor. You Greystones chaps are behind in chivalric etiquette."

Cubbie Forbes climbed out again and peered underneath the car. "I believe I can fix her," he volunteered. "It's only the matter of a clogged gear—nothing serious, after all. Go on, you fellows; I'll run her up the hill myself."

So they led me along the lane toward the house. Of a sudden, prosaic coun-

try houses seemed very inviting to me. I wanted to shed my shell. There had been no sign from Ging Yuk. Well, he must shift for himself. Nearer came the lights, and Gloria Gibbons was singing to a finish the ditty we had heard while crouching among the evergreens:

"Then he sent around a little note.  
Here's the very note;  
This is what he wrote:  
'I can't come for to marry you tod'y.  
My wife won't let me.'"

We were on the last terrace when we heard the scrape of the yellow car's wheels.

"Hello!" exclaimed Baxter. "Cubbie's got her tinkered up."

"Why, she's moving in the other direction," added Hubbard. "He can't be going around the long way, can he?"

Then came the shrieking of the siren, three long wails, followed by a falsetto human screech that sounded familiar.

Realization clutched me. I doubled up as well as my harness would permit and rolled upon the turf in an agony of laughter. For it was Ging Yuk, to be sure. Cookee had pounced upon the luckless Cubbie, and the yellow car was now en route to The Rowans, its chauffeur a prisoner. Gradually I made the others understand the cause of my paroxysm. And disgustedly they piloted me up the steps and set me in the midst of many lights and a roomful of people in the decent garb of civilization.

Hubbard took pity on me after they had wearied of badgering. "Come upstairs and I'll lend you a dinner coat," he offered.

We were at dessert when the telephone on the landing jingled. And at the instant those of us who faced the low windows saw the fiery streak of a rocket in the south.

"There goes the rest of The Rowans' Fourth of July," I remarked. "Diana is celebrating. You see, I am a modest man, and I don't for one instant imagine that my own poor self in chains can atone for the Sabine capture of 'Kid' McMackin and Cubbie Forbes in his yellow touring car."

Jim Hubbard came back from the telephone with a grin. "Diana wants to

speak with you," he said. "I've arranged to trade you for Cubbie and his motor. They keep the 'Kid' to grace their Thanksgiving table. They seem to want you pretty badly at The Rowans, Jack."

But it was Kitty Munworth who answered me over the wire. "You're to be exchanged," she piped. "And the Reverend Horace has scored again. We beat the new car back, and Diana was on the porch in twentieth century clothing —when the 'Kid' was brought in, tied like a bale of hay. We'd barely given our prisoner parole before Ging Yuk arrived. He'd made the Cub drive the whole way with a flattened tire. It was a lark, wasn't it, scapegoat? Diana will send the trap for you at ten."

And Diana did—at ten sharp.

Brackett received me stiffly—I had left my feudal gear at Greystones and still wore my borrowed dinner clothes and Paul Baxter's overcoat.

"Good night, gentle enemies," I called to the group at the porte-cochère.

"Good night. A Lancaster!" they shouted in return.

We drove on for the first quarter mile. "There's a time for all things, sir," said the coachman as he roused the mare with his whip. "And I'm thinkin' of givin' notis to the missus."

He was grumbling still when we passed the yellow car slowly grunting back.

"By the laws of true combat you and your steed belong to cookee," I yelled.

"Never mind," answered Cubbie. "Cookee owes me the price of a new tire."

Diana met me; the others were at their everlasting bridge. "Glad to see you, hostage mine," she laughed.

"And is this really Joan of Arc?" I answered, staring at her dinner frock.

"You missed the tableaux," she said in an undertone. "When Ging Yuk arrived we cheered him, and then we cheered the Reverend Horace. Before everyone he—cookee—turned on his heel and bolted for the kitchen. I stopped him. 'You're a hero, Ging Yuk,' I said. 'We're trying to tell you so.' 'Me cook,' he replied. 'Me cook. But

him"—pointing at the Reverend Horace—"gleat coward in Shensi."

"Is that all?"

"Wasn't that enough? He'll have to explain now. And, between us, I shall enjoy my Thanksgiving dinner the better for his doing it."

"Let the morrow look to itself," I grumbled. "Do my eyes deceive me, or is 'Kid' McMackin partner with Kitty Munworth? He seems—at this distance—almost civilized."

"He is," said Diana. "But we'll talk of the 'Kid' another time."

Shensi! So there the secret lay! What had happened in Shensi? I cudgeled my memory to recall some newspaper scandal of a few years gone, and Diana, watching me, whispered: "You can't remember anything either? None of us can. It's all one mad scramble to be first in at the death now, Jack. No longer do you and I nose along the trail alone, a staid old pair of foxhounds, too well trained to bark. The whole Rowans pack is giving tongue, yelping at the heels of the Reverend Horace. He knows it, for no one need be told when he's suspected, yet he's given no sign; he's as calm as he was when he froze Kitty Munworth before yesterday's gallop." Diana was very much in earnest. "How can a man have been a coward who is able to eye a gossiping houseful without a trace of ruffle—a houseful that chatters pleasantly when he is in the room and afterward sets to work as earnestly as a lot of hired detectives to find a cause for daubing mud on his record?"

I could not help smiling at her. "Aren't you rather hard upon you and me?"

She colored. "We've a good reason. We're interested. We've a pact. It matters."

"Yes, it does matter. I'm afraid it matters a great deal—to you. Looking at it calmly, I'm rather sorry."

"You're afraid I'll be hurt in the end?"

"Something like that," said I. "But listen, Diana. Whatever the Reverend Horace may have done in his past, I'll give you an honest opinion on his present. I don't believe it was anything that

couldn't be forgiven by a woman, providing—"

"Providing?"

"Providing she absolutely cared."

"Oh!" murmured Diana. "I'm glad of that." I do not think she realized I had heard her.

"But just at present," I said, "I'm going upstairs to turn in. I'm tired of mystery for this night, and pretty well fagged by this War of the Roses horseplay you've let me in for. Craving your leave, I'll slip by 'Kid' McMackin and his table satellites."

"You may," she replied. "Though how you can hope to sleep I can't imagine. Everything's so terribly uncertain. I think I'm beginning to feel my age, Jack. For tonight I've come to the knowledge that I'm hostess of as wild a crew as ever looted a real castle. And, pity me; I've got to play shepherdess until after Thanksgiving."

"I hadn't thought of it before," I remarked. "How many collies have followed you, my lady? But they grow snappish and dull-witted after a year or two of flock tending. Behold the oldest and grayest of them all slink upstairs to kennels."

"It will be only until after tomorrow. I'm tired of house parties, Jack. And Thanksgiving dinner is really going to be a lark. We've made the 'Kid' promise to wear his livery and play the proud captive. It will be the ending of the sport. We break up Friday."

"Aren't you coming back to town with us?"

"Not until Christmas."

"You seem to forget that I may have a certain line of conversation to develop."

"You're sleepy, Jack."

"You are right," said I. "After all, there is a time for everything."

"Oh, tomorrow will be Friday,  
And we've caught no fish today."

"Tomorrow will be Thanksgiving Thursday, and you must be balancing your accounts to discover what you should be grateful for."

"I don't believe in gratitude," I made answer. "It is the thing that causes

man to be most miserably forgetful of the full extent of his rights."

"Ahoy, you shopworn hostage!" called Percy Winslow from the library. "We've the laurel all ready for you. We know a real hee-ro when we see one, don't we, Diana?" They stood there laughing as I fled up the staircase.

There was brandy and soda for the ringing, and I dozed off in a Morris chair over a drink, a cigarette and a novel. The table lamp was still glowing in its green shade when I awoke. I had a strangely vivid impression that someone other than myself was in the room; it was this which forced my unwilling eyelids into lifting.

The Reverend Horace, in pajamas and slippers, was standing at the dresser, brandy decanter in hand. He poured for himself generously as I regarded him.

"Hello!" he explained. "I saw your light burning, and you wouldn't respond when I knocked, although I'll confess I didn't rap very loudly for fear of waking Rick next door. He's a light sleeper, you know."

"I must have dozed off over the story," I said, tossing the book from my lap upon the couch. "Not a very good recommendation for a novel, eh? Glad to see you, though; sit down. Haven't the least idea what time it is."

"You've been slumbering pretty soundly. It won't be dawn for another two hours. It's just about five."

He drank the brandy and curled up on the couch. The man was looking drawn about the mouth, an effect which his tumbled hair heightened. But never had he seemed bigger. His shoulder muscles fairly bulged through the thin stuff of his jacket. As I bent down the lamp rod, that the light might not strike him in the eyes, he produced a small roll of newspaper cuttings, held together by a rubber band.

"Catch," he said, flipping them with a long forefinger. "I want you to look 'em over. That's what I woke you up for. It took me some time to find 'em. They'll explain. You'll be knowing what the rest of The Rowans seems fairly keen to know"—he smiled faintly—"what mysterious something connects

Horace Leftwich, ex-clergyman, and Ging Yuk, Chinese cook. 'Pon honor, I can't blame anyone for being eager. It isn't often given country house guests to see a chance encounter with the hostess's chef developed so spectacularly. Go ahead. Read 'em all. I'll smoke a cigar while you do it—if you'll give me one."

So, while he smoked, I unwrapped the little bundle and read. They were mostly from English papers, but there were several clippings from New York and Boston dailies, and one was French. Brief cables they were, dated five years before, all narrating the slaughter of five missionaries, four of them women, by a mob of natives who had been angered upon a sacred feast day by a request from the superintendent of a mission hospital to cease their beating of tomtoms. The dispatches were mercifully meager as to details of the killing, but, between the lines one read that the massacre had not been without the usual coolie atrocities. Three of the papers gave a list of those who had escaped.

"Be good enough to note," remarked the Reverend Horace, "that the newspaper lists of refugees agree. In each you will find the name of the Reverend Horace Leftwich, of Warwick."

I rolled up the cuttings, snapped the rubber band about them and tossed the bundle back.

"I think I understand," I said. "Ging Yuk belonged to the mission. He thinks you ought to have stayed and been killed, too."

"But remember, he'd have stayed with me. That's to his credit. It was odd, though, after that Shensi horror had become blurred a bit by time, that I should have had to sit and watch the ghosts walk, controlled by a cook at a country house party in America."

"It's none of my affair," I suggested; "but if I were you I'd explain—at least to Diana."

"Oh, I'm going to explain to everyone," he returned promptly. "I owe The Rowans that. And I'm going to have Ging Yuk in to put me right if I omit details. I figure that after dinner will be the best chance. There isn't any

use in spoiling Mrs. Stacey's courses with grisly sauce. Anyway, we break up the day after, and if I have to retreat in disorder, I can do it with some grace. I merely wanted to have you know in advance what I was going to do. I might need some help in making the proper opportunity offer. In other words"—he smiled again—"I need an experienced stage manager, my friend. Will you serve?"

"I think it only fair," I remarked to him as he stood at the door, "to tell you that you'll find a pair of well disposed persons on the jury."

"Two?"

"Mrs. Stacey and I."

"That's good of you, I'm sure," he muttered. "Thanks awfully. But I'm not so sure, not so very sure."

Afterwards I turned in, and lay staring at the invisible ceiling until daybreak. I had never acted as stage manager of real melodrama before. What wonder that I was a bit nervous?

## VII

NORMA FOLLANSBEE had her wish for an old-fashioned Thanksgiving. As I gazed out of the window while knotting my tie, marking the gray of scudding clouds, from which there came fitfully darts of dry flakes, I was grateful that our knightly onslaught upon Greystones had been scheduled twenty-four hours earlier. It had been cold enough then, in all conscience, but playing one is canned goods in a snowstorm—ugh!

It was late, even for a Rowans breakfast, and there were none at table save Rick and Kitty Munworth, the latter disdaining all food save cream chocolates, of which she was partaking daintily from a paper-laced box, eking out her slender meal with an occasional sip of black coffee.

"Look at it, Jack," said Rick, pushing the candy toward me. "Nothing left to anyone's taste if he had set his heart upon a bit of breakfast dessert.

"These women have no consciences at sweet-meats,  
Where'er they come; see an they've not culled  
out

All the long plums, too, they've left nothing here  
But short, wriggletail comfits, not worth mouthing."

"No more, Rick," I commanded. "We've laid aside early seventeenth century with our rusty coats of mail. Let's be hopelessly modern from now, henceforth and forever. And instead of Middleton, give me Henry James."

"Middleton?" repeated Kitty, munching a chocolate. "Who was Middleton?"

"Ask 'Kid' McMackin," counseled Rick. "You're going to drive our hostage over to the links for luncheon, aren't you?"

"Gracious!" Kitty exclaimed. "I'd almost forgot." After which, Rick and I finished breakfast uninterruptedly.

So the day wore around until dinner hour—a disgustingly long day, I regarded it. Diana was practically invisible, giving as an excuse for her guests' neglected state the necessity of making arrangements for dinner. The Reverend Horace and Hugh Trevano were inured in the squash court, from which came sounds indicative of an abundance of healthy animal spirits. Indeed, everyone seemed fit and normal save myself. I felt nervous; there was a queer presentiment of something wrong uppermost in my reflections. I was thankful when time came to slip upstairs again and into my dinner clothes. Tomorrow we should be scattered from The Rowans. Tomorrow the play would be over.

Diana had offered me as a victim to caprice at table, for "Kid" McMackin was at her right and the Reverend Horace at her other hand, while I, between Kitty and Rick, was anchored at the board's middle. The "Kid," true to his promise, and not at all embarrassed—he had not been embarrassed once since his capture, so far as outward indications went—wore his cavalier's garb and gave back chaff for chaff, in remarkably excellent English for a nephew of "Butch" McMackin who owned the Marquis of Queensberry rules as his only textbook.

"You see," explained Kitty, "he

must have got his manners at a good department store. He told me that after he won his first purse he made up his mind that one day he was going to be able to mix it up with something outside of sluggers. And so, as you can notice, although his society front is ready made, it isn't altogether a bad fit, eh, Rick?"

"Let's come to the point, Kitty," replied the grinning object of her inquiry. "Is the 'Kid' in training? It seems to me that it's time for him to leave the chablis alone and switch to mineral water."

We were pretty well along with the courses then, and Diana announced after the dessert: "This is Thanksgiving, you know. And, once a year, we women sha'n't desert you. Brackett's built a fire in the minstrel's gallery and we're going to have coffee and cordials there together. Kitty, bring on our hostage." And she led the way to the staircase with the Reverend Horace.

Now, that what follows may be perfectly understood, it seems to me that I should spend a moment describing just what Diana meant by her "minstrel's gallery."

When Tom Stacey bought The Rowans from old Judge Minthorne, back in the eighties, the first floor was much as it is now, but the second story didn't suit him at all. It was practically reconstructed. Overlooking the hall stairs Tom had built a deep recess ending in a bulging bay window with a fireplace, a duplicate of the one downstairs, inset with much expense and difficulty.

It was here, amid many pillows and low wicker chairs, the Stacey dinner guests would foregather when there were not too many outsiders to wreck the proper social balance. To have dined at The Rowans and not have loafed a quarter-hour in the "minstrel's gallery" was to have lost treasure—at least there were many privileged ones who felt that way.

At the right of the landing were three short steps leading to the billiard room. The main staircase continued at the left, really leaving the gallery marooned, with only the billiard room

for neighbor, a somewhat awkward arrangement architecturally—"atrocious," declared the man who drew the plans for Tom Stacey—but, nevertheless, a very comfortable arrangement for all those who didn't have to stay and live with "frozen harmony jangled," as Percy Winslow put it. So much for Rowans geography.

We had our coffee, dispensed by Walker, and the applewood sticks were crackling a companion crackle to that of the bigger logs in the fireplace below.

"You know," said Constance Pritchard to me, "when I am sitting here upstairs watching the ashes, and knowing that there is a roaring blaze just underneath, I always feel as if I were in one of the tenement house fires you read about in the papers. The very next thing should be fire engine bells and a scaling ladder."

"A scaling ladder?" remarked Rick as he lighted a fresh cigarette. "Constance, could ever firemen reach the fourth story window of your heart with a scaling ladder?"

"There are firemen and firemen," she tossed back at him. "And it takes a brave man in uniform to use a scaling ladder."

We all laughed at this—it is odd from what trifles one manages to extract merriment after a good dinner, when one has plenty of cushions at elbow, with a vista of innumerable Russian cigarettes and copper coffee machines cooing on teakwood.

"If I may butt in," began "Kid" McMackin—"You may," we chorused—"there is a lot of faking in these here scaling-ladder rescues. The firemen and the police always fix it up between 'em so that there's a half-dozen women saved at every false alarm."

"But, my dear 'Kid,' there are no police on post in the Precinct of Affection."

"Dare you to go on, Percy," giggled Kitty Munworth. "I guess we'll all bear witness that there are at least plenty of false alarms."

The "Kid" was not to be shaken from matter-of-factness. "That don't make any difference," he went on. "What I

say is that if a man's brave when he only imagines there's real danger, he's got just as much right to honorable mention as if he'd been standing on a genuine burning deck."

"I told you he had been to a good department store," whispered Kitty. "See, he's visited the literature counter and bought a bargain day 'Casabianca'!"

"Bravery," said Diana, drawing a new cup of coffee for the Reverend Horace, who sprawled upon a clump of velour perfectly at ease in the atmosphere of banter, "is of sorts."

"Bravery," echoed the man at her feet, taking the cup and waving away the ready sugar tongs, "is an algebraic symbol. Let  $x$  equal the unknown quantity."

I had been forgetting that, instead of chorus, I was to be stage manager, and I recalled the packet of newspaper cuttings as I said: "There are many ways of working out the problem of bravery, but it seems to me that the answer is always the same—that is, the right answer." Only I saw half-amused appreciation in the eyes of the Reverend Horace.

"Ah, is it?" he inquired. "Isn't the answer rather a matter of personal opinion? Let me make my point in a story. It's a thing with which I happen to be personally concerned. It relates to something that happened in Shensi."

The turn came so suddenly—you see, not even Diana was prepared for it, I think—that there was an unconscious gasp of astonishment from the clergyman's listeners. The Reverend Horace paid no heed, but with hands clasped about his knees and back to the fire, proceeded.

"I haven't told this tale before, because I don't believe in spoiling house parties. But I know that ever since the first dinner, when Ging Yuk and I met after many years, some explanation has been owing to Mrs. Stacey—perhaps to all of you. We're breaking up tomorrow, so there isn't anything left to spoil, except perhaps farewells."

Percy Winslow had been fidgeting, and despite my warning touch he now broke out with: "See here, old man,

don't labor under the delusion that we're a cursed set of Peeping Toms. What's the use of making ghosts walk on a Thanksgiving night?"

"Thank you, my dear fellow," said the Reverend Horace. "Only I'm not making the ghosts walk; they've been walking. I'm merely playing guide and explaining why they do it. All of you noticed Ging Yuk recognize me. I wasn't glad to see him. He wasn't glad to see me. Why? Because he hates me—ought to hate me for showing what he calls the white feather. And I was trying hard to forget a nightmare of Shensi, that I put behind me, I fancied forever, five years ago. There was a killing of the English missionaries, you remember.

"There isn't any particular reason for relating how or why I happened to be in the mission field. I wasn't cut out for it at all; but once stationed I made the best of it, although knowledge that one never makes a really lasting impression upon the yellow man gripped me now and then. Mrs. Stacey, will you be good enough to call Ging Yuk?"

Diana touched a bell, and, while Walker went after cookee, the Reverend Horace finished his coffee and the rest of us made believe we were busy with our own cups. Even Kitty Munworth hadn't the heart for her usual fragment of chaff. It was very matter-of-fact, this low-toned English clergyman telling his story, but there was an undercurrent of tension about the thing, and then, enter Ging Yuk, shambling, the six feet and more of him, up the staircase."

"Oh, Ging Yuk," said Diana sweetly to the saffron mask, "Mr. Leftwich is telling us about Shensi, and he wishes you to hear him." She pointed toward the steps leading to the billiard room, and the cook sat down, eying not her, not us, only the Reverend Horace.

"All light. Him gleat coward in Shensi," he grumbled through his slit of a mouth.

Just once the Reverend Horace spoke to the Chinaman, in his own tongue. There was no pleading this time. It was a command. And, beneath his surface of hate, the servant in the yellow

man cringed, and he grunted a short word or two in reply.

"So that you may know what I have said," remarked the Reverend Horace, "I told him what I should have had trouble in making him understand in English—that I was relating the story just as it really happened."

"Move your shoulder a trifle, Jack," said Constance Pritchard. "I must have that heathen's face hidden. Isn't this all a bit out of drawing?"

"Kid" McMackin had heard her. "I don't like the Chink's eyes," he murmured. "He looks like a man in the ring does when he's getting ready to hit below the belt. And, as far as I can see, there isn't anyone refereeing this match; and there ain't any purse up, either."

"That's where you're dead wrong, 'Kid,'" corrected Percy Winslow. "There's a bigger purse at stake than you ever fought for in all your rough-house days."

The hard features of the lightweight creased in a slow smile of comprehension. "Well, say," he muttered, "I'm on; and I hope he wins out."

## VIII

"WE'D been on good enough terms with the natives," said the Reverend Horace. "But there were always the society hatchetmen—'Boxers' you call them over here—and we were worried when the time for the Feast of the Dragons came around. It had been a bad summer, and our little hospital was full of coolie women and children that we'd picked out of their miserable huts to try and save from fever and smallpox. Our head nurse was down sick herself, and lay in a crowded ward with the people she'd been trying to help.

"The first day the beating of tom-toms nearly drove the sick distracted. We sent one request to the chief of the celebrating ruffians to tone down the racket a little, and got in reply a few words of the exquisitely elaborate insult that only a Chinaman can devise. The next messenger came back in a state of collapse, with a burden of threats. Our

third man, Ging Yuk—he was the only native in the compound brave and faithful enough to go—returned with a sword thrust in the face and word that by sunset the foreign devils would be fuel for some little sacred bonfire which had been planned by way of a climax.

"All of this, of course, sounds bare and ungraphic enough, told here at The Rowans after dinner over coffee. And yet it doesn't need even the marked face of Ging Yuk over yonder to make me live that day and night all over. He got that scar then."

Again the clergyman spoke a short word in Chinese to the cook, who stirred from sullen huddling and mumbled a syllable or two. And at this moment Constance Pritchard made one last effort to break the spell of remembering. "Please," she pleaded, "let's play bridge or go for a moonlight ride to serenade Greystones—or do anything."

Diana glanced at her angrily. Her eyes showed sparks as bright as those of the crumbling applewood itself. But there was no need of warning. The Reverend Horace was not with us there by The Rowans hearth; he was in Shensi, and the ghosts were still walking.

"And aren't they walking fast, though?" muttered Rick, while Constance Pritchard shrank back into the shelter of my shoulder, confessing in a whisper that she was almost as afraid of Diana as of Ging Yuk.

"There was no one to show the white feather then"—the clergyman had begun again. "And the women were the pluckiest of us all. The Maid of Orleans herself never shone more fair than the courage of these girls from England; and, better than the Maid, they did not weaken even once before—before the end. You see, my friends, it is ended for them, but not for me. And to this much of Ging Yuk's indictment I plead guilty."

"The women are dead?" It was Diana asking, and her voice was hard.

"The women are all dead," he replied. "All of them are dead, God rest them."

"Allee dead," croaked the yellow cook. "Allee dead save him"—his forefinger went out accusingly. "And him one gfeat coward in Shensi."

"Be patient, Ging," said the Reverend Horace. "I've promised the jury that they shall have all the facts. The newspapers thought it was curious that we didn't escape after we'd been warned. You see, the newspapers didn't know exactly how things were. We could have fled, perhaps, if we had left the hospital and the sick. But not one of us ever thought of doing that. There wasn't any way of sending for aid, for the one telegraph wire, at a village five miles away, had been cut; we had known that the day before. So we just had to wait, that was all—wait for sunset and hope that maybe, after all, sense would come to the yelling crowd around the joss house.

"You're all thinking how you would have felt if you'd been put in the same situation, I know. Well, it's odd how one feels at a time like that. The chief sensation seems to be one of curiosity. At supper time—the twilight came late then—I told the others that I'd take Ging Yuk and make one last try at placating the head man of the village. I had it in mind to bribe him, the only means left. And I had enough English gold in my possession to at least tempt him, I was sure. So Ging Yuk and I slipped away. There were three other men left, each with a rifle and a revolver; several friendly coolies, who, however, we knew, would desert quickly when trouble came; the handful of plucky women—and the sick.

"How blind a man is when his brain should be clearest! The head man met us smiling; his courtyard was quiet. Even the joss house drums were stilled. And, for an hour, while the last streaks of sun yellow faded out, we haggled with the cutthroat, until he had all my English gold and I had a red piece of tissue paper with the nearest viceroy's signature—a safe conduct for all within the compound.

"If you take this back to the hospital," said the head man, "and show it to my people, it will save you from any dishonorable deeds." He grinned, as he spoke, and his lips were still curling and he was rubbing his hands and looking at the coins upon the table when the joss

house drums roared and Ging Yuk screeched.

"After that came a crackle of rifle fire—from the compound, we knew." The Reverend Horace paused, moistening his lips with the dregs of his cup. "That was the safe conduct my gold had bought me. And here again the newspapers were wrong. They said that the head man was killed by a spent bullet fired by one of his own men, which was not true. I killed the head man myself, with my two hands. It wasn't any great pleasure to do it. It simply seemed the proper thing when I heard the rifles and knew that nothing mattered now, that we were too late. And just before he was quite strangled—I was careful to let him know what I was doing—I smashed his clenched teeth with the butt of my revolver and crammed as many of the gold pieces down his throat as I could hold in one hand. After all, the gold choked him rather than my clutch." Once again the speaker turned to the Chinese cook and spoke.

"You killee head man all light," replied Ging Yuk. "But one gheat coward after while."

"So far, so good," said the clergyman. Constance Pritchard's forehead was pressed against my sleeve, and I felt her breath coming and going in gasps. There would be hysterics then to add to this drama, I began to divine. Well, we should see.

"Now this is the crucial point, gentlemen—and ladies—of the jury," said the Reverend Horace. "There was the dead head man with his mouthful of gold. There were Ging Yuk and I. Together we raced through the deserted village street—you see, the entire population was attending the performance. By the little grove at the foot of the hill, a quarter of a mile from the hospital, we saw the flames licking up flimsy wood and heard the yells that told of killing. Here was the dividing of the ways. And here is where judgment is to be given. For, seeing it, believing that the devils' work had been completed, I did not go up the hill, but turned and fled. As for Ging Yuk, he cursed me in Chinese and ran on alone."

"That so. Him go—down the hill." The cook fairly yelled it.

"That is the ghost which walks with me," said the Reverend Horace. "And sometimes I find it not unfriendly, for often I can perfectly justify my doing what I did. But at other times I am not sure. Frankly speaking, I do not think I am a coward. I believe that reason makes my act sane and right. However, there is room for much difference of opinion, as you must see. Ging Yuk went up; I went down and away—to safety. Remember, my only justification was that all those in the compound were doomed. It would have been impossible for me to have saved any of them. It would have been merely throwing my life away to add to the list in the dispatches."

"They were women, some of them," said Diana slowly. "You were a man. You might have made dying easier for them if you had gone."

It was Kitty Munworth who startled us all. The girl leaped to her feet wrathfully. "How dare you make a speech like that, Diana?" she shrilled. "That is cruel, and I say it with a woman's understanding. Mr. Leftwich is right. He couldn't have been of any use. One can't be helped die. Dying is a more terrible thing than having a tooth pulled. Just because someone is holding you up, whispering to you that by the time you are really dead he'll be dead, too, dying isn't any easier—unless"—the girl paused thoughtfully—"the person who does the whispering is the man you love. Then, naturally, you'd want him to stay."

"Bravo, Kitty!" Rick mumbled it, but there was no banter in his tone.

"Thank you, Miss Kitty," said the Reverend Horace. "If there had been a woman in the compound whom I loved, I should have stayed. Surely there is no one here who thinks I would have failed then. But, I ask you, should I have thrown a life away which might have belonged to some woman I had not yet met? That is the puzzle. And it is upon that you must give judgment."

The matter-of-fact way in which he spoke made me feel as if we were dis-

cussing some topic of the day—something in which heat of sorrow or anger must not enter, but which must be viewed with all calmness. I think the others felt as I did.

"I believe I should have gone up the hill," said Trevano hesitatingly. "But it would have been cowardice that would have driven me, the fear of what the world might have said. I could not have been brave enough to have faced that disapproval. So I should have gone up and made a miserable end."

"Hugh!" cried his wife, and Trevano turned to her with knitted brows.

"I was putting myself in Leftwich's place, dear," he said. "I should have made shift to be brave, I think, if you had been in the compound."

"Look-a-here, Leftwich," said "Kid" McMackin. "I believe you're on the level. Only you look at things different. If you were in the ring you'd fight with your brains, not you hands. And so, when you knew the other man had you really licked, you'd throw up the sponge so you'd have no trouble getting back into form to fight for the next purse. That's common sense, but it ain't brute grit. I say you ought to have stayed and taken the count and what came after."

"You're fair, 'Kid,' quite fair and right from your standpoint," said the other, nodding his head in assent. "You see, after all, it is a matter of viewpoint. That is the trouble. That's why a man can never expect to get a clean bill of health after facing a crisis like Shensi. Only, honestly, as Trevano has said, it has been harder to face the thing out these years than it would have been to have gone up the hill with Ging Yuk, who was spared because he was Chinese. It was Ging who got the first news of the massacre to the telegraph wire."

"This is Thanksgiving," said I. "And I'm truly thankful I've never had to stand trial by sword and fire. It's out of place—the ordeal—in this twentieth century. But I want to go on record for the Reverend Horace. He did the right thing—the thing reason must justify. There is only a single circumstance which must make a man choose death in

a case like this—the presence of the One Woman. You see, Leftwich wasn't in the compound. He would have had to stick it out if he'd been there when the attack came, of course. But, remember, he was at the bottom of the hill, with the killing and torch well under way. I vote for acquittal." And I went over and shook the Reverend Horace's hand.

"I don't know," said Diana, her face troubled. "Let me think it out. There were the women—in the hospital. There were you and Ging Yuk—at the bottom of the hill."

"Yes," said the clergyman, watching her intently.

"Listen!" she exclaimed. She had forgotten the rest of us; it was between her and him. "If you had loved me and I had been in the compound, would you have come? Would you?"

The Reverend Horace was upon his feet and his voice rang out in the gallery. "If you had been there—if you were there now," he cried, "I'd cut my way to you if they killed me ten times before I reached your side!"

"Good God, Leftwich! Quick!" Percy Winslow was clutching the railing and lurching in the direction of the billiard room. And, seeing what he saw, I clutched the arm of Rick in turn. For Ging Yuk was beside Diana, his grip about her waist, and that kitchen knife, with which he had made his first dining room appearance, brandished in his left hand.

"You liar!" he yelled at the Reverend Horace. "You one damn liar! You coward in Shensi, gloat coward. You kill school missees by run away. You no kill one more. Me, Ging Yuk, kill now. You no go up the hill then; you no follow now."

Rooted into motionlessness we all were. Diana's face was a white vacant blot as she swayed helplessly. After ten seconds I do not think she knew what was happening. And merciful unconsciousness spared her when Ging Yuk, lifting her as if she were a doll, leaped up the two low steps to the billiard room, flung her within, banged the door shut and stood scowling and

wagging his knife, shrieking in coolie billingsgate to the Englishman beneath.

Each of us watched as was his nature. No one dared stir until the Reverend Horace had given the cue, for it was life and death now. Only the prize fighter from Greystones made translatable utterance. And this was a low, mechanical succession of curses, the curses of the squared ring. Oddly enough, they seemed soothing and entirely appropriate.

Also in Chinese the Reverend Horace answered his ancient foe, and as he spoke, with one swift motion he had slipped out of his evening coat. Staring only at the man before the billiard room door, he talked to us then in an undertone. "This is all my own. It's got to be fought out now. If one of you makes a move, he'll turn and kill her. For the love of Heaven, don't stir yet. It's all mine. I'm at the bottom of the hill again, but there's the woman I love in the compound now!"

The swing of the university oar showed in the way he swayed, from the waist up, in the direction of the yellow man, hissing the while silken, alluring defiance in the jargon of the latter's country. It was anger hypnosis, for Ging Yuk dripped at the mouth in his rage and, inch by inch, kept moving toward the edge of the upper step.

"Oh! You Ging Yuk—you!"—then a medley of gibberish while the keen knife trembled in the crazy cook's grip. "Oh! You Ging Yuk! You no got pigtail! You one rotten cook! You no Clistian!" Lord! How near he was now!

"Hell, man!" mouthed "Kid" McMackin. "His throat'll be slit in a half second."

But I was beating the prize fighter upon the back, yelling like a madman. This is what I saw: The Englishman's right arm slid out, apparently an offering for the dipping blade, which darted downward and met it, the white shirt-sleeve's staining telling what had been done. But that was an end of infighting for Ging Yuk. Knees and both arms gripped the giant now, and the knife beat the air impotently. A heave, the

grunting of two overtaxed frames, and quite slowly but evenly the Chinaman was hurled, describing a lazy arc, from the top step upon the gallery railing, which gave way with a tearing of splintered wood. The concocter of the "juice of Heaven" crashed to the floor below in an awkward sprawl upon the hearth rug.

"Kid" McMackin looked over the shattered barrier, watching the wriggling limbs. "One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight-nine and out," he intoned. "Heavyweight bout decided in favor of—"

"If someone will look after Mrs. Stacey," began the Reverend Horace, "I think I'll—"

But he, too, slid down in a nice little heap of his own, and Kitty Munworth mourned over him while she and Norma Follansbee dabbed his cut arm with hurriedly brought towels and hot water.

It was the "Kid" who found Diana, sitting on the floor by the billiard table, not quite comprehending as she was stowed away in a wicker chair and cooed at. It was the "Kid" also who looked over the Reverend Horace's wound and announced that it was only on the surface and needed but a bit of surgical tape and two days in a slung handkerchief.

Then we sat around staring at one another idiotically, as one does after he has been caught sniffing at "Peter Pan," while Ging Yuk groaned dully below.

"Can't someone take that thing away?" said Kitty Munworth crossly after a while. Whereat we all laughed once, and again, though none knew just how or why. But Brackett and a stableman removed cookee, whose fit seemed to have left him, and who said but little when put to bed in the servants' quarters under guard, to be taken away in the morning. Cooke used too much opium o' nights, anyway, Brackett told us afterwards.

Percy Winslow picked up a piece of the splintered railing and stared at it quizzically. "Diana," he remarked,

"they buncoed you when they built this gallery. Why this wood is plain wormeaten." He brought the bit down upon a tabouret with the thud of a chairman's gavel. "Gentlemen of the jury," he cried, "have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"Wait, Percy," commanded Diana, sitting up weakly, but radiant—all of which the Reverend Horace noted and struggled into sitting, weak but radiant, too. "The Court directs that the case be taken from the jury and judgment entered in—"

Diana never finished. For there was the noise of motors in the driveway and the merry call of "A Greystones!" from Jim Hubbard's dinner crowd.

Kitty Munworth giggled. "They've come to serenade the conquerors," she cried. And, surely enough, they had.

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
All seated on the ground—"

Gloria Gibbons's voice was leading. "I say," said Rick, disgustedly, "this is Thanksgiving, not Christmas. Go out and tell them, 'Kid.' They've got another month yet before carols and the waits."

"Put on your coat, Horace, and ask them in for supper," said Diana. "No, I'll go with you; and *do* be careful of your arm."

We watched them totter down the stairs together.

Then I heard the "Kid" gulp at my elbow. "Say," he muttered, "both a bit groggy but still in the ring."

"And so," said Norma Follansbee with finality, which had a world of meaning—"so ends the War of the Roses."

"But it lacks a chronicler," remarked Trevano, rummaging for a cigarette among the coffee cups. "What a pity Paul Baxter wasn't here to see it all!"

"Paul Baxter!" I echoed in disgust. "It will take a man with real feelings to tell this story."

And it did.



## IN AVALON

By Madison Cawein

I, TOO, have been in Avalon,  
And walked its shadowy groves among,  
I, And talked with Beauty, dead and gone,  
And Love that lives in ancient song.  
Yea, I have been in Avalon—  
Therefore it is my brow is wan.

Remembering still the look of those  
Sore wounded ones who loved in vain,  
Whose lives are wrapped now in repose,  
Freed from the vassalage of pain,  
A look of peace my forehead wears,  
Regardful of that look of theirs.

Pale violet were the belting seas,  
And violet, too, both peak and vale;  
And unremembering over these  
The heaven like a violet pale;  
And cliff and mountain o'er the deep  
Let down their streams as if asleep.

And here and there the ancient woods  
Spread mighty and majestic robes,  
Wherein were woven attitudes  
Of marble—castles, temples, globes—  
White shapes of loveliness; it seemed  
The island into being dreamed.

No sun I saw; I saw no moon;  
But twilight seemed forever there,  
With glimmering starlight all a-swoon,  
Above the blue and quiet air,  
While all around, from east to west,  
The consecration lay of rest.

Here saw I queens of old romance,  
And shadowy kings of legend pass;  
And on their brows and in their glance  
I read their dreams as in a glass,  
And, of my soul remembered yet,  
The dreams have taught me to forget.

## THE SMART SET

But in their hearts my heart could read  
 No memory of what had been,  
 No old regret for thought or deed,  
 Or that they once were king and queen;  
 They had forgotten all thereof—  
 The hate of earth as well as love.

Long time I spake them, dim, apart;  
 Long time I talked with queen and king,  
 While through the heaven of my heart  
 Oblivion trailed a twilight wing,  
 And on my spirit's lifted brow  
 Was poured the peace that haunts it now.

Yea, I have been in Avalon,  
 The faery isle mid faery seas;  
 Therefore it is my face is wan,  
 My heart at peace remembering these;  
 It may not be, and yet I seem  
 Forever waking from a dream.



## MISANTHROPIC MUSINGS

By Benjamin Arstein

THE man who stands too long on his dignity is apt to lose his footing.  
 The matchless beauty usually makes a striking appearance.  
 A man's ardor is never damped by a shower of compliments.  
 Five fingers of scorn do not equal one helping hand.  
 Truth may be stranger than fiction, but the latter has a larger circle of readers.



“THERE'S only one thing I ever do for policy's sake.”  
 “What's that?”  
 “Pay my premium.”

# THE WOOING OF MINNIE TRIMM

By Kate Jordan

**M**INNIE came out of the close smelling hallway and into the eight o'clock sun of the heavy, spring morning. Though early April, it was as hot as July. As she walked along the side street from stifling west toward blazing east, her leaden feet protested at every step against her weight, which was considerable. She was tired to the smallest niche of her body.

She carried languidly an old dog-eared novel, "Ishmael, or, In the Depths," by Mrs. Southworth. This lay on top of her lunch of bread and butter, hard boiled eggs, a frankfurter and a cruller, that, wrapped in tissue paper, made a hot, uncomfortable wad against her bare arm. Her old shirtwaist had shrunk in the many washings so that it now strapped her armpits like tight cords. The crooked heels of her shoes dug into her flesh like wooden knives. Even the one comfort that usually companioned her, a satisfaction in what she called her "looks," seemed to have deserted her today. Her heavy heart fluttered weakly. Life's bitter taste was actually upon her tongue.

When she reached Sixth Avenue, where the shop windows were blossoming with the tints of a garden, exhibiting on simpering wax models filmy summer gowns, coquettish bathing suits of silk and satin, gay parasols—all the innumerable dainties that go to the making of a tempting, feminine summer outfit—she roused sufficiently to stop and gaze, her blue eyes wells of dull desire. What she could do with fifty dollars if she had it! Thirty dollars for clothes, twenty for two weeks at a boarding house in the Catskills! She turned away.

"Forget it," she said in self-disgust for such futile dreaming.

And yet, on this day when Minnie Trimm's life seemed the very marrow of dreariness, Destiny was interfering in a promising and practical way, for from the time she left her house she was followed by Professor McGilway. This was not the first time the Professor had seen Minnie. He had been watching her for weeks. He decided not to hesitate longer. He felt sure she was what he needed.

Minnie went down the shady side of Fifth Avenue to the big bookshop where from nine to six she did typewriting for eight dollars a week. She passed through the monastic quiet of the spacious place, through its coolness and shadow to an iron stairway in the back which led to the shipping office in the basement. Here, with three other girls, she sat under a ground-glass skylight that was also the pavement of the avenue. All day thousands of feet were seen upon it like passing shadows and heard like the patter of rain. Except for the lunch hour, she worked without pause in this airless, dusty corner.

"Hello!" said a stout girl who was cleaning her machine. "Hot—eh?"

"The limit!" said Minnie sulkily.

Professor McGilway had also entered the bookshop. He went to one of the back offices, opened the door like a familiar and shook hands with Mr. Ambrose Debenham, the junior member of the firm, who was sitting there, and who smiled over his glasses with good-humored mockery.

"Well, McGilway, have you given up your extraordinary idea?" Mr. Debenham asked.

"On the contrary," said the Professor, with a gesture of nervous rapture, "I am now *convinced* that I couldn't do better than get Miss Trimm as an exhibit. So I hold you to your promise, my dear Debenham."

Minnie was sent for. The introduction astonished her. The austere Mr. Debenham, for whom she occasionally typed a stilted letter when his stenographer was absent, spoke almost paternally:

"Sit down, Miss Trimm. I wish to present Professor McGilway. He is a close friend of mine, and has my full permission to suggest to you something it will be to your advantage to consider." Then he went out, and she was left facing this little old man who kept nervously smiling and coughing. She clasped her hands and stared at him.

"You don't mind telling me your age, Miss Trimm?"

"Eighteen," said Minnie, her look and tone ungracious and suspicious.

"The idyllic age!" murmured the Professor and smiled up into the air. "Youth's perfected dawn!"

"Wheels," was Minnie's instant decision. Her one idea was to get away. "What do you want to say to me?" she asked flatly, her brows meeting. She looked like a young goddess about to hurl a thunderbolt.

The Professor edged fussily nearer and gazed at her. "Miss Trimm," he said, his voice trembling, "I am a pioneer in several advanced beliefs. The most important deals with the human body—the growth, the harmonious development of composite organs and tissues from simple, protoplasmic cells."

Minnie was looking at him in open boredom.

"You, no doubt, are fully aware, Miss Trimm," he smiled with a servile amiability, "that organic foodstuffs come under three headings—proteids, carbohydrates and fats."

Minnie continued to listen, even folded her big arms, but her look was now the nauseated, watchful one with which she was wont to regard the beetles that sometimes raced across the base-

ment floor. It chilled the Professor. He coughed and started again.

"I'll tell you more simply. I live with my sister in a very large, comfortable house uptown, on Fifth Avenue. There I conduct classes for ladies—only for ladies—about a number of things. Among others I have classes on health. Now I have certain fixed beliefs—enthusiasms *you* might call them, Miss Trimm. From my scientific experiments I feel sure that all the human body requires to retain physical perfection and long life is a certain quantity of pure air, a certain quantity of sunlight, a certain amount of exercise, a certain quantity of pure water and a certain quantity of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, sulphur, starch and sugar. I believe these ingredients, which are the essences of the food we eat, can be taken in the form of a pellet—a simple pellet. This would make *food*, as we understand it now, unnecessary." He became excited. His eyes sparkled behind his glasses as if sending off optical fireworks. "Cooking is one of civilization's diseases. My pellets, holding the life-giving essences named, will abolish it. Besides, when the slavery and the horrors of cooking are no more, think also of the invaluable time that will be saved mankind! You follow me?" he asked winningly.

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Minnie.

He squirmed in an effort to find the needed words, his smile so sweet it was irritating.

"Briefly, then—I deplore and denounce the poisons called food that are put upon our tables today! What do I see, Miss Trimm, behind your wistful, blue eyes? A poet might write a sonnet to the cloud upon them, but I, my child, see frying lard, pork chops, soda biscuits—am I right?—cakes, pies—am I right?—and the variety of cold horrors that come under the head of 'delicatessen'—am I right?"

"I can't see what business it is of yours *what I eat!*" she said in sullen wrath.

"But you *will* understand!" Professor McGilway assured her eagerly. "I want you to come and live in my house,

with my sister and myself, for three months, to be exhibited as a test case—before and after my treatment—to my health classes."

"I'm a typewriter, not a freak," said Minnie, rising, her fists unconsciously doubled.

"Of course not. Why, you'll have every consideration, take your ease and have servants wait on you, while I administer my simple treatment to you, you sitting by while I talk of my theories to my classes of ladies. That is all—that is all!" he concluded, with an airy fluttering of his fingers.

The picture conjured by the words became suddenly like straw brought close to the match of Minnie's discontent. Her hands opened. She felt suddenly limp.

"How long?" she asked guardedly.

"Three months, and at a *good* salary—"

"How much?"

"Five hundred dollars for the experiment *if* successful. Otherwise a fair remuneration for whatever time I consume."

Minnie gave a gasp. An upheaval went on behind her dead white, surly face. In a blinding flash she saw the shop windows' unattainable treasures.

"Think it over," said the Professor soothingly; "think it over."

Minnie gave a nervous gulp. "I don't need to. I'll take it."

She was given permission to leave at once, and when she returned to the shipping room she told her companions the bare, astounding fact.

"Five hundred dollars!" the stout girl said in a whistling whisper of longing. "My God! What's the work?"

"I d'n' know," said Minnie, her hatpin between her teeth.

"But what are you going to get all that money *for*?"

"Search me! As far's I can make out, I'm just to sit around at my ease, all dressed up, and just take a pill now and then." She drew on her old, lisle-thread gloves while laughing in big, lazy scorn. "Easy money!" she sang out, and strode off. "S' long, girls!"

## II

MINNIE had been at Professor McGilway's for twelve days. On the morning of her arrival, still in her shrunken shirtwaist and sailor hat, the Professor had introduced her in the following words

"Ladies, this is Miss Minnie Trimm. I consider her a superb physical specimen that from wrong methods of living is going into early decay. You see here what ought to be a goddess. She is five feet nine; she ought to be firm-fleshed, slender and weigh about one hundred and forty-five to fifty pounds. Instead, she is flabby, fat and weighs over one hundred and seventy. Her torso should be a young Amazon's—but she shrinks in concavely, as if dodging a blow. Her skin is fine—the texture of a roseleaf is not an exaggerated simile—but it is like soggy bread, and several spots of acne show at the root of her nose. Her hair is dull and harsh from lack of care and nutrition, and although she wears the popular 'rat' and about a pound of puffs, it is *not* plentiful. Her eyes are beautiful—yet beyond doubt they are the eyes that accompany a misused and rebellious liver." This and much more.

Even now, after twelve days, Minnie could not recall that description without rage. The thought of the five hundred dollars alone had kept her in her seat on the raised platform with the lorgnettes of the class shimmering at her.

On this buoyant spring afternoon she was the inmate of a room at the top of the house, one as curious as it was beautiful. It had many windows and they were all open. A glass roof showed the sky like a blue-and-white canopy. Where the western sun entered, gold-colored curtains subdued the radiance. There were growing plants on all the window sills. The floor was covered with linen and lustrous fiber rugs. There were no hangings, little furniture, and that of a fragrant, jointed wood that could easily be taken apart and washed.

Minnie was resting on a semi-sofa. Her attitude and the lines of her body suggested the matchless grace of the headless women among the Elgin mar-

bles. Draperies of heavy but soft azure-colored linen fell about her big, young uncorseted body; her neck and arms were like snowy marble against the delicate color; her bare feet were in linen sandals; her hair, each thread of it cleansed and brushed to a glowing gold, was gathered loosely into a long silver net. She had lost about twelve pounds. The Professor's exercises, performed every two hours, had already begun to straighten her. Diet and bathing had made her skin luminously white. Her blue eyes had a delicately wan look and glistened, giving her whole face an ethereal quality.

This was the picture that Dr. Cyrus Grattan's eyes fell upon when, after knocking without receiving a reply, he timidly opened the door and hesitatingly entered. Cyrus was small, slight, pale and gentle. He was the Professor's secretary, himself a physician of reputation. He had been the orphan child of a college friend of the Professor, had been brought up from babyhood in the McGilway home and had enthusiastically assimilated the dietetic and hygienic beliefs of the Professor and his sister. To him had been left the betterment of Minnie's intellectual powers—"repair work on her upper story," she had described it. He was only thirty-six, but the constant companionship of the Professor, his elderly maiden sister and the Professor's classes, made up of serious women "cultivated" to mental attenuation, most of them past middle life, had marked Cyrus with premature senility. What nature there was in him was like a dangerous, intoxicating essence that habit had hermetically sealed. Since Minnie's arrival he had for the first time felt this imprisoned youth struggling as if it were trying to break its restraint.

As he entered now, solemn and pale, a book carried reverently, he suggested to Minnie a clergyman about to read the funeral service. She turned her shining, forget-me-not eyes on him in pensive curiosity.

"Ain't you mournful, Doctor!" she said. "Me, too. I'm so blue I could jump out of the window."

"Blue?" he murmured sympathetically.

His protective instinct, that was only covered by the dust of too much book knowledge, burned suddenly like a guardian knight's. How beautiful she was, this untutored girl! And though so big, how young and appealing! Her ignorance added to her charm; she seemed to him a pathetic spirit in chains that he was to liberate link by link. That he was succeeding was strikingly apparent to him at this moment, for her eyes had a look that had been deepening each day—a seeking, spiritual look he felt it to be, as if, like Goethe, her soul cried out: "More light!"

"I'm sorry you are pensive, Miss Trimm," Cyrus said; and though his heart was swelling, he could not, from habit, make his manner anything but formal. "However, a little talk about the first of the Bourbons will be a tonic. Shall we begin now?"

"The Bourbons don't matter to me," said Minnie.

He went nearer, to where she lay like a beautiful, sky-blue effigy. "Would you like a pellet first?"

She stared at him for a few seconds in dull disgust. Then her hands shot up to her face and she began to weep like one vanquished.

"Are you really so very unhappy, Miss Trimm?" Cyrus asked, experiencing real anguish. "This spiritual distress is—er—is—"

Minnie turned on him furiously. "I'm hungry!"

"Hungry?" He stumbled over the word as if he had never heard it before. This explanation of her luminous wistfulness had not occurred to him.

"I've had nothing to eat for twelve days," Minnie said accusingly. "What do you care—with your three square meals a day?"

"No, indeed, Miss Trimm—really, no!" he assured her. "One day we have vegetables only—another nuts and fruits. There is, of course, almost as much protein food in walnuts as in meat—"

Minnie was not listening. "Oh, dear," she sniffed, "I feel terrible! If I even had a chiclet I wouldn't feel so lone-

some—something to *chew on!*" she added viciously.

"You miss the accustomed mastication. That is but natural. But you are passing through the most painful period. In a little while the pellets—"

"Oh, do keep *still*, Dr. Grattan!" She sprang up. "Don't mention those pellets again! Of course they must have *something* healthy in them or I'd be—dead." She leaned against the wall in sudden weakness and misery. "I'd give anything for a sandwich!" Her eyes, brimming with tears, were like rain-wet blue flowers. "Just one! Would that be so terrible, Doctor?"

Decision had come to Cyrus's gentle face. "You are suffering too much, Miss Trimm. There's only one thing for you to do."

"What's that?" Minnie faltered eagerly.

"Tell Professor McGilway that the experiment is a failure. He is not unprepared for disappointment. You can tell him now."

He stepped toward the door, but Minnie thrust out her bare arm, and her strong, beautiful hand gripped him by the coat collar so that he was lurched backward.

"And lose the five hundred?" she asked in a voice like a saw.

"Of course," said Cyrus feebly, "you forfeit the money if you partake of food."

"Oh, I know I do," Minnie whimpered in helpless pain. "But if I let go now I'll get almost nothing for these twelve days of starvation." Her lip quivered like a child's. "Never mind," she said in a ghastly way as her head fell back; "I'll stick it out. I've *got* to."

But her beauty and distress had begun to act like the first rush of a cyclone upon Cyrus's principles, that he had supposed were founded upon a rock. They shook. They inclined toward falling. He saw that the five hundred dollars meant so much to Minnie that the loss of it would be considered overwhelming disaster. In her attempt to earn it she had been suffering intensely. Her visible torments now wrung his heart. The storm within him finished

its work and the wavering structure of his integrity fell. Once down and in splinters, ecstasy stole over him. Thoughts of Circe and Calypso occurred fatuously to him as he touched her on the shoulder.

"Have you any idea where I can get one?" he asked.

"What?"

"A—a sandwich."

"You mean it?" She seized his arm in both her big, soft hands and beamed and beamed till to look made him dizzy.

"I cannot see you so unhappy, Miss Trimm. And I realize, too, how hard it would be for you to—"

Minnie did not let him finish. The absorbing fact was that he was going to get her food. His opinions were not important.

"I saw a delicatessen store on Sixth Avenue the other day when I went that way for my walk with Miss McGilway," she said rapidly. "Go down two blocks. But are you sure you can manage without the Professor finding out?"

"Yes. But we must be very careful. You can expect me in twenty minutes with a chicken sandwich."

A shadow went over her beautiful face. "Only one? It seems a shame to take such a chance for just a teeny *one*. Get three—ham, Swiss cheese and sardine!" He could see that merely uttering the words filled her with a harrowing rapture. "And German mustard on them. Oh, hurry up!" she said, squirming, and gave him a weak push.

But Cyrus, being a doctor, held to his decision and broke Minnie's fast that day with one delicate chicken sandwich. The day after he brought her two; the next day three. The deception, being thus firmly grounded, progressed with ease and safety, and he began adding, at her suggestion, some of the whimsical comestibles peculiar to the delicatessen trade.

He could bring only flat articles and solids, so he was restricted in choosing: a pickled tongue done up in glazed tissue paper; a small pan of pork and beans securely wrapped and carried as if it were a book; a pickled pig's foot—these were some of the things he bore the ever-

hungry "test case," whose eyes would welcome him with a bewildering smile. Among fruits and vegetables he could carry only the least aromatic and those that left little débris. During his daily two hours with her, when they studied literature and history, he would, between the reigns of kings, surprise her with a cold boiled potato, a banana or a tomato already peeled, all a little dry from secretion in a doily.

These hours alone with Minnie, when he made abortive attempts to nourish her mind and successfully nourished her body, were almost painfully fascinating to Cyrus. He was an abetter in a fraud upon his employer. He was committing his first deliberately dishonorable act. He was, in fact, leading a double life. But his infatuation for her had after two months intensified into an adoring, self-effacing tenderness. He scarcely saw the situation in its hard, sharp colors. Glamour was an anesthetic that dulled conscience and created delicious dreams.

And while he dreamed he tried to sow the knowledge seed in Minnie's mind. It was not easy. He watched its feeble sprouting. She would never be brilliant; but "with a chance"—a favorite, wistful expression of hers—he felt that her sluggish imagination might become normally active, a certain sheeplike stolidity be punctured in spots. When he heard the reasons for her rudimentary schooling, his sensitive heart was touched, his devotion made deeper.

"At what age did you leave school, Minnie?" he had asked when their friendship had reached three sandwiches a day.

"I said I was fourteen," said Minnie between neat crescent-shaped bites. "I was big, you see. But I was only eleven."

"That was a pity. Why did you do it?"

She smiled. There was a world of dreary knowledge in that temperate, amazed smile. She looked at Cyrus as a mother does at a babbling child.

"I guess, Dr. Grattan, if *your* father died when you were nine, and *your* mother had to do washing, and you had four younger sisters and brothers—

you'd know *why* all right. I got a job as bundler at a package desk. Then a boarder on the floor above us bought a typewriter and he let me practise on it nights. When I was fourteen I got my first typewriting job, at six per in a stone yard."

"Say 'position,'" Cyrus corrected sweetly.

"You told me that before. I'll remember all you've told me better after I leave here. I'm slow but sure, like a freight car," Minnie said reassuringly.

"And the books I've recommended—you'll remember them, too?"

Minnie smiled gloriously. "I'm getting to understand about Stevenson—honestly. And I just *love* that history of the bees, by Maeterlink—truly I do. *Imagine* them knowing all that—the cute little things!"

"And," Cyrus said, his clasped hands very cold, "will you remember *me*—afterwards?"

"Won't I?" She draped him with a melting look and held out her hand. "You're the sweetest little man! What a friend you've been to me! The best ever!" And she shook his hand till his elbow ached.

### III

THE three months were almost spent. The experiment was practically over, the ordeal finished, the five hundred dollars as good as pocketed. Cyrus had often longed and planned to tell Minnie just what she had come to mean to him, yet had continued silent, fearing to ruffle the blissful peace in which he seemed to float. Besides, he was mild and modest and easily satisfied. It was enough to buy what her appetite demanded, to put his whole soul into the selection of her food, to surprise her with unexpected dainties and watch her while in a leisurely and steady way she ate all of whatever he brought. Occasionally he would realize how unusual it was for the milestones of a passion to be marked by what are known as "table delicacies," but the thought came to him only in a drugged, obsessed way. In his condition a tin of sardines became as romantic as a rose.

The day that was to be Minnie's last under the same roof with him arrived. He went to that last afternoon lesson with pain in his pale eyes, a history of ancient Greece in his hand and a clam fry in the back pocket of his coat. Minnie greeted him absently, for she was desperately hungry, but her eyes glowed like strange, soft blue jewels when, after partially closing the door, he drew out the still warm pasteboard box with the well known "fried" perfume creeping up from it to her ravished nostrils.

"Oh, how lovely!" she murmured. "If you'd tried for twenty years, you couldn't have got anything I'd liked better. I was thinking of a clam fry only this very morning, in the class, when the Professor was lecturing."

"You'll have to eat them with your fingers, and they're very soft," Cyrus said regretfully.

"Fingers were made before forks," Minnie flashed with a gay shrug.

She had lifted the brown morsel to within about an inch of her mouth when a footstep was distinctly heard in the hall. Panic seized them. There was no help for it—the clam fry in its box was hurled through the open window; the clam in Minnie's shaking hand was torn from her by Cyrus and sent after the box. Minnie had just time to plunge her greasy and crumby fingers into the water of a bowl of roses when a figure was seen at the door.

It was a servant, who might naturally have been astonished at the ghastliness of Cyrus's face. He bore a simple message—Professor McGilway wished to speak to Dr. Grattan.

Minnie was left alone, nervous and with ripples of terror going over her. It was highly probable that the Professor had found out their secret. Or, if he had not, the bell was likely to be rung at any moment by some protesting pedestrian who had been hit by the clam fry. She felt "ready to drop" as she listened to Cyrus's returning footsteps.

But when he entered, her first look told her there was relief in his face—relief and yet a distinct sadness.

"It's all right?" she asked.

"Oh, yes indeed," he said and seemed

to shiver. "So satisfactory, so safe, in fact, that—"

Minnie went close to him, straight and defiant, the sky-blue draperies rippling around her sandaled feet. "He isn't going to make this a continuous performance—is he? For I tell you right now—"

"Oh, no. It ends tomorrow as agreed. But in the morning there is to be a special class here—a class of doctors."

"Doctors! What for?"

"To see you. You are to be exhibited as the Professor's triumph. These colleagues have doubted Professor McGilway's theories—have denied that his proteid and carbohydrate pellets can, with advantage to the health, be substituted for food. You are to be the ocular, tangible proof of his success. You will be called upon to state upon oath that nothing but the pellets and filtered water have passed your lips during your three months' residence here—"

Cyrus stopped. He was very white and stared at Minnie. Both her hands had shot up to her cheeks and were gripping them. She gazed past Cyrus. But he knew what she saw, for he saw them, too—a line of "table delicacies" that would have served as an inventory for a cold-lunch counter.

"Oh," she said—a very little "oh," stupefied, aghast.

Cyrus watched her anxiously, a faint hope beginning to twinkle in him.

"Oh," Minnie said again, "I am a cheat!"

"Of course," said Cyrus. "So am I. You knew that."

"I didn't—somehow." She sat down. "The Professor seemed a sort of old fool, a good thing—I often laughed to myself when he was measuring me and weighing me before the class and saying I was 'the clean, rarefied essence of food,' when I'd just made love to a good hunk of pumpernickel and sturgeon. Oh," she said again in heavy dismay, "and he's dead in earnest—and he'd call in doctors—and make me take my Bible oath! Well, this puts a crimp in me, I can tell you! I can't fool him!"

"You can't," Cyrus said in a quiet tone of bliss.

"I must have been crazy to start this fool thing, anyway!" Minnie said, springing up and on the edge of tears. "It was that money—it made me nutty. I'm not sorry I *et*," she said defiantly; "I had to. And if it was just the Professor talking his hot air, I'd have fooled him to the end; but this bunch of doctors butting in and making me swear, would make me feel as if I was at a clinic and charged with murder." She began twisting her big hands. "I'm going home."

Cyrus's face was glorified by a smile. "You'll tell Professor McGilway first."

"Have I got to?"

"You owe it to him. We both do. Let's get out of this with clean hands. You know where your clothes are. Go and put them on, and then—"

"I'm shaking like gelatine," said Minnie, whose similes ran naturally to the cookbook. "I can't."

"I'm going with you to him, you know."

"He'll throw me out of the house."

"No; he'll politely dismiss—us both."

#### IV

BUT the Professor was not polite. He was rough and noisy. They never forgot the half-hour in the library with him. His wrath was terrifying. He was, as Minnie later described him, "as white as a hard-boiled egg." His vengeance had taken the form of dismissing her without a penny.

"I ought to have the eight dollars a week I would have had if you'd minded your own business and left me alone," Minnie had found courage to say.

"Not a penny! Not one!" Professor McGilway had shrieked in an hysteria of disappointment. "Try to get it by law and I'll bring a countersuit charging you with swindling." He threw a huge volume entitled "Body Equilibrium" at Cyrus, who evaded it with a skipping-rope step. "As for *you*—'traitor' and 'ingrate' are mild words in which to describe you! Go with your accomplice—both of you—go!"

They were exhausted as they walked down Sixth Avenue, Cyrus carrying Minnie's suitcase, while he watched for a taxicab or a hansom. He was not only spent from the scene with the Professor, but very nervous, because he felt that the moment for opening his heart to Minnie had come. As he looked up at her face from time to time he saw that her gaze went well past his hat and was settled longingly on something distant. With a lover's eagerness to enter into the interests of the loved one, he looked quickly in the same direction. On the opposite side of the street he saw these words in gilt letters on plate glass:

CHOPS—STEAKS.  
SHELLFISH A SPECIALTY.

"You are hungry?" he asked in concern.

"You know what happened to the fry," she said in a sweet, regretful tone.

Cyrus piloted her to the appealing gold lettering, and they went into a very neat chop house. The tables had marble tops, and on each there was a cruet stand and separate bottles of catsup, pepper sauce and horseradish. Minnie gave all these things a soft, anticipative glance, and with a happy homecomer's sigh sat down.

"It's good to be back," she said. "First, I'll have a clam fry—the big, soft kind—and a cup of coffee."

"A small cup—demi-tasse?" Cyrus asked, bending over the slip brought by a towel-draped waiter.

"Demi - nothing!" Minnie cried. "I've been just *yapping* for a cup of coffee for three months, and I'm going to have a good one." She gave the rest of the order without so much interest. It was not long, but it was robust.

After the waiter had gone fluttering down the aisle, she became silent, her look tragic. Cyrus, who was studying her almost in terror, trying to find words in which to begin his story, was halted by the look on her face. The loss of the money had been a crash. He was not surprised to see her eyes grow misty. As she leaned sumptuously on her elbow like an indolent queen and shook some catsup on a hard oyster biscuit, the tears

showed upon her white cheeks like crystal beads upon white satin.

"Oh, it's terrible!" she said in a small whisper, her head sagging. "Just terrible!"

When he would have spoken, the waiter arrived and began shooting his arm between them. And then afterwards Minnie's ravenous attention to the clams was not as persuasive to sentiment as her gloom had been. Perhaps when she had finished the steak and fried onions to follow he might. But Cyrus was destined to silence, for after eating two thirds of the clams Minnie sat back and made an astounding remark:

"What Larry Nolan will say about it I hate to think!"

To Cyrus's surprised, questioning eyes she continued:

"I wrote him that I as good as had that five hundred." The loss was becoming more acute each moment. "It's awful. It's just terrible, Doctor. How I'm able to sit here and eat clams is a mystery to me."

"Larry Nolan?" Cyrus inquired.

"My intended," said Minnie and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Out of a strange, cold dusk Cyrus spoke again. "You never mentioned him before."

"There wasn't any need to," she said. "Besides, you never know what'll happen. My motto is: 'Say nothing, but get married.'"

Cyrus found comfort in the thought that his folly remained his own secret, yet that she had apparently never imagined him as a possible lover had humiliation in it.

"And so you are going to get married?" he said stupidly.

"Goodness knows when—*now!*" He saw a new phase of Minnie. As she spoke the words a look went over her face that gave a divine softness to its sculptured beauty; passionate love was in it, a fanatical fidelity, a mother's pitying tenderness. She was not looking at Cyrus. She had almost forgotten that he was there.

"Poor Larry! He's a piano mover. He's had a hard time. We've been engaged four years—since he was twenty

and I was fourteen. He's worked so hard, but things went all every way. His father died, and he's had to look out for his mother and little sister. He's had a job in Buffalo, but the concern failed—and now what's he doing?" She looked at Cyrus in a passionately bitter way. "Something *you've* never had to do, Doctor—walking the hot streets looking for a job. Oh, you don't know what that's like—it's terrible!"

"I see you are very much in love with him," Cyrus said, sitting back in his chair, his cold hands fiercely locked.

"You'd think so if you saw him," she said, a thrill in the words. "Six feet two without his shoes, hair as black as coal, and *blue* eyes—not *china* blue like mine—just purple his are. And strong? He can lift almost anything with one hand—even *me*." She smiled in pensive retrospection. "He did it one day at Coney Island when a bunch of us were down there getting weighed. You should just *see* him!"

He did see him. Larry Nolan was everything that he was not.

"And you'd have helped him with the money?" Cyrus asked.

"Helped?" she frowned in amaze and misery. "We'd have opened a restaurant downtown with it." She began speaking with sharp, business decision.

"There's money in that! Quick lunch, you know. Friends of ours have a place, and they're *coining* it. The profits are something fierce. We meant to begin small with dairy things, and then—spread. Oh, well," she finished with a miserable laugh, "that pipe dream is over. I'm down and out. So are you," she said regretfully, "and through me. Doctor, what are you going to do?"

Cyrus had been feeling disorganized, like a swimmer over whom an unexpectedly big wave had charged. Now to his surprise he found himself able to smile thoughtfully. Sanity came to him sharply. The picture Minnie had created of herself as the bride of a restaurant keeper, radiantly content while no doubt making the pancakes and cup custards, jarred him as her suffering in the ugliest and bitterest poverty could

not have done. The esthete in him yelped and ran away. She had been a piquant anomaly in the Grecian peplum and the gold-colored sunny room, one that, bursting into the dryness and quiet of his life, had been able temporarily to confuse him. He was experiencing something of the drunkard's dismay, who finds on becoming sober that he has done things that were grotesque, even insane. He saw Minnie's beauty as clearly as ever, but he saw beyond it the invisible woman that the crudely false "pompadour," the brass jewelery and the quick lunch restaurant represented. In a refreshed and interested way he sat forward. He could not love her. But he did *like* her sincerely; and all things considered, this was best.

"What are you going to do, Doctor?" she asked again with genuine concern. "I feel terrible that you've lost your position on my account. I'll never eat a sandwich again without thinking of this."

"Don't worry, Miss Trimm. I didn't have a position in the sense you mean. And now that I've left Professor McGilway, I'll gratify a wish I've had for years—join a doctor, a friend of mine, in Egypt, who is trying to save the eyesight of the very poor. They are going blind in the East—even the little babies. It's a great work."

"Money in it?" Minnie asked.

"None. But fortunately I have much money to give to it."

"You'll *give* money?" Minnie exclaimed, her brows up, her mouth frankly open.

"To it," said Cyrus—"and to you."

"Doctor!" The marble-topped tables had begun to sway. She put down the heavy white crockery cup of coffee she had been about to taste.

"Yes, Miss Trimm," he said with his kind smile, "before I go I shall give you the lost five hundred dollars. You see, had I been trustworthy—had I been strong and helped you to keep up the trial or insisted on your honorably giving up the attempt, you would have had *some* reward for these months."

"But, Doctor, I thought you were just an orphan child that the Professor had adopted."

"I was—a rich orphan."

"Oh!" said Minnie helplessly. "I never heard of that kind before. But I don't think you ought to give me so much. Maybe you'll need it." Still her lovely eyes were flaming with hope.

"I have all the money I want," said Cyrus. "My lack is—other things. It will please me to commemorate my acquaintance with you by giving you your husband, your restaurant and happiness."

Minnie held out her hand and he took it. It was not the hand of the Grecian goddess with the silver net and the sandaled feet; this belonged to Minnie Trimm who sat before him in shirtwaist and sailor hat, her aspirations a piano mover and a restaurant. She was puzzled by the inquiring, pathetic look that went over his face. Complete sanity is healthy, but it is lonely and has no soft half-lights. Cyrus was wistfully thinking of the dear and foolish dream that had unsealed the possibilities of his nature to himself. Would its like in a more enduring form ever visit him again? He knew that, east and west, he would always watch for its coming. Minnie's voice was a far-away thing:

"Oh, Doctor, if you knew—if I could tell you—" and she wept and laughed. "Larry'll just go crazy with joy."

The waiter appeared with the triangle of custard pie that Minnie had ordered for herself alone.

"I couldn't eat another thing," she sighed happily. "This good luck has taken away my appetite."

Cyrus asked for the bill and the man went to get it.

"Tell him you don't want the pie," Minnie advised in an urgent whisper.

"It was ordered," Cyrus said.

"But it hasn't been touched."

"Well, it doesn't matter."

"I don't see why you should pay when you haven't had it," she protested vehemently.

Cyrus smiled dreamily. "But isn't that much like life? For what we have we must all pay. But some of us pay without having had. No doubt the account is squared, somehow, in the end."

# THE BY-PRODUCT

By Elizabeth Herrick

LANNES, re-entering his house, was met by a desolating suggestion of absence, and this although in the waste of rooms he was obliged to traverse there was not even the unfamiliarity of a chair misplaced or an ornament wanting, nor in the well-bred detachment of the servants he encountered a trace of so much as a fleeting reminiscence of what had been. The suggestion, he well knew, was from within, a product of his consciousness that now and for all time the house was empty of her who had been its mistress.

It must have cost her something to leave it—this palace of Mammon ambition which had been so many years rearing, and of which she had reigned queen for a brief season of months only. She had built up his house social and actual as he had built up his fortune; and he could not deny her the encomium of having built well. In this they had been matched; both master builders, they had built together because so far their interest was in common—so far, but no farther. She had been a wife no more than he had been a husband; some little shining of romance there may have been in the beginning, a rose dawn that left its promise unfulfilled; but never from those first to these last days had they looked each other in the heart nor sought anything more together than the aggrandizement of their separate lives in their separate ways.

Well, it was all over, and over, happily, with the merest modicum of publicity; there had been no court prying into privacies of life—it was almost amusing that in lives so public as theirs had been privacies could be assumed—no eagerly read newspaper columns

filled with the mutual recriminations of libelant and respondent; the very verdict had been sealed. All had been swift, quiet, decorous; if the walls of the house in which he sat had ears, they had heard nothing derogatory to the good breeding of his wife or of himself. There had not been even the sensationalism of a formal leave taking; he had merely gone on a cruise to the Mediterranean, and a month later she had made a leisurely flitting to the olive-planted slopes of her villa in Montecito. Then when spring broke and the verdict had become known to him through his attorneys' letter awaiting his yacht at Mentone, he had cruised leisurely home again to this house with its suggestion of absence as inexplicable as it was insistent, for when was she ever present for him—and when had he cared on his return from other such cruises whether she were here to welcome him or not?

But there it hung, like a pall over the rooms, a seeming utter emptiness, like that which comes over a house after death, when many think they feel a presence, when it is only the absence that they feel—the aching void. Lannes caught himself up with a sneer. This void, however it might be, did not ache; but the obsession intruded itself even in the smoking room, where, as the place bearing the least material evidence of her being, he took refuge with a consolatory pipe, to abandon both some minutes later, as impotent against memory, and retrace his steps uneasily through rooms bearing witness mutely of the personality eliminated, to the spacious, seldom used library, with its massive mahogany and walls lined with books neither one of them had ever read,

though he remembered her anxiety in purchase that there should be the right proportion of classic to contemporary authors and her deeper anxiety that the bindings should harmonize. Well, they harmonized; except themselves everything in the house had harmonized, with that nice apportionment of luxury to art which is the despair of the uninitiated—and the unmoneied.

He left the library impatiently and strolled through the other rooms, penetrating even to the breakfast room, gay with Japanese screens and hangings, out of which an arbor, its rustic bars dripping with the purple rain of wistaria, opened into a garden where the King of Irises bloomed magnificently on the edges of miniature ponds and waterways spanned by quaint footbridges which led by devious paths to a temple wherein a fantastic Buddha sat all day long on his lotus leaf and looked into futurity. That the worshiper who had brought him over seas and lavished flowers upon his shrine had left him thus abandoned in a corner of this foreign land ruffled not a whit the serene calm with which he seemed to gaze upon the great emptiness of his Nirvana. It was a sign to Lannes of the inevitableness of what had happened; that she should have forsaken alike the Lares of her ambition and the god of what faith their worship had left in her showed just how far the tension between her and himself had stretched before it snapped. The Japanese garden was her latest achievement; small as it was—miniature even to the foot-high trees of oak and juniper, their ancient trunks seamed by the passage of centuries—it represented an outlay greater in proportion than the spaciousness of the Italian garden with its fountains and marble deities, its urns and columns and pergolas. She had opened it, he remembered, to her friends with a Japanese tea party. The gown she had worn that day, a flowered affair with intermingled glistening threads of gold and silver and a great sash like the wings of a butterfly below her shoulders, rose up before him out of the irises, as gorgeously exquisite in its coloring, as daringly artistic as their wide, splendid blooms; for the

moment he cheated himself with her semblance within it, the graceful curve of her shoulders, the glitter of her hair above at each quick proud turn of her white neck. Pshaw! The garden had been filled that day with like brilliant, softly whirring butterflies; that he should remember her costume alone of all was a puzzle readily solved by the fact that he had suspected such glittering stuff came high in the marts of the world. He recalled grimly that he had not been disappointed, and, self-restored by the reflection, betook himself once more within and ascended the stairs. He would go through with it now to the end; he would visit her rooms—not that he thought to experience her absence more poignantly there—he had visited them seldom in her presence—but to get the whole thing over, to have the house stripped of her definitely, that he might the sooner adjust himself to the mastership of what had had up to this time only a mistress.

He sauntered into her sitting room, again smoking the weed of consolation. He was so much a stranger to the room that he could not tell which, if any, of its belongings she had taken with her. It had the air of being undisturbed. A man ill at ease in a woman's room gravitates naturally to the windows. Lannes crossed to one of them and looked out. From this part of the house the Italian garden lay in view, its statues gleaming against a background of evergreens, its marble nereids sporting in the central fountain, a red stain of roses on the white crossbeams of a distant pergola. With a disquieting intimation of absence unaccountably become presence, he turned suddenly back into the room, half expecting to see the cold, disdainful beauty of her face lifted to his from the nearby desk, as, when he had come here last, she had sat harkening, indeed, to his words, with her eyes not on him but on the vista without. Yet there was visible of her not so much as the "wave of her feather." The desk, even, was closed, its key left, perhaps purposely, in the lock. He turned it on impulse, and lowered the lid. As he bent over, the highly polished mahogany gave back,

as in mockery, the chagrin of his face. The desk was, as he might have known it would be, empty—not a letter, not so much as a scrap of paper, not a pen was there. Why he had expected her to leave her correspondence behind he could not have told; as for anything else, any last word for the sake of what romance there had been, had he not just prided himself that there had been no last word, no hypocritically sentimental good-bye? She had gone, and wisely left nothing of herself behind.

He closed the desk and was turning away, when one among its ornaments, the usual useless litter of a woman's desk top, seemed to stand forward in startling refutation of his last thought and look him in the face. Stay, she had left something behind—something that could not be overlooked. From the glittering, jewel-studded oval, the wide eyes of a little girl looked out with sweet wonderment. He drew back the hand that touched the desk, suddenly, as if the wood burned him, and in the same instant he became again, this time piercingly, conscious of a presence and a sound of sobbing that came, now subdued, now gustily, from an inner room. Ah, the child! He had forgotten—what wonder, when in the course of her short life she had seldom been remembered by either of them?—that the court had awarded him the child, chiefly, he believed, because his wife did not want her, because this small incident, this by-product, as it were, of their union, thrown off inevitably into the world in the process of their self-seeking, would be an embarrassment to the new union she contemplated. So Doris had been left with him, a piece of indubitable property, like the house. He stood a moment irresolute, a man of two minds: the first, for the sobbing rubbed upon his nerves, to ring for someone, her nurse, her governess, anybody to take her away; the second, prompted perhaps by the feeble stirring of paternal instinct, to find out the matter and stop the crying himself. To his credit as a parent, however unloving, the latter mind triumphed, possibly because it was not without the alloy of curiosity.

The child was sobbing heartbrokenly in her mother's chamber. Could it be she was really fond of that mother? His skepticism rejected the miracle; but he went in, glancing first toward the bed, as the likeliest refuge for a weeping, though embryo, woman, but its smooth surface spread undisturbed, a sheen of lace-frosted silvery rose. The little mourner was further to seek; but with the sobs to guide him he came upon her huddled among the flowered cretonne cushions of a big winged willow chair before the fireplace—a crumpled mite in a pink dress crept way above her knees in the abandon of her little body to its soul's grief. A diminutive handkerchief concealed her face and a big pink bow on the top of her head more than half of her short hair. As Lannes stood looking down upon her he was amusedly aware that this daughter of his was one part grief to three parts bow and white stockings and shoes, and, still more amusedly, that their respective situations were somewhat akin—the child weeping presumably for a mother she had never really known, while he wandered the house through, oppressed by the absence of a woman who had least of all been his companion, though the mother of his child. The sense of spirit relationship made his voice very friendly as he stooped a little to lay his hand, according to the role thrust upon him, on a lock of hair escaped from under the dominant bow.

"What is it, Doris? Why are you crying?"

But the child eyed him with a sudden fleeting resemblance to her mother and evaded. She was not crying *now*—a statement in the strict letter of truth, for the gusty sobs had subsided and temporary calm prevailed, though the long lashes still glittered and the dark eyes were misty with a hint of unfallen rain.

Lannes was for the moment nonplussed; then, with a smile unpleasantly satiric for this recrudescence of her mother:

"Not now," he admitted, "but you were. And what *were* you crying about?"

The child's eyes wavered from his to a

portrait of her mother that hung above the mantel, gathering therefrom the incentive to further grief in justification of what had gone before.

She was crying, she told him, because she wanted her—the unsteady voice quavered ominously and ended in a wailing “mother.”

So that *was* it, then! She was fond of her mother, though why, the Lord, who puts children into such women’s arms, alone knew. At least Lannes, whose fund of religious certainty was low, hoped that He did.

“But you didn’t see her very often when she was here, did you?” he inquired, setting with the zeal of a re-former about destroying the graven image.

The small idolater gave him the re-proach of her wet eyes.

“I could see her every day. I could come here every day and stand there by her dressing table and watch her, if I wouldn’t bother.”

Poor little beggar! Poor little gatherer-up of the crumbs of affection! Lannes could see her standing where her small hand indicated, all bow, white stockings and big hungry eyes, worshipping at the shrine of those mysterious artifices which made beauty bloom more beautifully despite the adage. And he saw his wife, too, under the hands of her maid, calculatingly aware of the success of a new coiffure and that pearls better than diamonds became the gown she was wearing, as calmly oblivious in her high contemplation as the far-eyed Buddha on his lotus leaf of the proximity of worship—provided, in her case, the embodiment of it didn’t “bother.”

“So you could see her every day!” he accepted, because skepticism could find nothing to question in an admission so obvious. But skepticism came to the fore again shamefully in the demon-prompted addition: “What did you think of her?” To ask one’s child that—what she thought of her mother!

“I think,” the little girl answered with earnestness that put cynicism to the blush, “that my mother is the very most beautiful person I ever saw.” Then as the loss she had sustained in dressing-

room motherhood no doubt came afresh to her mind, her eyes filled again and her lips quivered. “I want her to come back—I want my mother!”

Lannes stirred uneasily.

“But she can’t come back, you know, Doris. That is out of the question. And she doesn’t wish to come back—not for you or for me,” he added, with some vague idea of comfort for her in the association of their abandonment. But his daughter’s misery was of another sort than that which loves company. She was distinctly distrustful of it, her small woe-begone face an incredulous question.

“Why wouldn’t she come back?”

But Lannes’s zeal for his daughter’s enlightenment was being superseded fast by the desire for his own—to see Doris’s mother as her daughter evidently saw her.

“Why would she?” he asked, not cynically, merely from his own unbelief.

His daughter caught the difference in his tone and laid aside distrust.

“Because my mother loves me,” she announced, with a confiding simplicity that would have carried conviction to a less skeptical listener than that mother’s husband. Even with him it called for consideration as a new phase of the case, a new light, as it were, upon Genevieve. In the ultra-violet rays a white flower appears black; under some more powerful ray, yet undiscovered, who shall say black may not be white?

“Oh, she does? How do you know, Doris?” Again there was nothing disagreeable in his voice, simple seeking after the enchantment-working ray.

Apparently and pitifully Doris had no first-hand knowledge of her fact. She fell back on her governess as authority.

“I know” she deposed, with emphasis that admitted no alloy of doubt, “I know because—Miss Staples says that my mother does.”

“But did your mother ever tell you so herself?” Lannes found himself almost hoping that she had. Incredible as it seemed to him, meaningless as the words, had she really uttered them, must be, still they would stand for something in his memory of her—for what, though she

was not, she should have been to them both.

Doris shook her head, the omission, it seemed, no stumbling block to her faith. She had an excuse ready, hallmarked, by its grown-up language, as from the inventive house of Staples. Mothers, very busy mothers like hers, had no time to tell their little daughters how much they loved them. Lannes gathered that there were such things as clubs and receptions and dinners and theaters, no less than buying pretty dresses—here the rose-colored gown was called in witness—for these same little girls, to keep mothers busy. But her mother had told Miss Staples—for Miss Staples had told Doris. And how could Miss Staples have told Doris, except Doris's mother had told her?

How, indeed? Lannes found himself wondering. But he was destined to be further enlightened as to the governess. Instinctively Doris deduced that she had not convinced. She knew, she told him, for another reason—because her mother used to hold her in her arms and tell her stories when she was the baby in the picture. And her mother used to take her up out of the cradle in the picture and hug and kiss her just as Miss Staples did when they played mother in the storeroom where the real cradle was.

When they played mother! With his tendency to visualize Lannes was already reconstructing the scene in the storeroom. He could see the governess stoop over and the midget clamber from the cradle, clinging to the woman's neck and her own pitiful scrap of mother lore; about them the disturbed dust sun-gilded in a semblance of aureole like that one sees around the heads of saints on glass, of madonnas glorified by the painter's brush—a madonna and child a hundred times worthier of being painted than most that have been, worthier a thousand times than that libel over the mantel—his wife with her infant in her arms—the only time, he reflected, with a bitter smile, that they had ever held it, and even then the nurse had stood by during the sittings to relieve her at any minute. He looked up and studied the portrait, not a feature of the serene,

smiling face escaping his cynical survey. The artist had not idealized. He had painted merely a beautiful woman with a child in her arms—anybody's child, it might be, for all consciousness that related them in the woman's look. To her lasting dishonor Genevieve had not even *played* mother!

"Yes, but," he reminded, "your mother hasn't held you on her lap since you can remember. Why hasn't she held you on her lap and told you stories that you can remember, if—" His good genius, the gentler mood that had a while prevailed, made him hesitate, but a glance upward at the cold beauty of her portrait decided him. He finished the sentence without compunction—"If she used to do so, Doris? Have you never wondered why?"

Apparently she had not, or the contingency had been remarkably provided against by the governess-madonna. His daughter regarded him pityingly. Clearly he did not know that she was seven and heavy.

"I'm too big now to sit in anybody's lap," she condescended enlighteningly. "And I can read my stories."

What more was there to say? Ephraim was certainly joined to his idols. It was sage and practical, albeit Scriptural advice to let him alone. Besides, he was not altogether sure now—not so sure as he had been in the beginning that he wanted the image shattered, seeing the need it filled in this neglected, mother-hungry life, knowing that he had nothing to replace it with.

She slipped from her chair when he rose and accompanied him to the door, her frilly short skirts brushing against him as they walked.

"Didn't you tell me stories, too?" she asked shyly, her brow perplexed by her problem; but apparently the idea that some injustice had been done him in her affections gained ground in spite of his silence, for by the time they reached the hall she had formulated a solution creditable to both father and governess. Perhaps Miss Staples didn't know!

Lannes's hand descended unexpectedly to them both on the big bow and reduced its pretensions. Possibly the

caress had in it little more than the rough kindness with which he was wont to stroke the head of his favorite setter; but, so far as it went, it was genuine. Moreover, he felt a certain pull in the spot where he believed his heart to be. But then he was really very fond of the setter.

They parted company at the head of the staircase, Doris, her tears dried, going back to Miss Staples, while her father descended to finish the pipe that the exigencies of conversation had interrupted. But tobacco for a second time failed of its solace; though no longer obsessed by the suggestion of absence, that of presence sat no less heavily upon him—a presence painfully insistent, like the smart of a fresh wound.

Poor little heathen! How valiantly she had rallied to the defense of her idol! And Genevieve must have known—how could she look into the worshiping eyes and not know that, beyond her deserts, she played the leading part in the life of her child? But, faugh! Had she not ever been blind to all interest save her own? Some vague idea of sending Staples to her with the story was dismissed with a sneer at his own credulosity. Staples had had access to her every day and could not prevent the abandonment. For himself, ignorant how matters stood, he had accepted the proposition of his attorneys in order to get the matter over as quickly and quietly as possible. He had not given thought to the child as to one having rights in the matter, nor was it probable that if he had he would have rejected the arrangement. But now that it was too late, he was stirred out of the ordinary by this small rediscovered daughter, to whom the years gone, the years of Genevieve, so full to him of tedious bitterness, had been a golden romance, so interwoven with the sad-colored threads of her uneventful little life that Lannes failed to see how the two were to be separated without destroying warp and woof thereof. Children forget easily? He could not assure himself that this child would forget; the delusion that her mother loved her, painted as it was in the picture, reenacted in the miracle play of the storeroom, was the very

heart of her imagining. Take that out of her life and a very empty little life would be left. Truly the ingenuity of the very ingenious Staples would be sore put to it to fill it.

To lighten temporarily the burden of responsibility heaven—and the courts—had laid upon his shoulders, Lannes ordered his launch and, with his setters on board, crossed the lake to the woods, where there was shooting in season. But now was not the season; so the dogs nosed through the covert and raced madly between trees, stopping now and then to look back, ears cocked, expectant of an order or the crack of a rifle shot. But the brooding quiet of the woods was broken only by the snapping of underbrush as the dogs burst through it and the wind soughing in occasional gusts through the tops of beeches and chestnuts. It was a pleasant wood, pleasant alike to the hunter and the beautiful wild things, animals and plants, that flourished in its fastness. But today, to the heart of the man, it failed of its lure. Wherever he turned, whether toward the highroad or deeper into the thicket where the path was seemingly not wide enough for two, the responsibility kept pace with him, keeping its face, a small face, tear-drenched, appealing, always between him and the landscape. And when the dogs, apparently concurring in the understanding that there was to be no sport today, fell in dejectedly at his heel, he had no responsive caress for the sleek head of the favorite, Robin Hood, thrust under his hanging hand, for the silken touch lent an uncomfortable reality to his vision and the soft padding over leaves and crackling twigs sounded painfully like the patter of little sandaled feet.

He gave up the walk in disgust and returned to the house, keeping memory at bay by going painstakingly over the accounts that had accumulated during his absence. But in the dining room where he and Genevieve had been wont to face each other almost wordlessly across the expanse of lace and linen, the old idea came back, the suggestion of lack in the house. The table wanted a hostess as the child wanted her mother, posts, in so

far as Genevieve's filling of them went, alike merely ornamental. But, as she could not, in seeming, be dissociated from his house, so, in actuality, did his daughter refuse to be separated from her. The bond between Genevieve and himself, being of earth earthy, had parted of its own weight; that between her daughter and herself, heaven-tied, though strained, might yet hold. His duty as a father—the phrase sounded oddly in his mind—required that he make trial of it. In the library after dinner, at the seldom used desk, he set himself down to the task; but the child's story, so pathetic in her telling, lost by the written word. He read it over, disturbed by the fact that he had made a poor presentment of the case. With a short laugh at his fatuousness in thinking a heart that had been proof against the beseeching worship of his daughter's eyes, would be moved one jot from its complacency by this weak transcription of his, he tore the sheet across.

He had best talk with Staples. She should have something to suggest. She had studied the domestic economy, it seemed, and had coped with the moral after a fashion of her own. She had built up the mother story—let her build up another, if nothing better suggested, even with his own unworthy self as hero.

But, with his hand on the bell, he did not summon Miss Staples. Instead he sat, monocle in eye, brow lowered to hold it, staring straight into space, contemplating the fatherhood of Staples, not with the cynical amusement the idea first suggested, but with a sting of shame at his readiness to shoulder off on a woman a responsibility of his own. He had censured Genevieve for a like evasion of duty, but for Genevieve there was a shadow of excuse; there existed for her not even the reflection of a rose dawn and only the remnant of the heart of a woman. For him, who still remembered, though that memory swept the blood to his face and a curse to his lips, who had experienced the pathos of a child mourning for a mother that was not, a grief none the less poignant because death was not the desolator—for him, whose heart had been startled out of its ac-

customed pace by the feel of that small head under his hand, there was no refuge in excuse. Granted the child was a mistake, the worst mistake of a thousand, that she ought, as things went, never to have been, still, she was; and the fact of her existence these seven years in his house, at his hand, was an indictment against which he could plead no alibi. He had shirked fatherhood as Genevieve had shirked motherhood, perhaps more—Doris had never come into his room to stand as she stood in her mother's, a funny, speechless little mite not “bothering,” taking her love out in the looking; nor had he ever gone into hers, that of the child under his roof, nor did he know quite where under his roof her room might be. Shame prompted him to go now and see. It was somewhere, reflection advised him, in the west wing, for he remembered to have seen on the architect's plan a suite of rooms set apart there, one of which had been designated “playroom” and, less dimly, that there had been question about the wall covering, Genevieve contending for one thing, the decorator for another, and that he himself had blasphemed the high name of art by suggesting a toss-up. How the incident ended he had forgotten, but it was significant of a pitiable truth. It has been a toss-up for Doris all her life. Nobody had cared enough to decide for her sake anything that concerned her—unfortunate waif in a rich man's house!

He withdrew his hand from the push button and rose. That it was a step in the right direction he knew from the almost incredible lightening of the burden that hung like a millstone from his neck—what said Scripture through the voice of his mother about millstones hanged around a man's neck? He tried to remember as he mounted the stairs and passed down the upper hall to the corridor leading to the west wing; but beyond the fact that memory related it unpleasantly to the rose-colored mite of the morning, the exact wording evaded recall. At the far end of the corridor a door stood open into a big, cheerful room with long rows of latticed windows on two sides and a decoration that, from its

harmony with the object sought, argued a suspension of hostilities between the arch decorators. Nothing lacked in the room for the comfort, well-being and pleasure of a child.

A murmur of voices came with the flood of soft, rosy light through a door standing open into an inner room. Lannes stepped toward it. His daughter was in bed, her small face showing pale even against the whiteness of the pillow, yet wearing a look of ecstatic happiness in striking contrast to the mournfulness of the morning. Her governess sat beside her, holding the little hands in both her own. Lannes could not see her face, but the maternal pose admitted no doubt of the impersonation, to which the flash of a jewel on the woman's hand lent a mocking reality. Just so Genevieve might have sat, had she condescended ever to sit by her child's bedside, her beautiful hands finding in each light caress an exquisite grace, not giving motherliness, gathering from it to herself what might add to her charm.

"Let's play you've just come," the child was suggesting naïvely. "You could give me the kisses over again, mother."

Mother! To his surprise Lannes experienced a sudden spiritual revulsion. This was carrying even play too far. Though Genevieve had elected to fling down her crown, it was still hers. No other, in his house, should wear it. With a strong distaste of the proxy, Lannes started forward, then stiffened rigidly, for the woman had leaned over and the light from the chandelier was shining full, not on Staples's dark coronet of braids, but on the glorious, unforgettable luster of the child's mother's hair.

The unbelievableness, the miracle of it held Lannes to the spot. He saw her give the kisses, letting the little arms cling a moment daughterly around her neck. It was incredible, he told himself, that Doris could be right—that her mother had indeed come back "because she loved her," equally improbable that she could have made the visit to a house no longer hers, with its painful memories and, what to Genevieve would count for more, its possibilities of discovery lurk-

ing in every passage and on every stair, for any other reason. He knew that he ought to go; that he, of all people in the world, had the least right to eavesdrop upon her; but the desire, the need almost, to hear her voice again in his empty house held him at the door.

She was speaking now, partly, it seemed, to Doris, partly to someone else in the room, the beautiful voice stirred as Lannes had never heard it, agitated by an emotion that welled up now and then through the words in something suspiciously like a sob.

"Seven kisses, Doris, because you are seven years old! Do you remember the card I sent you with the bracelet on your birthday? It had forget-me-nots on it and 'seven kisses to Doris.' To think of sending one's baby kisses on a card—because one was golfing that morning and hadn't time to give them oneself! The hypocrisy of it! Even her father wouldn't have done that. And now I can't forget it. I have been seeing that card night after night just as I wrote it, with the empty words staring back at me out of that pitiful little wreath."

"But I got them," Doris reassured earnestly. "Miss Staples gave them to me—seven kisses, just as you wrote."

"Ah!" In that quick intake of the breath there was a note of pain—whether the pang of jealousy or actual hurt that the child should be content with the substitution. She turned quickly to Staples. "You have been her real mother," she said in keen self-reproach. "Because you have been, you won't of course understand how, when I neglected her so greatly, just those seven kisses should haunt me. But it's the little things one remembers when one loses a child—little words like 'dear' and 'darling' that one might have said and didn't say, little things one might have done and didn't do. That is why I had to come back—to give her those seven kisses and to do some little motherly thing for her that she could remember"—there was a tremor almost of diffidence in the beautiful voice—"undress her, perhaps. But everything has been done; there is nothing left for my hands."

"There is tomorrow." The govern-

ess's voice was gravely sympathetic. "If you could come then—"

Genevieve put the suggestion from her with the little bitter laugh Lannes remembered—the only note, so far, of her old self in this new harmony.

"An eternity of tomorrows! But I have only tonight—and yesterday. I shall always have yesterday, with the child's eyes looking out of it at me, asking for something I didn't give her, giving me something I hadn't asked of her—eyes like her father's, only with a soul in them, with worship. Ah, if he had ever looked at me like that—not critically, seeking for flaws even in his own, but simply, humanly, as if I were perfect in his eyes because I was his—because he loved me!"

She paused, her head drooped, looking drearily into space, seeing perhaps, as Lannes himself had seen, the woman she might have been to them both. Then, with a gesture that put the dream by,

"But all this is past," she said. "Tomorrow Mr. Lannes will be home—Parker told our Saunders. Tonight was my last chance. I came through the Japanese garden and up the tower stairs, sneaking like a thief into my husband's house. He must not know that I have been here. You must never tell your father, Doris."

With the clear-eyed acumen of childhood, Doris passed over useless injunction to obvious fact. She would not tell her father—Lannes saw the small head move in violent negative from side to side on the pillow—why should she?

"My father is home now," she revealed, with an odd sort of triumph in being the confidante of these two who seemed such strangers to each other. "He came into your room and I was crying. And he sat down beside me and looked at your picture. He was very nice and kind, and he rubbed my head just like he rubs Robin Hood's. And afterward he went out in the *Naiad*, and Robin Hood went with him." Here a sigh, fetched from apparently fathomless depths, made Lannes uncomfortably aware of his daughter's longing. She must have watched him from the window seat in her playroom, her wistful

face pressed against the casement, the same crumpled little figure she had looked in her mother's chair. Small wonder the responsibility he had run away from should have kept pace with him, step for step, through the woods! Meanwhile, the sigh heaved, the little voice trailed on, unconscious of the awkward silence and the sense of strain in the air, growing more and more animated under the stimulus of a pleasant imagination.

"And Robin Hood sat up on the stern seat just like me. And I played it was me. I told myself a story about my father and made Robin Hood me."

"Doris, are you sure? Do you know what you are saying?" This from Staples anxiously, almost sharply, as if, Lannes thought, she was for the first time face to face with the fruits of her economy, with the possibility that, in building up the mother story, she had taught the child to lie. "There is no story about your father. You mustn't try to tell one."

But Genevieve uttered her mirthless little laugh.

"Let her alone. She has seen him. It is the convincing touch in the portrait—to envy the dog under his table! Oh, don't I know?"

Before the humiliating revelation, the scathing truth of her words, Lannes stood appalled. To his wife, as to his daughter, he had flung only the crumbs! In painful corroboration his mind flashed back over their years together from the day when he had found himself standing bewildered, the worshiper at an empty shrine, the woman he had loved withdrawn from him, to this, when he had found her again in the last place in the world where he would have looked to find her, their daughter's room, revealing to the unconscious child the woman's heart he had denied her. In the interval between could he remember one thing he had offered her that courtesy had not demanded—one look such as, it seemed, her soul yearned after? As she had grown outwardly colder, he had merely become more scrupulously attentive, rigidly observant of the forms of the religion that had once been his,

not seeking strange gods, but a skeptic at heart.

She rose suddenly, drawing around her the gray coat that had fallen from her shoulders over the chair. Lannes was aware that he must go. She must not find him here, even though she knew what the child had unwittingly revealed, his own unrest in her absence, the uneasy seeking that had ended in her room and the chair under her portrait. Yet he could not let her go without a word; he must see and speak with her, not only for Doris's sake, for both their sakes—but not here; at the foot of the tower stairs, or outside in the Japanese garden, where, by some strange foreshadow of the event, he had already seen her among the irises. He went out quickly, but not quickly enough to escape the tears in her voice as she bade her daughter good-bye or Doris's heart-broken wail following her through the closing door. Rapid footsteps in the room he had just left, the swish of the silk coat, warned him that he was too late. It was to be here, then; not in the dusk of the garden where it would be so much easier to speak, but here under the glare of the electric lamps in the corridor, revealing each mercilessly to the other, that they were to meet. With what composure he could summon, Lannes turned to face her as she came hurriedly into the light.

She stopped, transfixed, a look on her face from which Lannes's own instinctively turned aside.

"You!" she cried, and in the cry there was not only the shame of discovery, but a note of accusation, the protest of her betrayed heart. He had listened. He had heard all. She stood before him stripped of the last shreds of her self-respect, not merely a divorced wife in the house where her presence had neither moral nor legal sanction, but, worse than that, a woman self-revealed to a man who scorned her.

Yet if she stood revealed before him, even more had he been revealed to himself. In his new critical estimate of them both the woman stood higher.

"I," he answered, the subtle distinc-

tion of their altered values audible in the word.

But she misread, as she had misread him countless times before. The blood flamed hotly in her face. With a gesture pitifully girlish in this woman of the world, never for one moment off guard with him in their years together, she lifted her hands to cover it, then, in bitter realization of the futility of defense, dropped them suddenly in utter helplessness.

"I am at your mercy," she said, but there was no appeal for it in the wounded pride of her voice. She was merely facing the inexorable fact with a look in her eyes that he had seen once in the eyes of a stag that the dogs had pulled down—hopeless, despairing, yet defiant. She was at his mercy, expecting none.

All the old tenderness, the old unforgetting love sprang up again at her need, impelling him toward her. To take her in his arms, touch her lips, forgetting all that lay between them that should be forgotten, remembering only his man's right to protect her against a world that harried—against himself! With the salutary sting came self-control. He could not take her thus defenseless, as, in some sort, the captive of his bow and spear. She would believe in his love no more than in his mercy—a mercy she had challenged, yet from which she seemed to shrink with the swift passionate protest of both hands at his movement toward her. He began to speak, in a voice strange to his own ears, the old cynical superciliousness, the mocking humor gone from it, in their place a simple genuineness, an unused sincerity that brought her eyes questioningly, wonderfully to his face.

"We are, I think, rather at each other's. I know that you came here tonight to see a child who is also yours. You know that I went to your rooms. I am going to tell you why—to place myself as much at your mercy as you conceive yourself to be at mine. I went to your rooms as an iconoclast might visit the shrine he had demolished, to reassure himself of its impotency by a sight of the broken image, the scattered dust. And I found there"—

he removed the monocle from his eye, the glass suddenly dimmed, and polished it carefully, looking down—"a little worshiper, busily raising the image, fitting its shattered inconsistencies together with full faith in a perfect whole, cementing its every fragment with love. And tonight I have seen her faith and her love justified. I have seen what I never expected to see, the truth in the myth, the statue grow warm with life, come down from its pedestal to its creator's arms, become woman." He paused, aware through every fiber of his shaken being how her glance leaped to his face, startled, eagerly seeking. The monocle again glittered in his eye, but there was no triumph behind it. He was regarding her gravely, steadily, not "looking for flaws," but with a newborn respect for her womanhood. He resumed simply, casting imagery aside: "To me, now a second time disillusioned, there remains only one thought of abiding bitterness—that it has been Doris, not I, who brought you back."

She made a swift step toward him, her hands outstretched, then shrank back confused and clasped them before her, the fingers nervously intertwining in the agony of her uncertainty, the quickened blood drumming in her ears. He had accounted her the least of his possessions; he would have parted

with no other, his house, his lands, his hunter even, so lightly. And yet underneath the seeming indifference, as underneath that glittering outwork of his cynicism, on which a mist was again gathering, had there been something she had failed to see—failed to understand—a deep hidden tenderness? Had he let her go with so little protest because he thought she wanted to be free? As he would take her back now because he thought she wanted to be taken back? Ah, the sting of it, the unutterable humiliation! Because he thought she wanted to be taken back! "You listened! You know!"

With that chill emptiness of his house suddenly filled by the warmth of her presence, nothing counted with Lannes but his own need of her and the child's. He *had* listened, thank God—since his listening brought them together.

"I know. And I am glad that I know—beyond measure glad that at last I have found you. Genevieve, you must come home!"

Incredible joy flashed up in the woman's face, for there was that in his voice, more than in the words that recalled her, that opened to her in all honor not only his empty house but that inner vacant dwelling which, but for her, love might have filled.



**M**R. TIFF—Well, that's all I've got to say. I'm going to keep quiet now.  
**MR. TIFF**—Now you're talking!



"**H**AS he any strength of character?"  
 "Yes; but he's too weak to assert it."



**S**OME people run in debt and skip out.

# MY LADY RAIN

By Archibald Sullivan

**T**HREE is a woman in the rain;  
Here are her tears upon the leaves.  
I saw her move on ashen feet  
Between the gold dust of the sheaves.  
She flung dim circles in the stream  
And on the path where poppies blow;  
She left for mirror to the stars  
A little looking glass of woe.

Oh, I would bind her brows with sun,  
And smooth her cheek with burnished days,  
And spread a carpet amber clear,  
That she might walk brocaded ways;  
And that is why I keep the sun  
Upon my window sill, and why  
I wait in red-roofed maple town;  
My Lady Rain may pass me by.

September's gold has long been spent;  
The days are dark, the winds are chill;  
No more the poppies pitch their tents  
In scarlet splendor on the hill.  
Lord Autumn's hosts are everywhere;  
Their crimson shields float down the stream,  
And withered bullrushes are but  
The gallant lances of a dream.

Yet in a sad pavilion,  
Beneath the tattered beggar trees,  
Clad in her gray and luted to  
By one half-hearted little breeze,  
My lady sits all crowned with tears;  
Embroidered sorrow decks her train;  
But on my lips her kisses fall;  
I am beloved of Lady Rain.



**T**WO is company, but three is a trust.

# THE PRINCESS

By Prince Vladimir Vaniatsky

MADAME CÉLESTE listened to the sounds in the wall; her eyes beneath their pink lids quivered for a moment; then she turned her attention to the voice on the other side of the table.

"I declare a royal marriage and four aces." Monsieur Alphonse spread the cards at his left hand, marked one hundred and forty points to his score, then carefully drew from the pack. Madame Céleste waited until he had arranged his cards; then she drew from the pack. Monsieur Alphonse smiled as he watched her delicate hand and long, slender fingers. It was the smile which proclaims proprietorship. The little hand which lifted the card and placed it carefully with the others in her hand was almost lost in the lace which fell from her wrist. On one finger gleamed a large green stone set in a richly carven band of reddish gold. Above it was her wedding ring. "Play!" cried Monsieur Alphonse, as he dropped a seven of hearts on the table. "Ten—for me," and he scored again. "Why, *ma petite*, you do not seem to be having any luck tonight. What ails you? You seem *distracte*."

"*Non pas, mon cher—mais—*" Madame Céleste smiled maliciously as she spread out a "sequence," then rested her head on the back of her high chair.

"Ah, ah!" laughed Monsieur Alphonse, and scored two hundred and fifty for his wife. Then he watched her draw from the pack. He drew very carefully lest he should expose the next card, and waited for her to play. After she played from her "sequence" on the table she began looking quizzically at her *mari*. She drew carefully, and played again from the board. "You

seem to be drawing to something, *ma chérie*," said Monsieur Alphonse, as he threw off on her card.

"I am, perhaps," she replied and played again from the board. Again Monsieur Alphonse threw off. Then Madame Céleste tantalizingly said, and laid down four cards:

"A double bézique, *mon mari!*"

"*Le diable, mon ange!*" Monsieur Alphonse was vexed.

"*Non, mon Alphonse.* You are the angel, but, *mon ami*, you are not keeping score for me. You've not scored my 'sequence.' You have been too busy scoring for yourself. I am almost out, and ahead of you." She laughed tantalizingly.

"*C'est vrai,*" Monsieur Alphonse laughed cheerily, then scored for his wife in the delightful manner of one who finds it a great favor to be caught guilty of neglect of the one he loves. She leaned back watching him count the score, little dimples chasing themselves about her lips. "There! You never seem to be taking any interest in the game; and just as I begin to complain outwardly, and chuckle inwardly, you come in with a flank movement like this!" He pushed the table aside, stretched his long, lithe limbs and yawned. A man may sometimes yawn in the presence of his wife.

"What a funny fellow you are, *mon Alphonse!*" said Madame Céleste, running her slender fingers, looking like wax, through her beautiful golden hair.

"We have played our game of bézique, every evening before dinner, for so long, *ma petite*, and have never yet had a bit of dispute. All of which goes to show that you are an angel straight from Heaven—"

"Because I play *bézique*, or because I do not dispute with you, *mon ami*? Which is it now?" Madame Céleste laughed as Monsieur Alphonse fumbled in his vest, drew out his watch, touched the spring, glanced at the dial and put the watch back again in his vest. "Well, which is it? And what time is it?"

"Because you put up with a man like *me, chéri*! But it is time for dinner. We will go afterward to the theater." Still Madame Céleste's ear strained toward the wall. Her manner was listless; she pulled the lace about her throat, glancing at the mirror near her. Beneath the lace the pink and white skin was encircled by a necklace of lustrous pearls. Monsieur Alphonse had paid a large sum for them when he made his journey among the Zulus, and almost lost his life in getting away with them. A price is still on his head. Should he go among those strange men again it will be at the risk of leaving Madame Céleste alone and with enough francs to make her a charming *veuve*.

Monsieur Alphonse Dieudonne met Madame Céleste—who was Mademoiselle Troiski—at Cairo. She was with a gay party of Russians. They were all of titles and positions in their own country, the country of the Tsar. Only mademoiselle was without title. She was sweet and gentle and won everyone who met her. Monsieur Alphonse vowed to have her before he'd learned her name. She was under the care of the Princess of Zov, who dowered her as she would have dowered her own child. Monsieur Alphonse declared he wanted no nasty endowment. All he asked was the child herself. But the Princess of Zov was relentless. She made her independent for life, but she gave no explanations, for none were asked by the masterful Monsieur Alphonse. That she was Polish, that she was of gentle blood, no one could deny.

Came the sound again on the following evening as madame was declaring a quartette of knaves. Her hand trembled, but she laid the knaves upon the table and said, her voice soft as a child's:

"Score me forty, *mon ami*!" Then she tipped her golden head to one side to

listen. The sounds were like the uncertain clicking of a telegraphic instrument with a child at the other end. Then came tapping against the wall as words come over the wire, rapidly, conclusively. Madame read the sounds with interest, and made a code with all the curiosity of a romantic woman.

"Time for dinner, *ma petite*," said Monsieur Alphonse as he laid down the pencil and looked at his watch. "Time for dinner, *ma petite*." Monsieur Alphonse stretched his great body in his chair and yawned. "We'll finish the game afterward, then take in the Opera. You like the Opera, do you not, sweet one?"

"I'm ready, *mon ami*, and I do love the Opera," came from Madame Céleste, but her mind was on the sounds in the wall. "Come on," and she stood up, shaking her skirts from the chair. She reached out and took his large, soft hands and pulled him up, kissing the dimple in his chin as he gained his feet. He shook his trousers from his knees, straightened the crease, bent and kissed her brow, strode across the room, opened the door and held it for his wife to pass through. Madame Céleste paused the fraction of a second. The sounds had ceased. She danced over the carpet, caught Monsieur Alphonse by the lapel, pecked him a little kiss on the dimple, gathered her skirts in her hand and slipped through the door before he could catch her and kiss her again.

"*Très bien, mon ange! Allons!*" he cried, with a smile of love in his great eyes. By a strange little kick of the heel—an art known only to women—Madame Céleste spread her shimmering drapery out behind her as she walked demurely beside her husband to the dining room. There she waited for him to open a way for her in the crowd that surged in and out—as she always waited for him to clear ways for her, to lift her over the smallest obstacles, order her meals for her. Ordering, however, was easy, for he had only to give the order to the bowing *garçon*, lift his eyes to her and gain her wishes by a tiny nod of her golden head and a smile, if she liked the particular viand, which set the

dimples dancing about her mouth. And she waited, too, for him to buy all those exquisite things with which she adorned her lovely self—and that was easy, for he would go into the shops, and only what would suit her pink and white skin would he consider for a moment. He had the true gift of selection, for Madame Céleste was the envy of six-sixths of her female acquaintances, and he, her *mari*, was the envy of the men of his clubs. True, those dimples did the work; playing about her lips, they played into Monsieur Alphonse's heart. When they flirted and danced he knew she was happy, and he always tried to make them go quirking about in her lovely pink and white skin. Ah, believe me, those dimples did the work—that is, what was left from her other sweet qualities, for she was perfect.

Came a man with a face like a Poulder. His eyes were dark, large and luminous, his nose clear cut, nostrils quivering and thin, a sharp, evenly hewed bridge, as though a sculptor had just laid his chisel away. His profile was artistic, and showed his aristocratic inheritance; his forehead, high, broad and smooth as a piece of alabaster, was accentuated by black eyebrows, curved as perfectly as an artist could have drawn them. His black hair lay in heavy curling waves around his dead white temples and neck and ears which were as perfect as a girl's.

Monsieur Alphonse and Madame Céleste and the Poulder frequently found themselves in the lift together, coming and going from the theaters and the Opera. Monsieur Alphonse never saw anything but Madame Céleste, but, after a space of time, Madame Céleste became conscious of the Polish gentleman's presence. Never did he anything to attract her attention, nothing that a gentleman would not do. He always held his hat in his hand, and never put it on until after Monsieur Alphonse had covered his own head. Thus it went on for three weeks, exactly to a day. It could not go on forever.

Came the supreme moment when as the lift gained the floor the Poulder stepped back, his cold white face and

sharp features *en profil* against the glass; his eyes beneath the long lashes fell upon the golden head of Madame Céleste. He saw the graceful turn of her milk white neck, the soft shimmer of the great pearls, the tender swell of the childish bosom under the lace of her gown. His lips quivered; his eyes grew denser at the dainty creation of exquisite flesh and silks and laces and gems as she passed before him; then—quickly as if he knew not that she was attended—he stepped after her, treading, just the fraction of an eighth of an inch, on the flowing ruffles spreading out behind her, and when her head turned, he bowed, courteously, gracefully, his voice soft, insidious as a half-heard strain of music, uplifted as he begged:

"Pardon, my gracious lady, I pray you, one so awkward." His words were in Polish. He waited but a second for her answer.

"*Certainement, monsieur; il n'y a rien.*" Then she turned for Monsieur Alphonse, who with flaming eyes, pouching lips, drawn brows, was prepared to lift the Polish aristocrat from his pedestal of dignity and wipe the floor with him. But he would do nothing which would bring his wife into scandalous prominence. He would not even permit her to know that she had sinned an awful sin in responding to the Poulder.

Quickly the motor whirled them to the theater.

Throughout the first act Monsieur Alphonse pouted over the incident at the hotel. Madame Céleste glanced at him in wonderment at his distract attitude. Finally, in the first *entr'acte*, she leaned over, placed her white-gloved hand on his sleeve, her blue eyes tender with regard, and whispered:

"*Quelque chose vous a dérangé, mon ami?*" He caught her hand and smiled at her as he drew her toward him involuntarily. In a box opposite sat the Polish aristocrat, alone. No one entered to give him greeting, for he was a veritable stranger. Silent, dignified, almost stern, his face showed in relief to those who looked his way. There were many *femmes à la mode* who endeavored to attract his attention.

In the second *entr'act*, when the house was still, absorbed by the tableau presented while the play was changed, there came to Madame Céleste the sound she had heard in the walls of her apartment. Instantly she read the message.

"I must speak with you. You understand. I have communicated with you before, in your rooms. You are Polish."

The last words startled her. She began recalling things in her childhood. Yet how could she know that she had read the message aright? How could she know it was intended for her, if she had? She had only placed a romantic interpretation to the sounds she had heard in her apartment. It was a mere fancy of her sentimental mind. Her French education, her Russian uprearing, had almost eliminated her nationality. For the first time she applied the message to herself. It came back with the connection of her trodden gown. Was it from the box opposite that the sounds came? The man intently watched the stage, but his long, slender fingers tapped his message on the coping of the box. Her pulse fluttered; her heart chilled; her face flamed. Came the shame of a woman who is misunderstood and receives discourtesy. Though Polish, why the indignity? She turned to her husband, a guilty sense overcoming her for having read the sounds at all, for having made a code to please her fancy.

The long, slender fingers in the box opposite were still. The white face looked only at the stage. The message had been received, and would be regarded. Madame Céleste lost all interest in the tableau, and at the third *entr'act* she leaned over and placed her little hand lovingly on Monsieur Alphonse's arm.

"*Venez, mon ange; allons. Je suis fatiguée.*" Monsieur Alphonse wrapped her in her long white cloak as a mother would a child, and with his hand upon her arm gently guided her to the outer air.

"*Qu'avez-vous, ma petite?*" His voice was sweet with concern as he held her close to him as the *fiacre* dashed down the street.

"*Rien. Mais—j'ai peur!*" And Ma-

dame Céleste cuddled close to the man of her heart, for she loved him as few women love their husbands.

When they entered the lift at their hotel, the Polish prince was there also. Dignified and cold, cold as the lifeless body of Poland lying under her shroud of snow, under her snows of thralldom and bondage, was he who was of her. The hauteur of the usual profile was not turned to Madame Céleste. The edge of one small, white ear and the soft black curls which clustered about his womanish neck was all she saw of his face, but in the glass she saw his beardless mouth, firm and close set. He stood in the background, and when monsieur and madame alighted at their floor, he went on up, as usual. No sign of recognition from her was evinced. He could not have entertained any hopes of being recognized because he had trodden on her gown a few hours earlier in the evening.

The affair was almost forgotten. With Monsieur Alphonse, so big, so good, so strong, things were quickly over. How could a woman keep from loving him? Unless the incident occurred again, and in a preconcerted manner, it was closed. If it did occur again, then it would be time to act; then he *would* act.

"You are ill, *ma petite*. I will ring for wine. It will relieve you," said Monsieur Alphonse when they entered their suite. He rang and ordered wine, and when it came he took a glass with her for company's sake.

Together they drank the wine, each to the other's health, a quaint way they had. Then he called her maid and left her in her hands to remove the burden of laces and silken things. Wrapped in a long soft *peignoir*, Madame Céleste sank upon a couch near the wall where she had heard the fanciful calls. Through the heavily draped doorway she looked into Monsieur Alphonse's room, where he had stretched his long, lithe body in a chair, his big shoulders and arms almost hidden in his comfortable dressing gown. He was smoking, and blew about him beautiful spirals and rings, which Madame Céleste had always loved to

make imaginary things when she was in the mood. He wondered what had touched the healthy child-woman, and his heart fluttered with a secret pride when he thought—that—perhaps—but, then he'd waited so long, almost two years, and there had come no blossom on their tree of love. Perhaps, even now, it was this. So he dreamed, watching her on her couch, as he puffed and filled the room with smoke which settled about him a veritable cloud of rings and circling vapory blue things. In the midst he fancied Madame Céleste standing with an infant in her arms. Oh, if it might be true! Then, in his supreme emotion, he rose, tossed the cigar from him and passed into the boudoir wherein she rested.

Madame Céleste was listening, her beautiful lips parted showing her white teeth, her eyes turned toward the wall, her bosom rising and falling under the soft folds of the *peignoir*, her cheeks flushed, her mind absorbed.

"What is it, sweet one?" The tenderness—a world of it—was lost on the tenseness of her mind. "*Ma petite*, what disturbs you? You are feverish." His soft hands touched her flushed cheeks. "I must call the doctor." He took her in his strong arms, held her to him, felt the palpitation of her whole being as she buried her face in his arm as a child when it hides from some painful thing which has affrighted it.

"I—I would change our apartment, *mon ange*," she sobbed against his heart. "This one is getting—getting tiresome. There are—are mice in the walls. They devour me with fear." She raised her face, having grown stronger from his very presence.

"Come to my chamber, then, my sweet one. The mice are not there." He lifted her as a child and carried her to his own bed and rested her on it. "Rest here tonight and I will take your bed, and in the morning we will take a trip to the sea." He kissed her tenderly on the brow.

"Oh, you are so good to me. Remain near me tonight. I cannot rest alone. I tremble so, and a terrible fear has taken possession of me."

There is nothing to equal the strength of a man's love for the woman of his heart, except that of a mother's for her child. Monsieur Alphonse sat by Madame Céleste through the night, watching every quiver of her pink lids and listening to the beats of her frightened heart.

When the morning dawned Monsieur Alphonse and Madame Céleste journeyed to the sea. When they passed into the dining room the Polish prince sat eating. Madame Céleste trembled as she sank into the chair the *garçon* held for her, but to Monsieur Alphonse the coincidence meant nothing, for he gave not a second glance at the clear cut features, the chiseled nose and the cold, white face.

Came evening with a riot of glorious colors in the west. The sea took them up and made the world a feast of ravishing colors. Monsieur Alphonse and Madame Céleste sat on the old sea wall and watched the play of the waves as the tide swelled and came close, roaring around the jutting rock and dashing spray upon them. They whispered only of the love that was growing stronger and the hopes of the future, but in the heart of Madame Céleste there was a terrible fear; in the bosom of Monsieur Alphonse there was a wonderful pride.

As the gray clouds drifted away from the east and the sun rose over the sea Madame Céleste lay in the arms that had held her all night in a strong embrace, because she trembled and feared some indefinable thing. As the morning broke full, Monsieur Alphonse slept and his arms lightened in their clasp of the form so dear to him, and she, tired and worn, slipped from them and dressed herself in the soft white garments she loved so well. She gently kissed the dimple in his chin and stole from the room and ran to the sea wall, where she stood watching the sun rise higher over the waters.

"Pardon me, madame. I have searched for you for years, and now that I have found you, I am frightening the heart in your gentle bosom to death. But—you belong to me—you—" His great eyes grew luminous and softened with love at sight of her. "You—are—my little sister! Know you not me? I

know you by this—and by this—and by this!" The Polish prince touched reverently the chiseled nose, the exact counterpart of his own, the penciled brows, and smiled that she might see the dimples in his own face, exactly as they played in hers.

She shrank from him. Her eyes, blue as the stone on his finger, were wide with fright.

"You are the image of this," he went on, and drew a medallion from his vest pocket and held it before her eyes.

Then she remembered. She held her breath for very joy.

"I have spoken to you and you have understood. Could you have understood had you not the blood of Poland's downtrodden in your veins? It was the language of the sounds we used to play. It is the hidden language of the race, and whithersoever we go, thus may we speak and find our own. It is by this I claim you, more than by the image of our mother whose life passed away—like the liberty of her land!"

"Oh, I remember!" cried Madame Céleste, and stood looking reverently at the tall man before her. "I remember."

Monsieur Alphonse awoke. He missed Madame Céleste. He leaped upon the floor filled with dire forebodings. From the window he beheld her on the sea wall. Her profile faced the profile of the Polish prince; their hands were clasped. The profiles were strangely alike; he saw that even in his madness. Quickly he dressed and hastened across the white sands, his hand lifted to strike, his heart burning to kill.

Came the voice of Madame Céleste in glee:

"*Venez! Venez, mon ange!*" She pulled about the tall man and ran with him to meet Monsieur Alphonse. "Oh, *mon angel* You know the medallion I have always worn? He has one! He is my brother—*regardez, mon mari!* And the sounds, the sounds which frightened me—they were the hidden voice of Poland! You know I am Polish? No?" But her voice was smothered against the heart of the man whose uplifted hand fell but to gather both to him in a close embrace.

"Welcome, thrice welcome to my heart, thou brother of *ma petite!*" cried Monsieur Alphonse.



## ON THE ROAD

By Lurana W. Sheldon

MY friend has met me on the road of life,  
Sure-footed, swift, his manner glad and gay;  
A smile, a word, some mention of life's strife,  
Mayhap a handshake—and he is away.

My enemy has passed me on my path;  
With lurking step he waits for me alone;  
Warned by unrest, I turn in righteous wrath,  
To see his shadow blending with my own.

# THE PELICAN MOTHER

By G. Vere Tyler

THE mother of the prima donna stood with her hands on her hips in a slanting ray of sunshine, her eyes still fixed on the piles of lingerie that she had been arranging. She was a beautiful woman, and especially so at this moment, with self-conscious thoughts inflaming her—more beautiful perhaps than her daughter, whose name was on every lip, whose pictures figured in every paper, could ever hope to be.

These delicate fabrics, sent in sweet and fresh from the most careful and expensive laundry in the city, were very precious to her, for they meant that coarser materials, which had for years been her portion, were left behind, buried with many other things in a bitter past. And it was Jeanne, her own little girl, born in poverty and misery, who had brought about all these changes!

She paused and a sad look clouded her eyes, but vanished instantly as her head lifted. Giving a last final touch, that stored every article in its proper place, she walked over with the slow, inelastic gait that bespoke the woman of temperament, took her seat in a low cushioned armchair and fell to thinking of Jeanne.

She began when Jeanne was a small, inert mass lying in her arms, a warm, vitalized portion of herself. A flash of surprise passed over her at the inexplicable mystery that had allowed that little portion of her to grow so rapidly, daily, hourly, even momentarily, it seemed, developing into something independent of her while yet she must always remain a part of her.

What a luminous creature this small fraction of herself—her daughter—had become, now flashing before the world

and dazzling it—leaving her in the dark! These thoughts, this habit of introspection, this way she had of contemplating and marveling about things she could not understand, she flung from her with a gesture, rose, lifted up her head and began to sing.

It was the same aria, in much the same voice, that had held the audience spell-bound the night before when Jeanne had rendered it, and this was not strange, for it was she who had taught her daughter to sing this music, bar by bar, note by note, in just this wonderful way, just as Marchesi, queen of music teachers, had taught her. It seemed the song of Jeanne herself, Jeanne her little girl, who had carried her from the abyss of misery on the wings of her great talent, the talent she had bestowed upon the child, and her art, the art she had imparted to her.

Absorbed in these thoughts, she unconsciously allowed her voice to soar and swell, until it penetrated to the halls of the great building and into the apartments, where people forgot conversation and listened in the ecstatic belief that the great prima donna was practising her voice.

Into what a world she had fallen, this world of which she had dreamed so often and which at last she had reached after many, many years of toil and struggle!

Suddenly a sharp feeling akin to pain stilled her voice. All this she had got from Jeanne; she owed it all to her—she was leaning on the arm of her daughter. To divert her thoughts she turned to Jeanne's jewel box standing on an *étagère* of inlaid rosewood. Turning the silver-gilt key, she looked upon the jewels glittering like half-open sleepy eyes, things

beautiful and of enormous value. How quickly the fortune had come! Jeanne's success had not been the result of tiresome climbing; become famous in a night, she was an object of managers' rivalry after her first season, and the money swept in.

She lifted a necklace of rare workmanship and smiled in satisfaction. Lifting her head, she took a deep breath and with the jewels in her hands repeated the song which the morning papers had said Jeanne "created," so unique had been her conception. She alone knew that it had been *her* conception, and the thought lent triumph to her voice; it was *her* creation, transferred by patient effort and diligence to her child. She knew every tone and trill! How many times she had sung it to her great singing teacher, and later when she was instructing Jeanne!

Teaching Jeanne to sing, her life's task to make a prima donna of her child, had been the unconscious means of keeping her own voice perfect. She quavered on a note, and a sob almost escaped her as she felt like crying over its wasted perfection. She was singing better than Jeanne, whose heart had never been wrung like hers; her tones were fuller, more rounded, mellower, for she was a woman of thirty-eight years' strength, in full possession of matured powers, while Jeanne, untouched by sorrow or love, was barely twenty-two.

A burst of mother love suddenly overcame her as she contemplated the beautiful young creature who was hers, who had achieved and had the world at her feet.

She saw her now, as she had seen her the night before standing before the footlights. She heard the applause that was like a shower of hail on a glass roof, and her own voice swelled out anew, while the people in the hotel still listening held their breath and smiled in each other's eyes.

## II

BEFORE the close of the song she was interrupted by a knock on the door and became instantly silent. It was Peneros, of the Opera House.

"Where is our songbird?" he asked, looking around.

"Out as usual, buying things," she replied brightly.

"But I heard her only a second ago."

The fire of secret triumph shone for a moment in her eyes, but she answered simply: "No, Jeanne is not in."

"But I heard her singing her aria in this very room," exclaimed the manager with a puzzled expression.

"I repeat," answered the mother, "Jeanne is not at home."

"Then may I venture to ask who was singing a moment ago?" he demanded in a voice tinged with incredulity and even a bit of vexation.

"I was singing," she replied.

The manager, puzzled and nonplussed, looked searchingly into her eyes, fearless, truthful, full of suppressed emotion.

"Do you mean to tell me," he inquired, "that you can sing like that?"

"Yes. And still better than that!" she cried, forgetting herself.

"Strange, madame," he said, assuming a semi-patronizing tone, "that on the occasions of my many visits here I never heard you sing, nor got the slightest inkling of such an accomplishment. Will you not explain to me this mystery?"

She dropped into the low, padded chair and motioned him to be seated opposite. He obeyed mechanically and sat staring at her, overcome by curiosity, while she began to talk to him in a low voice, stirred by awakened memories.

"To explain to you about my singing," she said, "would involve my telling you a long story—a story I hardly think would interest you."

"It would be the most interesting story I *could* listen to!" he exclaimed quickly.

"You never inquired—perhaps you never cared," she began, "about Jeanne's musical schooling; and it may be a surprise to you to hear that it was I who taught her to sing. She never had any other teacher. We told you different stories, of course. We mentioned great teachers—Giacomo Minkowsky and Jean de Reszke; it was I alone, however, who taught her."

"You—her sole teacher? Impossible!"

"Yes, I taught her; trained her, day by day, hour by hour, year by year!"

The man rose to his feet, she to hers with the lazy movements that never failed to betray her temperament, and that now told him plainer than words why she had merely borne her genius like a burden.

"But who taught *you*, trained *you*?" he burst forth in amazement.

"Oh, I—I am an Austrian by birth," she returned exultantly. "I was trained by Austrian and Italian teachers; but just as I was starting toward success, Jeanne's father came, for whom I forsook my career. I was young and strong and full of vigor, but I had no one to guide me, to tell me of my talent and aid me to develop it. My mother was dead, and my father, who had suddenly grown poor, urged me to a marriage that I might be off his hands and cared for. I married Jeanne's father; and when he died he left us penniless.

"I had five children and nothing but my hand's work between them and starvation. Necessity, I suppose, developed me into an expert laundress. But with all the trouble I always sang—I sang to banish care and keep alive. I sang at the washtub, at the ironing board, in the open when I hung things on the line. I was always singing."

She paused. It was his turn to say something. But he made no reply, sitting still and staring in a kind of awe which a sudden revelation of genius and the pathos of facts inspired.

"Life," she continued, "was a struggle, but I believe I never faltered. I reared my children, scarcely thinking of myself. I sang, I suppose, from habit and to keep from going mad. My children were delicate; one by one they died until only Jeanne was left—and then it was that I put myself and all that I had stored up into her. And how I loved her! I loved her so that I allowed this love to dominate me until blindly, without hesitation, I had transferred myself and all there was in me to my child. I often wonder what my future would have been, my future that is the present, if I had been stopped, interfered with, when I was doing this thing! If some-

one had heard me sing and 'discovered' me, as they call it, as they heard Jeanne sing and 'discovered' her! Results might have been different; but no one heard me—only the bare walls and hills outside my lonely home. Fate and childlove blinded me, forcing upon me, as it were, an act of complete self-sacrifice. Was it or was it not my own will? I do not know. All that I do know is that it was Jeanne who was heard and 'discovered' and made a great prima donna—not I. At this moment, at this hour, it is Jeanne who holds in the palm of her hand all the wealth and adulation and praise and triumph that the world has to give. It came through me! Do you believe me?"

"I believe you, madame; and perhaps you may be guilty of an act of self-abnegation that you may be held accountable for. Nevertheless accept my congratulations, though they come late; and curses upon Mademoiselle Verrel's father, who lost to the world a greater artist than he gave! Had I heard you do those runs and trills—take that high C when you were a young woman, my fortune and yours would have been made twenty years ago!"

He rose as he spoke, and she also rose slowly, with the half-heavy yet graceful movements peculiar to her, and for a moment they gazed into each other's eyes in sadness.

He put out his hand; she extended hers, and he carried it to his lips in adoration. It was the first tribute ever paid to her voice. A moment later he left, closing the door softly.

### III

JEANNE was seated before a long pier mirror in a richly embroidered kimono, and her mother was brushing her long hair, half gold, half red, that waved slightly and reached to her knees. She was humming softly and leaned comfortably back, accepting as a right the constant service of the mother who had always served, always been her slave, feasting two dazzling eyes upon the image of her own resplendent charms.

"You are not nervous, Jeanne?"

"Nervous, mother? Why? I am impatient, that's all. It will be a new experience, this singing to people in a private house. One song only, and for a fabulous price! Peneros wouldn't come down a dollar, you know, and Mrs. Drummond informed him that everyone will be there—the wealth and fashion of New York, all the Four Hundred! Think of it, mother; and you ask me if I am nervous! I never understand what you mean by that. Do you know how I feel? Triumphant—glorious! And do you know what I shall be thinking of tonight? The jewels that will come tomorrow, the flowers and all the letters and telegrams. Sing, mother, and do leave my hair alone; I wish to close my eyes and be still while I listen to you. Sing as you never have sung before, for I am going to sing as *I* never have sung before!"

And giving her head an impatient jerk that caused the unconfined hair to fall in a shower over the back of the chair, she closed her eyes.

Her mother began to sing in a low, impassioned voice, and the girl listened eagerly, taking in every note, every trill, every suggestion of phrasing. She was used to her mother's voice, but this afternoon it seemed to her different, more vibrant, more wonderful, more out of her reach. Something akin to jealousy stole for the first time into her brain. She sat up, opened her eyes and looked curiously at the being whom she recognized as the one person living who could excel her, this being who could accomplish without effort what she approached but could never actually reach—at any rate, not as her mother did. A little coldness crept into her heart. But in another instant the hot blood poured through her veins and tears suffused her eyes as there came over her a faint realization of the daily sacrifices this patient, loving mother was making for her, which she had never fully appreciated.

The voice ceased, and the two remained silent.

The maid entered with noiseless tread and announced that Jeanne's personal

manager had arrived and wished to speak to her.

"Tell him to come in here," she replied with the informality of the artist.

"There has been a change, mademoiselle," said the man, entering and bowing to the very floor, "in the hour of your appearance this evening. Would eleven o'clock suit mademoiselle?"

"It would not!" Jeanne sprang from her seat and flew into a rage, which the manager, knowing her, was quite prepared for and waited for it to pass. Then the matter was arranged.

"Mademoiselle will receive from me before I leave one little, one very little, word of advice?" he then asked. "It is that mademoiselle will not waste the golden sparkle of her voice on these empty walls. Mademoiselle gives out too much of the energy in the practice."

"I have not been wasting my energy, monsieur!" exclaimed Jeanne petulantly.

"But I heard mademoiselle, and I stood outside the door spellbound. Never have I heard mademoiselle sing like that! Believe me, if you can repeat your song tonight in just that voice—with that fire—you will add a new luster to your great reputation!"

The red blood mounted to the brow of the girl as she angrily tossed back her hair.

"I shall sing to please myself," she replied coldly.

When he was gone she reseated herself, and while the flush died slowly out of her face she remained quite rigid. Madame Verrel, still holding the ivory comb in her hand, stood almost as rigidly. She had paled and a look of controlled terror was on her face. The silence was painful. A feeling of momentary estrangement had crept into the heart of each. The girl, penetrated by jealousy, recognizing that she had been attempting to fill her being with fire that actually belonged to another, and that she had in a way been detected, felt abashed and crestfallen. Her mother realized this, and an emotion bordering on fear at the idea of her daughter's displeasure possessed her.

She thought of all the recognition and applause of the world that she had

thrown away but that yet lay within reach. But the thought was followed by a warm wave of tenderness for Jeanne. It had not affected her love, her sense of duty, her desire to sacrifice herself. These feelings so overcame her that she longed only to give more—give more intensely.

She lifted the long perfumed hair in her hands and pressed her lips to it, and then began the arranging of it that had been interrupted.

Jeanne maintained a sullen silence, she did not repeat her request that her mother sing to her.

#### IV

WHEN Madame Verrel entered the brilliantly lighted music room, thronged with guests, where her daughter was to sing, she was attacked by conflicting emotions.

Jeanne had been in a peculiar, unresponsive mood during the entire afternoon; she was silent at dinner and had refused to enter the house with her mother, insisting on a, as she expressed it, "furious turn" in the Park in the motor to breathe in the fresh air of the night before she sang. Both mother and daughter had appreciated the importance of Jeanne being at her best, and for the moment personal feelings were drowned in consideration of the importance of the event in the girl's career.

A fabulous price, the largest ever offered for a private gathering, was to be paid for a single song; and this fact alone, of which the papers had been full, would have sufficed to throng the gilded hall with a vast society audience. This audience was in a flutter. The greatest prima donna of the hour had consented to bridge the gulf that separates the stage and society. She was to leave all the mysterious clouds of stageland and pass among them. Not only was she to sing, but her much heralded beauty was, as it were, to be unveiled and presented at close range.

How would all this affect Jeanne. Would she be equal to it?

Jeanne was at home on the stage, with

the audience separated from her and her environment controlled by her; but this was a new experience, this being among and one of the people to whom she was to sing. Might it not disconcert her? She banished the thought. Jeanne would triumph as she always had. Her pride in the child at this instant gladdened her into complete self-forgetfulness. She began to feel impatient for her to come.

But why did Jeanne not arrive? It was already a quarter of an hour after the appointed time for her to sing. The guests, seated for the performance, were beginning to become impatient.

A thousand fears suddenly attacked her. What if an accident had occurred? What if Jeanne had been attacked by stage fright and decided to remain away? Jeanne was not only a creature of impulse, but a spoiled child of the public, rich in her own right already; and such a thing was possible.

In a black dress, her hair simply arranged in the fashion that prevailed when she was a girl, Madame Verrel was seated in a chair against the wall. On either side of her were fashionable women, discussing her daughter and the event; and finally their remarks turned even upon herself, the placid, quiet-looking mother who always accompanied her daughter, actually serving in the capacity of a maid.

Presently people who knew her by sight, or to whom she had been pointed out, straggled up and spoke to her. One or two sought an introduction. They were curious, but only because she was the singer's mother. They uttered polite platitudes, stared at her and left. One young girl came and gazed at her until tears finally overflowed the ardent eyes, but to her also she was only the mother of Jeanne—an awe-inspiring mystery on that account.

Sudden tears filled her own eyes. She existed only as the mother of Jeanne—she was merely to them the dull earth that had yielded the flower.

As she was thinking these things, feeling herself become suddenly dull and inert like the earth, a faint, bitter smile crossed her features.

But why did not Jeanne appear? Her request on her arrival to be allowed to go behind the scenes had been refused, but now a servant approached and requested her to do so.

As she passed through the audience she felt their impatience. In her own condition of mental anxiety she began to feel that she would be held responsible. Where was Jeanne? How would she be able to find her?

These questions were immediately hurled at her by excited persons behind the scenes, including the hostess. To all their excited inquiries she had but one answer: her daughter had insisted upon a drive in the Park before singing, and had insisted upon going alone.

Suddenly Peneros, who had been called up by telephone, entered excitedly. He had no knowledge whatever of the singer. At this information Mrs. Drummond, now quite beyond her powers of self-control, burst into tears. Her guests were to be disappointed; and Mrs. Drummond's invectives on Jeanne and artists generally were not flattering. Her entire dealings with them had resulted in just such outrageous performances, either failure to appear, as in this case, or something equally trying.

Madame Verrel in the midst of this tirade remained in passive silence. An even worse fear had now attacked her—that an accident had happened to Jeanne—even that she had been killed. A sudden burst of handclapping from the other side of the curtains increased the intensity of the situation. What was to be done?

Mrs. Drummond turned to the manager.

"Peneros," she cried, "I hold you responsible!"

"I understand," replied the man, running his fingers in a distracted manner through his hair. "So do I hold myself responsible."

He turned almost like a spinning top on the floor, then stopped suddenly and clapped his hands.

"Madame, you said you hold me responsible. Very well; your guests must be satisfied. Will you leave everything in my hands?"

"Will I? What else can I do?"

"Well, Mademoiselle Verrel's song shall be rendered at once."

"She is not here!" cried Mrs. Drummond, exasperated.

"Madame, you have said you would leave all to me. Kindly return to your guests."

Puzzled, she turned and left him, while Peneros approached Jeanne's mother, the fire of command in his eyes and in his voice. "Madame Verrel, it is you who must sing in your daughter's place! Do you understand? You are to sing—here, this moment, behind these curtains; and the audience is to believe that it is your daughter who is singing!"

As he spoke the woman's face blanched; her form contracted to that of a shadow. She caught the man by the arm.

"I! Oh! *Mon Dieu!*" She fell back with closed eyes as in a faint. He caught her and supported her.

"Compose yourself—collect yourself; you are to sing—sing as I heard you this afternoon! I'm going to make the announcement."

Leaving her stunned as by a blow, he parted the curtains, and in another second she heard his clear, ringing voice announcing to the audience that, through a sudden whim of the artist, she would sing, but had emphatically refused to appear before them. Only the thin curtains separated them from the prima donna. Were they content? Otherwise Mademoiselle Verrel would throw up her contract and refuse to sing.

For a moment there was a pause, breathless, stupefying; then applause broke forth. The novelty of the situation had appealed to the jaded senses of the audience. They were pleased. The manager bowed and disappeared between the curtains. Madame Verrel remained as he had left her, apparently in a trance and when Peneros put out his hand to escort her to the stage, a strange unearthly beauty overspread her countenance and she moved like a waxen figure of an angel. When she reached the center of the stage it was as though she had died and been born again in her youth. The rapture of the dying, when

they are supposed to catch a glimpse of heaven, was upon her countenance, and withal she was composed, the great artist ready to offer her precious perfected gift to the world. All her lost career, all that the future would rob her of, was to be realized in a few brief moments that chance had offered her. It would suffice.

And then Jeanne appeared on the scene, breathless, radiant, laughing, merry. She dashed upon the stage and threw her wrap into her mother's arms.

"I kept them waiting, mother! I wanted to keep them waiting. Are they angry? Never mind; leave me now. Tell them to part the curtains—I am here—I am ready, and I shall sing as never before. I shall sing as *you* sang, mother, today!"

Madame Verrel, speechless, descended from the stage, and with a gesture from Peneros the curtains parted. Holding Jeanne by the hand, he smiled upon the astonished assemblage. At the last moment, the singer, he announced, had graciously consented not to disappoint them!

Another burst of applause. This succession of surprises was filling the people with delight. The violinist drew his bow across the strings in a sob; the pianist struck a sharp, stirring chord, and Jeanne, pale with excitement, shoulders gleaming and head erect, fixed an unseeing gaze upon the audience, opened her lovely lips and sang.

The mother, who had mechanically flitted back to her seat against the rose marble wall, felt suddenly like an old woman. The old emotion born of self-sacrifice had resumed its accustomed place in her tired heart, and she welcomed it as one welcomes a returned prodigal. She almost smiled—it had stolen away from her, this emotion of her life, in a mad moment of opportunity, and for one brief instant had reveled in secret joy. But Jeanne was singing—she must listen. Banishing self, she did listen in rapture, living in Jeanne's joy, of which she was destined to feel only the reflection. She knew better how to understand the feelings of the artist since the morning when for one brief instant

she had yielded herself to the enthusiastic praise of Peneros, the sharpest critic of his day. What acute rapture that had been!

But presently a sense of weariness overcame her, and Jeanne glimmering in satin and precious stones, became a stranger upon whom she gazed bewildered as though to her, just as to the others, a great privilege had been accorded. Then again her heart throbbed. Was not this celestial creature, after all, a part of herself, that had grown and developed under her care into this wonder that was astonishing the world? By a trick of imagination the figure at the piano was not her child at all, but herself, her own self of bygone days, hopeful of the future, looking into the eyes of the world, conscious of victory. She was listening to her own voice. She felt delicious thrills; a tremendous agitation quivered her entire being. It was her voice, her method; those were her high notes! But suddenly something seemed to fall in her heart and break. She grew wearied again and old, as though she were but the dull earth out of which a regal flower had sprung.

Jeanne sang on, oblivious of her mother, oblivious of the audience. She sang triumphantly, until her high notes seemed to pierce the ceiling to reach heaven itself. The mother's tense hands gripped hard the arms of her chair. New emotions overcame her; she almost feared she would pitch forward in a swoon.

This child, no longer herself, but an independent personality who had taken all from her, bereft her of everything and left her seated patient and demure, with her back to the wall, seemed about to take her life. She continued to look upon the girl fascinated. Her eyes, from which all youth had departed, might have been gazing thus from the beginning of the world, the time seemed so long. Time, space, personality, all had vanished. Several times she was conscious of holding tightly to the arms of her chair in her fear that she might faint away, and once when Jeanne took her high note and held it until the audience caught and held its breath, tears

gathered in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Madame," said Peneros, as the applause that had burst forth like a storm at sea ceased, "your daughter has sung in this hour; it is you who have lived. She is but the instrument upon which you have played. You think that you have suffered tonight—you have not. You have reached earth's highest pinnacle. You believe your life has been a wasted one—it has been a success. You have experienced; you have felt deeply; your nature demanded that you sacrifice self in order to live out that self. You will yet sing, but not on this earth. This world has been your school; your place is waiting at the throne of heaven—your chorus will be composed of angels! Come, madame; go to your

child." He extended his arm; she took it feebly, her fingers trembling. As she passed with him through the audience, eyes rested on the weary, luminous countenance and then followed her as an apparition.

Jeanne, throbbing, exultant, fell into her arms.

"Mother," she cried, "did I please you? At last are you satisfied with me? Tell me!"

But the mother was holding her in a fierce embrace, crying, sobbing.

"I *have* pleased her!" exclaimed the girl to Peneros over the bowed form. "I know I have! My mother, Peneros, is the greatest artist in the world, and she has never sung to it!"

"Mademoiselle," said Peneros, "I know it."



## BEAUTY'S SADNESS

By Louis How

HUSHED 'neath the midnight rapture overhead,  
The village housefronts facing northward shine  
Like old romantic streets in lands of wine;  
Opposite—night—the wharves, where any tread  
Rings on the silent stone, are carpeted  
With silver, shadow patterned by the fine  
Rigging of anchored schooners. Wind's low whine  
In cordage, and the plashing—ne'er ended  
While night lasts—of the tide, are all I hear.  
The spectral lighthouse 'gainst night's fair blue deep,  
Those changing clouds, the moon, one star who's had  
Splendor to brave them, these warm winds—make drear  
The heart they uplift. And I steal home to sleep.  
Tis you alone, love, makes me always glad.



ECONOMY may be the road to wealth, but you can't travel it in an automobile.

# THE MAD WHITE NIGHT

By Frederic S. Isham

**A** MAN of Hebraic cast of countenance stood in a studio, in the great cold city of the North, surveying several canvases set up against the wall. His eyes darted glances, half appreciative, half inquiring, upon them, as now he stepped forward, with brows down bent, then moved quickly back, to observe the effects of different lights. At the conclusion of a painstaking regard his face expressed no particular emotion; he seemed rather lost in thought. For several moments his companion, a beautiful woman of about twenty-eight or thirty, waited; she made at last a petulant gesture.

"Well, Mr. Seidel, now that you have seen them, why do you not speak? You are not very communicative this morning"—with a fine uplifting of dark, imperious brows. "What do you think of them? Do they not surpass even my husband's high standard itself?"

"They—are very beautiful," he answered, after a pause.

"Then why not say so at once?" she demanded with a certain haughty impatience.

Her tone was that of a great lady to a tradesman. He looked at her; a faint smile lurked in the corners of his hard, straight lips. "What are you authorized by the illustrious master, your husband, to ask for them?"

She nonchalantly named a figure; his lips formed to a slight pucker, but he made no audible sound. The stately woman would probably have ordered him from the house had he done so; as it was, she stood at her full height, full and imposing, insidiously attractive, with lips like crimson poppies and varying lights playing in the deep, large-pupiled

eyes. Her pose seemed the more impressive because the morning gown she wore was superb, the kind of a dress a woman might don to advantage when "striking a bargain"; it bespoke a luxurious habit of life, domestic opulence and, incidentally, "big prices for pictures."

Mr. Seidel continued in a meditative mood; absorbed in his own thoughts, he appeared oblivious to the almost mesmerizing directness of the dark eyes of the lovely woman before him. "That is a considerable advance over last time," he ventured to remark at length.

"And if so? Haven't you your American clientèle? Do you not receive fabulous sums?" She looked toward the door, as though to intimate their interview had terminated; she would not condescend to haggle over a few thousand rubles.

The man presumed yet to linger. "It is not, perhaps, too much to pay, or would not be," hesitating before his words, "if the canvases—you will excuse my frankness?" directing upon her a sudden swift look—"were in the master's very highest vein."

"I beg your pardon!" Very coldly, though her own gaze suddenly shot deeper into his.

"Believe me," he said hastily, quite humbly, "I am not trying to underestimate what I still desire very much to possess. Before consummating such an important purchase, however, if you would permit me to call a conference of a few art critics, friends of mine here—"

"It is quite out of the question," she said with quick decision. "My husband, Boris Streneski, would not wish his work put up on a kind of auction

block, to be weighed and valued by people who may or may not know how to estimate what they are looking at. You are said, Mr. Seidel, to be one of the best commercial," with an accent, "experts in the world."

He looked at her, again turned to the pictures. "See! Here the master's hand was a little hasty; it did not linger to soften a hard spot." The woman watched him as if fascinated; her own hand had closed tightly. "There the luminosity is lost; the divine distance of his earlier moments seems to be wanting." His voice was hard, matter-of-fact; her face at that moment seemed slightly drawn. Then the tenseness of her pose suddenly gave way, and she relaxed abruptly.

"Divine distance!" "Luminosity!" Delicious. That is good!" She showed with startling inconsistency, characteristic of her race, another than the bourgeois bargaining side of her nature; her gay laughter rang out. "You misunderstood me. I said you were one of the best *commercial* experts in the world. And so you are; you know what they're worth. Once you've got them, off they'll go posthaste to your opulent America—to be grabbed for, swallowed up, lost sight of. 'Divine distance'! 'Luminosity'!" She laughed again. "Talk in rubles, or dollars and cents, good Mr. Seidel, I beg."

He flushed; but he also stepped rather resolutely toward the door. "I have offered you the highest price paid any living artist. If you cannot accede to it, I am reluctantly obliged to terminate these negotiations."

"Ah, well!" The shapely shoulders shrugged. "It is all very tiresome. Have your own way."

"Then you will dispose of them for—" He spoke quickly.

"The same amount that you paid the last time." Her tones were indifferent; she turned her back on the pictures as if they had ceased to be of moment to her. "You may send a cheque—"

"Good!" he said with alacrity.

"At once," she added with a laugh.

"To you?"

She nodded; he went. Her face

changed. "Ah, those American Jews!" she said, walking swiftly up and down.

Outside, however, Mr. Seidel walked slowly; his head was down bent; he seemed counting the stone flags of the sidewalk as he moved toward his favorite café on the Nevski Prospect. But whatever his thoughts, they were soon dispelled—at the sight of the living figure of one of Petersburg's most notable visitors, the great Ibsen himself, in his favorite corner in the coffee house, where he could look out upon the broad and stately thoroughfare. Those around the shaggy, wonderful old dramatist were talking in French, and Mr. Seidel listened for such crumbs of conversation as he might catch, while visions of "ghosts" and "dolls' houses" floated through his alert fancy.

"People don't do those things." They were discussing the famous line in "Hedda Gabler." The great writer said nothing, but he listened with a sphinx-like smile. Near the curb, without, a coachman, swelled out in his cloaks like an inflated dirigible, slumbered; the big, inert figure seemed typical of the major part of the world.

Boris Streneski, the celebrated painter, sat in his little island garden in the residential part of the city, the Venice of the North. The river sang to him; it was the twilight hour, and as he smoked his peasant's pipe he dreamed of other days, brave days, wherein the figures of mythology, the gods and goddesses and their kind stepped out of their severe classical environment and danced to the jocund touches of the modern realist's strong brush. For he had set a pace difficult for others to follow, had become the leader. A "new school," some said, speaking of his work—as if there were anything "new" under the sun! People looked upon the manifestations of an expansive personality, distinct, "different," and, as usual, hastened to prate academically of a "school." Their babbling did no harm; like the unceasing sounds of a brook in springtime, it—being attuned mostly to a feminine *dulcet*—was rather pleasant to listen to.

Boris Streneski had always preferred

to listen to the voicings of his own conscience. He was a big man, physically as well as mentally. His head was what could be romantically described as "leonine"; he had long white hair and a great bushy beard. The hand nursing the black bowl of the porcelain pipe seemed better adapted for wielding the massive sledge of an ironworker than for the nice strokings and mixing of the delicate pigments on a palette. His frame was that of Thor; his features were rugged, seamed.

He sat as if half asleep, but when his lids lifted they showed eyes without luster, dim, expressionless. They were hopeless eyes, at times in secret almost despairing, as if they saw only shadows and those not far away. The oculists and learned specialists called the ailment affecting his sight by a learned name; he only answered with a snap of his big fingers: "Poof! What is the use of long words? The simple truth is I am going blind." He might have added, at a time when he knew his spiritual sight and power of expression were at their zenith. Titanic mockery!

His big fingers now clutched on the bowl of the pipe; it was hot, burning; he welcomed the pain. What was it to the scorching bands ever tightening around his heart? He got up, was about to move from his place, then stood still; a rustling near by held him.

"That is you, Pauline?"

"Oh, yes," said a voice. She was near him now; he put out his hand and stroked her—or her dress. "It is very dull indoors. Dull—dull—dull!"

"So dull as that!" He laughed. He could always laugh; he never forgot how. His hand continued the mechanical stroking.

"*Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!*" sighed the woman. "I want life—life! I want to breathe!"

"Well, here is plenty of air."

"Don't be absurd!"

His fingers played with the texture of her dress. "Another new gown, little wife!" he said lightly.

She drew back quickly. "A cheap one," she said hastily.

"Of that material?" He had a big

man's annoying jocoseness. "You forget, as an artist I have handled many rare silks and brocades. And that material never cost less than—"

"If you must know, I bought it second hand—got it at a bargain. You are not finding fault?" she asked querulously.

"Have I ever?" His tones were roughly tender. "Though I have sometimes wondered—" He stopped.

"What?"

"Nothing."

"Say what you are thinking," she returned.

"Well, then—are you not plunging us tremendously in debt? With the servants, the carriages, no end of extravagances, luxuries, much company, a table with wines Apicius himself might envy—"

"You begrudge me my friends?"

"On the contrary!" He looked down, then raised his Thorlike head to the sky and breathed hard.

"I know how to manage," she went on, "to make both ends meet. If we keep up an appearance in the world, it is because I understand how to bargain—bargain! And then to have you complain—you of all persons!"

"*Mon amie!* Complain! Ye gods!" he laughed. "Whoever heard me complain? I've learned my lesson from the heathen immortals too well for that. A man may strike"—he closed his great fist—"but he should never complain."

"I believe you *could* strike," said the woman in tones a little strained.

He sought to draw her into his arms, but she stepped back. "There! The blues are gone," she said. "And someone is coming." A bell sounded faintly.

"Make my excuses."

"You are going out?"

"It is the 'white night,'" he said jovially. "A period of madness! Yes, I'm going into the city, to watch the people play, and listen to the sounds of their gay rompings!"

"Take care," she said, her voice oddly purring, "it doesn't make you mad—that strange, green light of the heavens."

"No fear!" laughed Boris Streneski, and went.

She watched his vanishing figure; once he almost ran into a tree, but evaded it in time. Even when he had gone, her eyes, catlike, continued to peer before her; then with lithe motion and a soft curving of lips she moved toward the house. Now in the garden quietude again reigned; near by the river played with a branch that drooped mournfully to its cold surface, swaying—swaying as if it would never cease that dreary motion.

The mad light! The green light! It was everywhere! It shimmered on the Winter Palace and lent magical beauty to that long, low structure; it transformed domes and spires of Oriental design into an Aladdin-like community of air-drawn edifices. It changed broad, monotonous thoroughfares into wonder ways, and infused with odd charm the network of lesser streets and alleys. One could read by that green, heavenly light in the streets at midnight; some people did, while dashing about in droskies. Love poems by De Musset or French novels were especially delectable under circumstances so romantic.

Boris Streneski strode along; he knew the way so well he could walk with a certain assurance in spite of his growing physical affliction. Here and there people greeted him with affection. A band of overjubilant art students discovered him, and would have borne him on their shoulders with joyful exuberance of emotion. But he waved his stout stick about him, and in his big voice good-naturedly commanded them to "be off"—a lot of "idle young vagabonds"! Let them look to their cups and their love making and leave respectable old gentlemen alone! Though he spoke with rough humor, they knew he meant what he said and obeyed him at once. As they went, however, they called back words of tribute, of admiration. Ah, they liked him and looked up to him!

"Dissolute young scamps!" he murmured, as they scampered on their heedless way. But his face was radiant; then it relapsed into sadness. He struck more sharply with his cane; the granite blocks gave back a sound, hard, as if he

were futilely beating against the doors of fate. He marched along with head well up, looking into the green light. Pedestrians, for the most part, knew him; his figure, an imposing one, was familiar to them. Willingly they gave way to him; so it transpired he did not bump into anyone.

At a café he stopped, entered. He ordered vodka—not the delicate-scented or colored kind, but the old-fashioned, white, biting vodka; it was cheaper than wine. If there was prodigality at home, all the more reason for economy on his part when abroad; he felt he must be getting poorer and poorer; but always found when he opened his peasant's purse enough therein for his own simple wants. As for the household expenses and the bills, they seemed to take care of themselves, or to be taken care of.

While now he sipped he listened; life flowed in and out of the doors; corks popped around him. A merry party sat in a little private room on the other side of the wooden partition against which he leaned; he heard his own name.

"For three of the pictures I have already purchasers—American millionaires who are building palaces on Fifth Avenue." The voice was Mr. Seidel's; having finished the business that had brought him to Petersburg, he was now enjoying himself, *à la Russe*; his tones were slightly thick. "Everyone who puts up a new house in Manhattan, and who *is* anyone, must of course have a Streneski in his private picture gallery. They come high, but—*n'impose!*"

"You say you purchased ten?" his companion, a Chicago traveler for agricultural implements, asked. "A wonderful painter, I should say, to keep up the gait he does!"

"Potboilers, my boy!" observed Mr. Seidel. "Though I don't tell the millionaires that, of course. And I didn't dare intimate as much when bargaining for them. A supply to meet a demand! Palpably that! Wonderful potboilers, of course, but still—potboilers! If you quote me, though, my friend, I'll have to swear by all the prophets you're a prize candidate for the Ananias Club."

"Bah!" said the Chicago man cyni-

cally. "That wouldn't make any difference to your business; all the millionaires care for is the name on the picture. Potboilers? That doesn't matter to them. If I could only find as ready a market for plows and reapers!" He sighed, then shouted; everyone around was shouting. The boisterous tones seemed a part of the general madness of the hour. "Another bottle, waiter! And some more of those Pete Bedore sturgeon eggs from Mich-e-gan, U. S. A."

"Monsieur would like some *caviare supérieure?*" queried the waiter.

"That's what I said, wasn't it?" came the bland answer of the Windy City wanderer.

Boris Streneski, his vodka unfinished before him, sat with bent head. He understood a little English; he was letting some of the words he had heard "sink in," trying to piece them together like a child, very young, at work over a big picture puzzle intended only for grown-ups. A merry demoiselle spoke to him; her eyes danced like champagne bubbles; he raised his.

"B-rrr!" She pretended to shiver, but drew hastily away. "A Siberian bear!" she murmured to a companion, casting a look over her shoulder in the direction of Boris Streneski. He continued to sit motionless.

The strange-looking, wan sickle of a moon had long since sunk out of sight, vanishing like a pallid ghost of herself in the turquoise sky, when Boris Streneski, in a drosky behind a black horse, was whirled in the usual breakneck fashion across one of the temporary bridges to the little island home of the rich and aristocratic. The beating of the hoofs of the swiftly moving animal rang out like the portentous rhythm of the mythical steed of the Erlking, at once monotonous and insistent. The strong jaws of the man were closed on a cheap cheroot, but his head was thrown back, as if trying to count the stars where there were none. For that overvivid green glow flouted at the argent, pure white glimmer of the "candles of the angels" and drove them from the

heavens. Boris Streneski, though, continued to look up.

At length a sudden halt was made that threw him sharply forward from his seat. He turned his head with a start. At the front door of his home so soon? For some time the rhythm of hoofbeats had been tempered by the earth, as if a soft pedal had descended on the steady reiteration of sound. He got out, tossed the coachman his purse and went in. It was a public conveyance; the driver, after waiting a moment to see if he would be obliged to return any change, and finding that none was expected, spoke to the horse, his "dear little brother," and bade him gallop his best back to the city for more opulent generous gentlemen like this one. "Dear little brother" responded; as the vehicle vanished the late "fare" stepped up the graveled walk to the door of his house and admitted himself.

The rooms were fairly well lighted; he looked around him, touched a bell.

"Madame has not yet returned?" he said to the sleepy-looking servant who after several moments answered and relieved him of coat and stick.

"No," was the answer "Madame and the Prince and Princess Vacelli and the Count de Nontand have gone to the Nevski for a drive. Madame also spoke of a ball at the palace."

"Yes, yes; everyone is up, I know. What time is it? There, on the mantel, dolthead, is the clock!"

"After three." The man blinked; his master's voice sounded strangely remote, metallic; but that perhaps was because the servant felt so tremendously sleepy; the glamour of the white night had not affected him. So he welcomed the command to go to bed now and stay there, and retired with stateliness, though on the other side of the door a long suppressed yawn burst from him.

In the luxuriously furnished drawing-room the master did not yawn; he appeared very much awake, the usually dull eyes now oddly bright and shining. In one corner of the spacious apartment was a beautiful desk, ornate but very strong and solid; sometimes his wife

swept the household and other bills and miscellaneous papers into a drawer she kept locked from the prying eyes of the servants. Boris Streneski now tried to open that drawer. Great was his strength, but admirable, too, was the lock; it resisted his first efforts. A sound came from the man's throat: "You puny fool!" He tried again; his great muscles swelled. This time he ripped, tore the front fairly away, drew out the broken drawer and laid it on the cold table of polished malachite in the center of the room. Some impulse turned him again to the desk. It had once belonged to the great Catherine herself, and had been built alike for use or secrets; often had he admired it, the craft of the artisan who had made it at once so substantial and pleasing to the eye. Thrusting his hand through the opening where the drawer had been, he found now a compartment behind, and in it a small metallic box; this he placed likewise on the table.

What now? Was he asking himself the question? He could feel these things, but to see them properly, discriminatingly? His fingers swept over the mass of papers. Bills, bills—paid and unpaid, as he managed to make out with the aid of a magnifying glass he took from his pocket. It cost him a terrible effort to discern just what they were; his eyes burned. But he saw, estimated the amounts; they staggered him. Regal expenditures, truly!

He burst open now the metal box, dashing it with giant's force against the hard malachite, regardless of injury to that precious stone or how he cut his fingers. The steel receptacle broken, the shining contents lay before him—jewels he had known nothing about, a fortune in themselves! His fingers returned to the papers. Two he selected—not bills; they seemed to have been inadvertently left there. He had started to look at them more carefully, but had laboriously and with physical torture mastered only the contents of one, and taken the other from its envelope, when a drosky sounded before the house door.

The man thrust the two particular missives in his pocket. When several

moments later, after a parting with someone without, Pauline Streneski came in, she found him standing at the table, his big fingers among the baubles. A little blood that flowed from a cut in his hand was redder than the rubies.

"You!" She gave a slight scream at the unexpected sight of him, at what lay on the table. Then she glanced toward the desk; the lace wrap fell from her shoulders; she stood as if half paralyzed.

"I have seen Seidel," said the man with customary directness.

"Seidel! What Seidel?" she stammered. "What—are you talking about?"

"Your Seidel, who, today, sent you this?" He drew from his pocket the missive he had read and placed the cheque accompanying it on the table. "For an amount hardly to be dreamed of! Even," in an oddly emotionless tone, "if the pictures had been real—if *I had painted them!*"

She drew in her breath quickly; it seemed like a dream, an impossible one. "You have seen—spoken with—him?" she managed to say, her voice strange to her own ears.

"Spoken! Driven to where he has them; looked at them!" He spoke in the same still manner.

"Then you told him?" The words burst from her involuntarily, in spite of the fear of the moment. She glanced toward the cheque, the precious cheque.

"Not yet." A strange weariness, a heavy weight, was in his tones. "I wanted time to think, to plan, as there were probably others—scores of other counterfeits in existence."

The woman looked at him closer; though the veins stood out on his forehead, his tone was so quiet it might have deceived her. "One must live," she said uncertainly, as if striving to feel, grope her way. "We needed a great deal of money; one has to keep up appearances; it is no joke to come down in the world—for a woman, I mean."

"You did not always have luxury," he answered with almost unnatural patience. "Your parents were poor. Was it—the Count de Nontand?" he asked, the slightest change in the monotonous voice.

"Was it? I don't understand." Her eyes swept to the masses of paper, the bills, then returned to him with swift furtiveness, a sudden ashiness on her cheeks, a question in her eyes.

"Who manufactured the pictures—forged my name to them?"

"Forged!" She caught at the word like one who felt the need of desperate fencing. "It is hardly the word. There were hundreds of old sketches of yours lying around, going to waste. We simply utilized them; there was nothing very wrong in that. Especially as the bills had to be met, and all the money in the bank was gone."

"There would have been enough for the rest of your days, had you been content to live simply," he answered as by rote.

She did not seem to hear. "Your affliction interfered with your work. We had to have money; we could not live like peasants. Your own position—mine—was at stake. I have tried to save you the anxiety—no tradesmen to see, nothing for you to bicker about. I have always attended to all the disagreeable details. Oh, it has been no small work, and even now there are accounts and accounts! It has taken some figuring, I can tell you, to make both ends meet; you should really feel indebted to me—"

"Indebted?" He looked at her as one might look at a person he sees for the first time.

She looked toward the papers—the bills—the cheque, as if torn by conflicting desires, the memory of something forgotten. "There are contingencies and necessities. Necessities," she went on, "that oblige one to come down from the clouds, to consider even the despised Israelitish picture dealer!"

Words, words! She threw into them all the accents of persuasion she was mistress of; perhaps the man's very immobility encouraged her. Had she not swayed him in the past in many little things? Did she not remember how much she had been to him? How strong his devotion? Might she not now move him to see—to look at this matter, in ever so slight a degree, through her eyes?

At least, to find excuse, some palliation for her—for what she had done? Her fingers, like antennæ working through instinct, moved toward the cheque.

But before they could touch it, he took it, tore it into bits. Then walking to a window at the end of the room, he threw back the shutters and dropped the pieces of paper into the swirling waters below. A cry broke from her, of suppressed rage, disappointment. Ruin—ruin! She could see it so plainly, staring them—her—in the face.

"What have you done? What have you done?"

"The easiest part of what is to be done."

"What—do you mean?"

"That I shall give to the world today, over my own signature, a list of every genuine picture of mine when it was painted and where it is."

She paled, steadied herself. "You would worse than ruin—kill yourself—me!" she cried. "Oh, you must not—must not!"

He did not answer.

"Don't you see they would come back for pay—pay?" she went on more incoherently.

"We'll pay what we can with the jewels, the house, the horses, what remains."

"And go out into the streets?" shrilly.

He made no reply; she watched him, her breath coming quickly. He would do it, plunge himself—her—another into the pit.

Another! How that other would curse her—the publicity, the loss of his "honor!" He, the proud aristocrat, the darling of the court world, to be denounced as one who forged, imitated, reconstructed, manufactured bogus pictures, sold them! Her companion in crime, a cheat, a thief! Yes, that's what he—they both—would be called. It was inconceivable, horrible; exposure must not come. She must save herself —him, at any cost. But how? Her head whirled.

Again she glanced at the bills, the papers, while a question that had flashed through her mind earlier reiterated itself in her brain. And once more

her look turned with catlike swiftness to him before her; perhaps she had not left it, after all, in the drawer; perhaps, if she had, he had not seen it! He was nearly blind—

Even as that thought insinuated itself hopefully, the man before her took from his pocket that second envelope he had started to look at when she had entered. She recognized it in a flash, bit her lips hard. He intended to read it.

He did read it, though she begged and implored! His strength held her back. He stumbled over it with a glass. On the other side of the green table now she stood limp, passive, watching him decipher this, the one missive she had received from that source she had not destroyed. Fool that she had been! She, the clever woman! She felt a mad desire to scream, to stab!

Rubles and kisses! They mingled impartially in the perfumed note. Once Boris Streneski looked up; the great veins on his temples seemed bursting; his heart pounded like a hammer. The sparks of fire before his eyes dazed, blinded him. Or, perhaps, something had snapped in his head, destroyed the little sight that remained. No, this could not be; he knew he would be able to finish that letter, to drink the full knowledge, the bitter cup, to the end.

The woman, watching him, pressed her fingers backward on the marble until it seemed they would break. This horrible slowness! Would he never finish? "For heaven's sake, let me read it to you!" burst from her at length in smothered tones. "I'll read it, every line, every syllable!"

"You!" He had about finished.

"Only let it be over—over!"

He regarded her as through a mist. "Was it not enough to have stolen my honor as an artist—to have sold, bent me—me," he repeated, "to a curlike bondage to commercialism; to have bartered my fame, my very soul, the higher artistic self that should always be kept sacred, unsullied—as the price to be paid divinity for the privilege of having lived? Was it not enough to have tricked, cheated, delivered me, blind like Samson, to posterity, the unborn

generations, as a craven artist, a liar, false as hell to his trust, without having also—" The great hand closed on the letter. He seemed scarcely able to speak—to breathe.

"I—if you would only be reasonable—" It was all she could think to say.

"Reasonable!" He could laugh, a terrible laugh. Double infamy! And he had turned to this woman as one turns to the icon. He could see her as he had seen her at the altar, lily white and straight—hear the priest's voice, the wonderful music. His brain now was full of strange sounds, rushing noises, pulsations. "Then you do not deny?" Impotent questionings. The man's giant figure swayed.

"Deny?" She made a movement; this baiting—all that had happened—the knowledge of irrevocable ruin close at hand—had gotten on her nerves. "No, no!" Why should she deny? The letter told all. Her nails pressed into her palms. "I love him—love, love!" The wild madness had caught her, the hatred and despair. The words came with a rush, hysterically; she, calculating, careful, could not help them.

A terrible change came over his face. What he said, he knew not; he moved toward her. And at that, a quicker realization smote her—of results, consequences, something beyond mere financial ruin or disgrace, something even more inconceivable. She looked at him, all bravado gone; his appearance filled her with sudden terror, the feeling she had experienced once on the steppe before the breaking of a storm—the terrible *samjot*, mad, all-consuming, which tosses the "wind witches" like feathers! She was sure she saw death, and, so thinking, gave a sudden gasp; her form slid to the floor. She lay limp, the color of wax.

He regarded her, a blur in white at his feet, and pressed his hands to his forehead. What was happening? What had happened? He had not touched her; he did not touch her now. The stillness grew.

It was suddenly broken by a sound without, a tiny sound, yet a very large one, a clicking against the frame of the

window on the side of the room overlooking the gardens. Made by a pebble thrown upward? Toward her windows above? His own apartments were on the other side of the house. Click! Again! A pebble? Yes!

The man in the room went to one of the side windows. His motions were slow, as if he hardly acted through conscious volition.

"Pauline!" Outside, among the flowers, a face was raised upward; a passionate, expectant voice whispered: "Are you there? I return because while crossing the Troitsky, I saw your face like a ghost's and it seemed to implore me to come back!"

The man inside did not stir; without, near the trailing willow, a boat bumped gently. "Pauline! Look down! Tell me it was but the sorcery of the night, befooling, bewitching me—that nothing has happened! Sweet dove—"

Boris Streneski walked into another room; when he reappeared, he had two swords. Going to the front door, he stepped into the garden.

How long had he been gone? The green light, sifting through the shutters, grew whiter; was the day beginning to dawn? The clear, beautiful day, after the weird night? That was not a night! Without, muffled sounds were heard, but they disturbed no one; [the servants' quarters were remote.

Time passed; the man at length again reappeared. He was wiping his sword on his coat; having cleaned it, he laid the weapon down. Had mere accident served him, whose eyes could scarcely discern an opponent's motions? Had the Count been overcome by his own cowardice; or, perhaps, partially by the fumes of the wine he had drunk earlier that night? What matter?

Boris Streneski seated himself at the desk and started to write. Once, twice he stopped, breathing hard. A third time he resumed his task; the pen sputtered. "All others, false—fraudulent—base imitations—" He had reached that point when his head suddenly fell forward. In the garden a bird began to sing; but in the room all was hushed; on

the floor the white form yet remained motionless.

"Suppose you've heard the news?" said cheerily the Chicago agricultural man the next morning to his friend, the picture dealer, as they sat down together to a noon breakfast at the Hotel d'Europe.

"Yes," answered rather wearily Mr. Seidel, who, not having a Windy City constitution, suffered from a slight headache. "You mean about Streneski, the great painter, being found dead at his desk?"

The other nodded. "Stroke of apoplexy, wasn't it?"

"So runs my information; he apparently sat down to write something. Perhaps his will; but no paper was found, so he evidently failed to carry out his purpose, if that was it."

"Madame Streneski takes it hard, I suppose? You told me she was very devoted to his interests."

"Yes; she is quite prostrated, according to my informant, a special messenger I sent there. She is really ill, though she refuses to see a doctor."

"Well, I don't suppose it'll make your pictures—those you just bought—any less valuable?" artfully suggested the man of many machines.

"They've gone up twenty-five per cent already, my boy," murmured Mr. Seidel.

"Hum!" muttered the Chicago man admiringly. "You fellows from the effete East have us from the 'wild and woolly' beaten to a finish. But speaking about Streneski, rather odd that friend of his—or rather of his wife—Count Something-or-Other should have been found stabbed in the shoulder, floating down the river in a boat. I heard it was a nasty cut, although he'll get well."

"Nothing is odd that happens here, my friend," said the New York man, picking very sparingly at his food. "In Russia, people *do* those things," he added irrelevantly with a yawn.

"What do you mean?"

"Don't quite know myself. Something I heard yesterday—Ibsen, I guess. My God, man, how you eat!"

"I suppose," said the other, ignoring this ejaculation, "you'll be able to pick up some more Streneskis from the widow. Posthumous works—all great men have some tucked away for a contingency of this sort."

"I hope to," returned Mr. Seidel alertly. "That is why I am postponing my return to New York a few days. It takes a lot of art to feed those millionaires!"

"Then they must be hungrier than you," mischievously.

A possible reply, in kind, to this pleasantry—they knew each other quite well after last night—was interrupted by the appearance of a messenger, bearded like a pard, a veritable Rip Van Winkle evolution of the familiar Yankee type. "Eh?" said Mr. Seidel, tearing open the note handed him. "And I thought her a good business woman!"

"*Was ist los?*" inquired he of the unimpaired appetite.

"Nothing; only Madame Streneski writes that the cheque I gave her got among some other papers and was accidentally destroyed. All right"—to the man—"I'll send her another, a duplicate. And mighty glad to do so!" Rip made no motion; of course he did not understand. "Excuse me," said Mr. Seidel,

rising; "I'll have to go into the writing room and indite my reply on paper to madame."

"I should say," said the other, "your Madame Streneski was a very good business woman, to think of a cheque at such a time."

"It is a very large cheque," returned Mr. Seidel. "And she knew I intended going away. Business is business. One has to think of it, even at such moments as these. In this case, it was quite necessary—a cheque for six figures! Madame Streneski is a remarkable woman, whom to know is to respect. And I'm sorry for her, I tell you, old chap—very; yesterday so fond of her husband, his work, his wonderful talent. You should have heard her speak of him. She knew his value, his worth! If ever a woman cared for a man—Look at that note; you can hardly read it!"

"It is somewhat blurry and moist," assented the Chicago man flippantly.

Mr. Seidel's reply was brusque; but Chicago men are nothing if not crude and callous. As for him, Mr. Seidel, if it had not been for that confounded headache, he would have been capable of an even deeper sympathy for madame, when he thought of her bereavement, and, incidentally, of posthumous works.



"IT was a powerful sermon."

"What was the text?"

"I don't recall the text, but I know he thoroughly discredited it."



STORKS rush in where dollars fear to tread.



POOTS—I tell you, there's an indescribable sense of luxury in lying in bed and ringing one's bell for one's valet.

FRIEND—You have a valet?

POOTS—No, but I've got a bell.

# EVE AND THE CHAPERON

By Adele Luehrman

EVE lived in a back hallroom on the top floor of a New York boarding house, carefully chaperoned by a New England Conscience. She taught school in the morning and tutored private pupils in the afternoon, and for amusement went to art galleries, museums and symphony concerts. And life was not gay.

She had friends, but as they were also friends of the Chaperon they did little to lighten the general gloom. There was a person who did lighten it—as much as he was allowed to. That was the Usual Man.

He spent his days in Wall Street and his evenings on the Great White Way where theaters bloom, and the Chaperon did not approve of him at all. Eve, however, liked him very much, so much, indeed, that she sometimes locked the Chaperon in the hallroom and escaped to the wild dissipation of a *table d'hôte* dinner. She had even permitted him to take her to the theater when some very worthy example of the Serious Drama was to be seen, but she always did penance afterwards by taking the Chaperon to the Boston Symphony. So it hardly paid.

The Usual Man did not care much for the Serious Drama. He preferred Musical Comedy. But he never dared suggest it to Eve, for he had made the acquaintance of the Chaperon and he feared her more than a financial panic. He endured her only because Eve was prettier than any chorus girl he knew, and had moreover a most entrancing way of flirting without knowing that she did it. Whereas the ladies of the chorus always knew.

When summer came Eve returned to

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her New England home. The Chaperon, quite run down after the strenuous winter in a foreign clime, recuperated quickly in her native air and took her rebellious charge vigorously in hand. She told Eve in unmeasured terms that she had deteriorated and become New Yorky. It was a terrible accusation.

Eve took it greatly to heart and promised to mend her ways. She thought things over and decided that, while she could never hope to reconcile the Chaperon to the Usual Man, she might perhaps reconcile the Usual Man to the Chaperon. So she began to slip tactful little hints into her answers to his very frequent letters. The letters became less frequent.

When she returned to New York in the fall she brought the Chaperon down whenever the Usual Man called and insisted upon her taking an active part in the conversation. The Usual Man departed early.

Once he got desperate, and in defiance of the Chaperon asked Eve to go to the theater with him. She declined and said sadly how sorry she was that he was so fond of frivolous things. He assured her with great earnestness that she was his good angel and appealed to all that was best in him. Then he came back—in four or five weeks—to let her do it again.

Eve owned a book which was a great comfort to the Chaperon. It was called "Within Ourselves," and was written by an Unusual Man. She had marked many passages in it, and one of them she read often—as often as she found herself longing for the Usual Man.

The passage ran: "To do the hardest task that lies before us, that in the doing

strength may come for yet a harder one; to climb the highest peak our eyes can see, that having gained it a loftier one may break upon our vision; to dwell alone upon the mountain top, if no one that we love has reached it with us—this is simple duty. Less is base betrayal of the God within us."

Eve had a picture of the author which she had cut from a magazine and neatly framed in passepartout. It hung above her desk, and after she had read the passage she would gaze for a long time into the eyes of the Unusual Man—those eyes strained ever toward the Heights. Then she would go to bed and dream of the—Usual Man. And she was most unhappy.

One day she got a new pupil—an extraordinary person from Chicago, where they know of Chaperons only by hearsay. That was the Widow.

Now the Widow had a Way. The Way had some years earlier effected her transfer from the cashier's cage in a business men's lunch room to a mansion on the Lake Shore Drive, with the additional comfort of a "Mrs." on her visiting cards. When the bestower of these blessings was summoned from the scene, the Widow consigned the cashier's cage to oblivion, converted the mansion into cash and took herself and her Way to New York. There she soon discovered that, though her cashier's cage might be looked upon as prehistoric, her ignorance of English grammar might not. So Eve was engaged to come every afternoon and train pronouns in the way they should go.

The Widow lived in an expensive apartment hotel carelessly chaperoned by a pianola. Everything in the hotel came high except thinking, but as the Widow rarely indulged in that she saved no money thereby. Having plenty of Cash she longed for Culture. So she tried to make a friend of Eve and was promptly introduced to the Chaperon, for whom she conceived an instantaneous and unbounded respect. The Chaperon did not reciprocate.

As a short cut to Culture, Eve recommended "Within Ourselves," the book by the Unusual Man, and the

Widow immediately bought it. She pronounced Eve's favorite passage beautiful and inspiring, and was impressed especially by the part: "To dwell alone upon the mountain top, etc., " and she felt a yearning for the man who had written it. She had never known an Unusual Man; she had even doubted his existence. Widows are often Doubters.

Sometimes she played for Eve on the pianola. She played choice selections from musical comedies, and from one in particular, "The Girl in the Moon," which she told Eve she had seen five times. She also sang a song from it—a naughty little song—entitled: "You're Wrong, Little Boy—Guess Again."

Something about the song struck Eve as familiar, and she remembered that she had heard the Usual Man whistle it. She was perfectly aware from the posters that "The Girl in the Moon" was a form of entertainment in which Shameless Creatures sang and danced in very short skirts or no skirts at all, but she hadn't a doubt that the Usual Man had also seen it five times. And she yearned for him.

The Widow meanwhile yearned for the Unusual Man, and she did not yearn in vain. Widows rarely do.

She found out that the Mountain Top on which he dwelt alone was located in a bachelor hotel a few blocks away. To make his acquaintance proved easy. The rest, easier still.

One day she introduced him to Eve, and, though overwhelmed by the honor, Eve could not help observing that the eyes which in the picture strained ever toward the Heights now strained ever toward the Widow.

A week later the Widow announced that the Unusual Man was about to move his lonely Mountain Top over to her apartment—in short, to marry her.

Eve wished her joy and sped at a mad pace to her hallroom on the top floor of the boarding house. She knew just what she would do when she got there. She would take a certain picture, framed in passepartout by her own reverential fingers, and she would most irreverently smash it! The Chaperon, who tagged

along, reminded her that every rule has its exception, but Eve bade her sharply to hold her tongue. Next she would tear a certain book to shreds, and after that she knew what else she'd do! She would— But at that moment she ran plump into the Usual Man.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I was just thinking of you."

"Keep right on," he said. "Don't let me interrupt."

Eve giggled and the Chaperon groaned.

"Where are you going?" asked the Usual Man.

"I was going home." It sounded like ancient history, and the Usual Man took the hint with alacrity.

"But you are not now," he said.

"No?" inquired Eve.

"Certainly not!" he answered boldly. "You are going to dine with me."

"Goodness!" she cried. "You're a regular wizard."

"I am," he agreed, wondering if the Chaperon had met with an accident. "I can even tell you what you are going to do after dinner."

"Really! What?"

"You are going with me to the New Theater to see 'Julius Cæsar.'"

Eve shook her head in disappointment. "You are not such a wizard, after all," she said.

"Ah, I have it!" he announced in tri-

umph after a moment's reflection. "The dramatic version of 'Parsifal'!"

Again she shook her head. Then she laughed up into his puzzled eyes. "You're wrong, little boy—guess again!"

He nearly fainted. "'The Girl in the Moon'?" he breathed, incredulous.

"'The Girl in the Moon,'" she repeated without a quiver.

"I'm on!" he said briskly, recovering himself. He concluded that the Chaperon was dead, but when things were coming his way it was not his habit to ask the reason why.

They got into a taxicab and Eve made faces at the horrified Chaperon. After a cocktail she ignored her. After two, she forgot her. The Usual Man also forgot her.

Eve had the time of her life, and when they finally got back to the boarding house she held out her hand to the Usual Man as they stood alone under the dim hall light.

"Good night," she said, peering up at him demurely. "And please don't forget to tell me that I am your good angel and appeal to all that's best in you."

"Angel?" he whispered. "You're a little devil, that's what you are! And I love you—I love you!" And he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

When she was married Eve dismissed the Chaperon. A married woman never has a Chaperon, as everybody knows.



**FIRST GUEST**—I wonder why speeches at banquets are called "toasts"?

**SECOND GUEST**—I suppose because they are so dry.



"HAVE you seen her husband?"  
"Oh, yes. He somehow has the appearance of having been selected at random."

## IT'S PECULIAR—

By Frank M. Bicknell

**T**HAT you may call a man "old man" when he is young, but not afterward.  
That you may call a woman young at any age.  
That you may perhaps call a man a "queer fish," but you must not call him a shark, a clam or a lobster.

That though brokers may be bulls and bears, their offspring are not necessarily calves and cubs.

That you may call a man's children kids, but you must not call him a goat.

That you may call a woman's children chicks, but you must not call her an old hen.

That you may call a woman a little duck, but not a big goose.

That you may call her a sly puss, but not a deceitful cat.

And that, while it is not advisable to call a man sly, and is most inadvisable to call him a dog, yet you may venture to call him a sly dog, also a gay dog, or—if he be very gay indeed—a sad dog, without ruffling his feelings; but on no account must you call him a puppy or a cur.



## RENUNCIATION

By Stanley Olmsted

**D**EAR, if I know thee not,  
The heart  
Will bury but the portion I have lost,  
Nor reckon cost—  
Nor pay in anguish of the joy, ill bought  
With treachery; for we have met  
To part.

But if the yearning grant its meed—  
Who knows?  
A day ends in a sigh;  
The twilight glimmers out, "Good-bye."

So, though I bleed,  
'Tis but a graciousness that I  
Was strong to say, with it, "Good-bye,  
Good-bye."

# CLUB LIFE OF NEW YORK AND LONDON

By Fred Millar

CERTAIN critics have said in their haste that there is no artistic atmosphere in New York—nor in the whole of America, for that matter—therefore, no contrast can be made between the capitals of the Old and the New World. Concerning this general charge, which, like all generalizations, is so difficult of disproof, the present writer, on this his third visit to America, has gathered the following data, so that the case, free from bias of every kind, may be tried—at all events by him.

It is in the nature of things that America presents a series of surprises to a stranger, and in no city is this felt more strongly than in New York. In some ways these contrasts give piquancy to New York, making it unique among cities; but now that the novelty has somewhat worn off, and I have got to know my New York, one is better able to do justice to the American on his native pavement—sidewalk, I should say. On a third visit one is no longer startled at what New York presents to the stranger within her gates, for one is no longer an open-mouthed, wide-eyed rubberneck, to speak in the vernacular.

An English artist who brings the proper credentials finds profuse hospitality in New York, a heartiness of manner that quickly makes him feel at home; and as it has been my privilege to be the guest of several clubs, I am in a position to institute a comparison between the Bohemian life of my own city of London and this island city, whose skyline, when seen for the first time from the deck of a liner, stirs so many conflicting emotions.

Club life, I take it, is a pretty good test of the bedrock qualities of a people, for men are more themselves in the congenial atmosphere of their club, less reserved, less sophisticated, than in the world outside, where speech is used not only to conceal thought but to bluff the world, and where one's whole makeup is in the nature of protective armor or fence to keep intruders out.

If the artistic atmosphere be lacking without, Bohemian New York does its best to supply the deficiency in its club life, as this visitor can bear witness, even to the fitting up of some of the rooms on the plan, more or less, of our old English hostelleries. Inside a New York artists' club the bargain sellers as well as the bargain hunters, the Elevated and the Subway, can quickly be forgotten, while, if it be winter, the Englishman can even toast his toes at the fire on the hearth. And the atmosphere created by such an environment undoubtedly has its effect upon the members, so that one finds a spirit of frolic, friendliness and freedom in a club which makes the visitor soon throw off the reserve which it is said our countrymen carry with them; and if the guest does not reach the abandon and exuberance of the native, one is put at least in a melting mood. The American in his club has more of the boy about him; is not constantly standing sentinel at the door of his dignity, as we are apt to do; is more demonstrative, lets himself go more than is the wont of my countrymen. Yet below all this sparkle and froth one finds a tremendous zest for work, a zest which is peculiar to

the country, and which we older nations can only look on and marvel at. Bohemian New York is very much in earnest, as the visitor soon discovers when he finds himself drawn into an informal symposium, only to be held satisfactorily at a club, which, begun more as a joke or in a bantering spirit—New Yorkers keep this up much more than we do—soon merges into good talk wherein fundamentals are analyzed in a way that would astonish and confound your professional critic. The New Yorker knows how to be serious in a light-hearted way, how to keep the conversational shuttlecock going; he is rarely the profound bore—a breed we raise—and his naive zest for everything that comes along, his very restlessness, makes him a very companionable fellow.

Some such reflections as these came to me the other night at the Salmagundi, when I sat and saw the cabinet pictures which had been on view the previous week sold under the hammer by one of the members in a way that might have raised the envy of New York's leading auctioneer, so keen was this clubman to make each bidder strive to the utmost in dollars and cents.

Such a "stunt" is unknown in London, and I much doubt whether my townsmen would be willing to submit their gems to this most drastic of all criticism, their auction room value. It is bad enough when contemporary works come up in the salesroom through the dispersal of a collection, but to put up one's works voluntarily to such an appraisement, as was done at the Salmagundi, would be likely to wound the self-esteem of too many members of the clubs I am acquainted with to make it worth while suggesting on my return to London this way of raising the wind. When a work fetched a good price at the Salmagundi sale it evoked cheers. It was evident that the average American is neither a jealous nor a hypersensitive, packed-in-cotton-wool sort of fellow, alternately swelling with pride and bursting with satisfaction, or shrinking with self-consciousness and humble with an empty heart. In the old coun-

tries, the folk who consider themselves of some importance in the world of culture are apt to become cultivated out of all use, whereas over here the hustle all around keeps an American moving as though he were forever boarding a crowded car, and prevents him from getting into stagnant backwaters—keeps him broad-spirited, healthy-minded and withal simple. The analytical and subjective sides of his character do not overthrow the objective, which makes for balance and vigor; and while he is not a subtle thinker or ornate talker, he avoids many of the pitfalls digged for your overrefined person. An American is never blasé or used up. Everything seems before him; infinite possibility is his—and in saying this one says a good deal.

The Arts Club, in Dover Street, where the Royal Academicians—"The Divine 40"—and their satellites, the Associates foregather, would be shocked to have it suggested that, should the club funds require it, an auction sale of members' work might be held annually; it would not countenance so vulgar a proceeding, but the Chelsea Art Club, more Bohemian in its ways, might be willing to try such an experiment, though this club has greatly added to its funds these last few years by its annual fancy dress ball. So successful was last year's function that the club was not only enabled to build a new billiard room, but gave six hundred pounds to the artists' benevolent fund, an old established institution for tempering the wind to shorn painters, sculptors and engravers. Whistler was a member of the Chelsea Arts Club when it was housed in King's Road, and I recall how he spent three days mixing up tints when the billiard room was to be decorated; and finally when his scheme was carried out, and he was invited by the committee who had worked with him to come and see it, he wanted it done all over again because the effect wasn't what he anticipated. The club funds would not allow of this refinement, so the room had to go as it was, though Whistler would willingly have spent any amount of his own time to get just what he wanted.

Chelsea is still one of the most characteristic old bits of London, and the club is now housed in one of the old-time houses in Church Street. Sargent is a member, his studio being in Tite Street, where Whistler built the White house, afterwards inhabited by Oscar Wilde, and where James MacNeill used to give his celebrated breakfasts, served on his famous blue and white Chinese porcelain.

Whistler experienced the vicissitudes of an artist's life, if anyone did, and was often hard pressed to keep his end up. In one of his hard-up spells Whistler had invited a patron to dine. It was Ionides, who at his death left his collection to the nation, where it is housed at South Kensington. Ionides was a generous patron of artists, including Whistler, and the question of what he should give his guest to drink was a burning one, especially as, whatever it was, it had to be a cash purchase, and cash was very scarce. But few men were more resourceful than Whistler, so he bought three shilling bottles of claret, and ordered the man to seal one with white, one with yellow and one with red wax, and then instructed his maidservant to bring the yellow seal in first, leaving the white for dessert, while the red was to act as a sort of buffer and come between the courses. It is said that Ionides, who prided himself on being a judge of claret, asked the name of Whistler's wine merchant as he sipped the "white seal," which shows how a man of strong personality can hypnotize his guests, making *vin ordinaire* pass for a rare vintage.

The only club Whistler belonged to in the years before he finally won out—that is, after his libel action against Ruskin, when the Slade professor of Oxford accused Whistler of throwing a pot of paint at the heads of the British public and asking to be paid dearly for the insult—was the Chelsea Arts. On the walls of the club may be seen a letter from Phil May asking Whistler to propose him for membership.

There was nothing profound about Whistler among his club friends. He was ever ready to give anyone construc-

tive criticism, and I recall the occasion when, on taking the chair at a club lecture given on etching, he expressed in his own felicitous way how much he had learned that evening. As to Whistler's methods of painting, nothing, from his point of view, could be simpler. "I take the tints I require mixed up in small meat extract pots," he said, "so that when I am before my subject all I have to do is to put the colors on canvas"—a proceeding simple enough to him.

The human side of Whistler is apt to be lost sight of when a formal life of him gets itself written. A man so informal, so entirely *sui generis*, is not accommodated in any pigeonhole. A fellow clubman, who was with Whistler in Paris in his student days, told me a characteristic story of his desultory laziness, a trait brought out, by the way, in "Trilby," and for which Whistler never forgave Du Maurier. Whistler roomed in the Boulevard Clicky in those far-off days, and below him lived an elderly spinster who kept pets, among them some goldfish. One warm day some fellow students came round to Whistler's room to induce him to go into the country for a day's fishing. He had half promised to go, so my fellow clubman said, and had even got his tackle ready over night; but in the morning Whistler was found still in bed and no persuasion could induce him to get up, so the boys had to leave him to his own devices. The day was warm, and looking out of the window Whistler espied below him the aquarium of goldfish placed by the spinster lodger outside the window; whereupon he rigged up his line and spent the time he was to have been in the country catching the old maid's goldfish. Having landed the last one, it occurred to Whistler to fry them, but they looked so very queer in color when submitted to this culinary test that he placed them on a dish. Later on the boys returned and bantered their fellow student for his laziness and for missing so good a day. "And what is your bag?" drawled Whistler. "Oh, sport was off," said one. "The fish weren't biting," said another. "Well, I had quite a good day," Whistler said, pointing to the dish of

fish, "without leaving the place. I cooked them, thinking that some of you fellows might be hungry."

They were mystified, of course, and Whistler would not let on for some time where he had secured his bag. "And," said my club friend, "I well remember what a row there was when the old lady returned to find her aquarium empty."

The same painter told me that Du Maurier got his idea of Svengali and Trilby from a studio incident of those days. One of the students of the Whistler set discovered that he could exercise hypnotic control over a certain model who was attractive-looking but not a good sitter, so that while under this man's control the girl would keep her pose. Du Maurier of course only used the bare idea, working it out in his own way, but the germ I am assured came to Du Maurier in that way.

The man of business, on the rare occasions when he enters a Bohemian Club, must marvel at the light-heartedness of the tribe, knowing as he does that some of his hosts dare not look their landlord in the face and will make a wide detour to avoid meeting a frame maker or color man. He, the man at the receipt of custom, has the money of which, alas, Bohemia is in chronic need, that eternal want of pence which vexes public men. But these poor devils, up to all kinds of tricks and impromptu turns, are nearer happiness than he; such is the compensating irony of life.

I have been at a "stag" at the Salmagundi when one of the stunts was the painting of a picture in front of the guests in ten minutes. Thereafter, five minutes were allowed each subsequent performer to change the picture into any subject he chose, being given the further privilege of turning the canvas any way he liked. Thus one saw a seascape become a forest glade and a fishing village pass, in the twinkling of an eye, into a downtown street of skyscrapers, while nocturnes and symphonies, *à la* Whistler just grew out of the paint, with little effort apparently on the part of those who directed the brushes.

There was held in London this winter an exhibition of works known as "Post-

Impressionist," after—a good long way after—Manet. The show was much written up, mainly because the canvases, being so very unusual and often so doubtful as to meaning, gave the journalist his opportunity: he could lucubrate to his soul's desire, and let himself go in print as these Impressionist Frenchmen did in paint. These wild, weird and whirling works afforded the Chelsea Club an evening's entertainment in painting after the manner of Matisse, Van Gogh, Gaugain, Denys & Co. and the skits were temporarily framed and hung around the billiard room, to the great amusement of guests. I made the acquaintance of the skits before I saw the works of the "masters," and it seemed to me that Post-Impressionist masterpieces were better done after a good dinner, when the day is far spent, than in the soberer hues of the morning.

The Langham Sketch Club, housed in an old building in a *cul-de-sac* close to the Langham Hotel—so familiar to Americans—is possibly the most unusual institution of its kind in London. A life class, nude and draped in alternate weeks, is held every evening, while Friday is sketch night, when a subject proposed by a member is illustrated, in oil, water color or pastel, "all out of their heads," as the boy said. It is astonishing what very complete works some men can accomplish in two hours; these sketches are sold for good prices, as collectors are keen to get them. A man is able to realize the vision within when free to be guided by intuition and not tied down by a model; if ever the artist is likely to soar into the empyrean it is then. The members of the Langham hold three or four shows of their work a year, and a good many sales are then effected. Smokers are held on one night during these exhibitions at which sandwiches, bread and cheese, beer and whiskey are dispensed, some of the girl models acting as waitresses. Professional and amateur talent enlivens the proceedings, turns of all kinds being done and a really unique and interesting evening may be spent. The club has been in existence for some eighty years, and

has inherited from former members a valuable collection of sketches, old furniture, armor, costumes, books and bric-à-brac, which are at the service of the members. American painters spending a winter in London should become subscribers, as they can enjoy many privileges.

The Century Club, of New York, is more on the lines of the Arts Club in London, suiting rather the more staid and decorous ones who deem themselves of some importance in their day than those of a more Bohemian nature.

The Players, in Gramercy Park, would be paralleled by the Garrick, in Covent Garden, which, though ostensibly an actors' club as its name implies, had Dickens and Thackeray among its members, while painters, sculptors, doctors, judges and other distinguished folk are proud to belong to it. I know that at the present time, W. J. Locke, W. W. Jacobs and W. Pett Ridge are members of the Garrick. Like the Players, the Garrick has a fine collection of portraits and other artistic souvenirs, its walls displaying a history of the arts in the wider sense.

The Lambs is to American actors what the Green Room Club is to London players, the haunt of the more free and easy members of the profession. The aloofness of the older clubs, with traditions to maintain—a tiresome burden at times—keeps certain men from seeking membership, for some of us want a club where we can feel perfectly at home—can sit in our shirtsleeves if so minded. American actors find the Green Room Club, housed next door to where Sir Joshua Reynolds lived, in Leicester Square, a convenient and pleasant haunt, where formality is dispensed with and very good meals are served at prices far lower than could be found outside. This club again is rich in souvenirs of the stage.

The Beef Steak, celebrated in its day as a club, had Toole and Henry Irving among its members. Its rooms were inside a theater, now destroyed, and is numbered with the things of the past. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

Two other celebrated Bohemian clubs

in London are the Yorick and the Eccentric, both in the Strand district. On the walls of the former is a series of caricatures of the leading members by a popular cartoonist. These counterfeit presentments are bitingly cruel in their truthfulness, but, after all, most people prefer to be pilloried to being ignored. Some exceedingly clever caricatures, the features reduced to their simplest elements, the work of a sculptor, are to be seen at the Chelsea Arts Club. In the hands of a clever caricaturist your matinee idol becomes little more than "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair"—if there be any hair left to hank.

The Savage Club, whose Saturday nights are so celebrated, is possibly alone among clubs, though The Lambs in New York has certain points in common with it. The best talent in London, not necessarily local but including artists from all quarters of the globe, do turns at the Savage to entertain the club's guests after the Saturday night dinners; and many a foreign artist makes his first bow to an English audience at the Savage smokers.

The late King Edward, when Prince of Wales, was a guest on many occasions and hugely enjoyed a Savage evening. The club's premises are in the historic Savoy. The club name commemorates not a tribe of cannibals, but Samuel Johnson's unfortunate friend, Richard Savage, one of the most pathetic figures in the history of London's Bohemia, whose life story, told by the "King of Fleet Street" is the most moving that has come down to us.

There is a side of Bohemian life in New York which is as agreeable as it is unique. I refer to the lunch clubs, such as the Dutch Treat Club, to which I have been taken by literary and artistic friends, whose members meet weekly at Keen's Chop House, the former location of the Lambs, and whose walls are rich in dramatic and literary souvenirs. These midday weekly gatherings are delightful pauses in the "daily round and common task," giving men an opportunity of meeting who in the rush of life only pass each other in the street—a mere bowing acquaintance of small use

or profit. Men hear the latest stories and bonmots, and, moreover, can get into touch and scheme out work to everyone's advantage. I know of no such club in London. For one thing, London is a vast, inchoate assemblage, whereas New York is a highly concentrated unity.

The Authors' Club, whose premises adjoin the National Liberal Club on the Thames Embankment, gives occasional dinners to distinguished guests, and many Americans have been so honored. At the ordinary lunch a good many writers may be met, but these gatherings in no sense correspond with such as those of the Dutch Treat Club.

I do not know whether New York cultivates breakfasts, as did Samuel Rogers. This Banker Poet's breakfasts were famous, probably because he, being a banker, *could* give breakfasts, and Rogers gathered around his table all who were in any way distinguished. It was said of this rich dilettante that if Christ had returned to earth, Rogers would certainly have asked him to tea and toast. Gladstone cultivated breakfasts during the Parliamentary session, entertaining his intimates in this way before his strenuous day began, while at that solemn, stately institution, the Atheneum, in Pall Mall, by the Duke of York's Column, members gave breakfasts; but one hardly imagines in such classic scenes the meal being anything but strictly formal. Busy men would probably consider breakfast best eaten like a quick lunch, certainly not a meal to be lingered over and toyed with.

The Authors' Club, in New York, whose guest I have been privileged to be on several occasions, gives delightful weekly evenings, with punch and tobacco to aid talk, and a midnight supper to build up the waste that has gone on while subjects of great pith and moment have been discussed and good stories told. A visitor to this New York club has a rare treat in looking at the literary and artistic curiosities on the walls.

By the way, the word "punch," like "lunch," is used in a number of senses that need explaining to an Englishman. Sometimes it appears to mean a gather-

ing more than a drink. The "punch" served at the Authors' Club in a fine Oriental bowl is what we should call claret cup, while by "punch" we in England mean the after-dinner drink, still served at the Wednesday dinners to the staff of *Punch*, which is drunk piping hot, very delectable, but at the same time forwarding, as Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen discovered. The cover of *Punch* shows a bowl of that moving drink. A Scotch form of *punch*, called "Athol broose," made of whiskey, honey, lemon and boiling water, I have drunk at a medical club at Oxford; it is highly seductive and soothing, but can tangle the feet some, as an American might say. Lunch appears to mean a meal and may be served at any hour; with us it means a midday repast.

There is probably more club life in New York than in London. The jocund life gets itself better expressed than in my own grayer city, and this may be due to the more stimulating air of Manhattan. The absence of smoke, more than the increased sunniness of New York, gives this city an immense advantage over London, or any city where soft coal is burned. The vigor and vim of this city on an island are due more than all else to the purity of its air. Could London be freed of smoke, a consummation devoutly to be wished, what a gain were that!

The Vagabond Club is a London dining club, giving a series of semi-public dinners at one of the large restaurants through the winter. There is always a guest of honor, sometimes two, a man and a woman, and some good after-dinner speaking—good for us, that is, for I fancy Americans make a better showing in this regard than do we. Tickets for these dinners must be obtained from a member. It is purely a dining club, having no premises. So also are the Omar Khayyám and Johnson Clubs. The members and their guests meet at intervals at some old city tavern, the Johnson Club at the old Cock Tavern, where the great lexicographer himself used to put his legs under the mahogany. Both these clubs are small in membership, but talk and conversation of the

best accompany plain old English fare.

New York boasts among organizations of this same sort, having no permanent clubhouse but meeting periodically at certain well known restaurants for dinner and discussion afterwards, the Twilight, the Pleiades, the Sunset, the Ragged Edge and the Hungry clubs. The present Twilight Club, which has lately been reorganized, traces its history back to an organization existing in the early eighties, to which many of the leading men in New York belonged. Literary and musical features, as well as after-dinner discussion of selected topics, mark these gatherings. The other clubs mentioned are similar in nature; the Sunset Club has been characterized by a rather greater radicalism than the rest, and has received perhaps greater newspaper notice on account of the unusual subjects sometimes discussed.

Another of the select London clubs whose membership is never exceeded is the Odd Volumes. Each "brother" bears the name of some calling or craft—printer, bibliophile, designer, historian—which office he is called upon to fill. New members are admitted only when death or resignation causes a vacancy. The Odd Volumes publish *opuscula* on literary, antiquarian, artistic and kindred subjects. But few of these tiny volumes are printed; a complete set is a bibliophile's treasure. Many an American has been a guest at their dinners, for such clubs are privileged lion hunters.

One difference I notice in club life in New York, and that is that payment for food and drinks is not carried on, as Carlyle would have said, on a nexus of cash payment. London clubs give no credit, and I cannot but think this a wise provision, for a man may, all unthinkingly, run up a bill at his club, to find himself posted at last as a defaulter. Then, too, no tips are ever given at a club, but members subscribe to a Christmas fund which is divided pro rata among the staff. A club is a home for the time being, and tipping makes one forget that fact.

It may interest the reader to compare the club prices of London with those of New York. The following obtain at the Chelsea Arts Club, and may be taken as fairly representative of others: Breakfast, consisting of tea or coffee, toast, rolls and butter, bacon and eggs or other dish, marmalade and jam, twenty-four cents—translating our money into its nearest American equivalent. Lunch, consisting of fish, a cut off the joint, vegetables, pudding or other dessert, thirty cents, or, with coffee, thirty-four cents; dinner of soup, fish, joint or poultry, sweets and cheese, thirty-six cents, or, with coffee, forty cents.

Some of the larger clubs serve a *table d'hôte* dinner at from sixty to seventy-five cents, which gives the diner a lot for his money, while a chop or steak, vegetables and bread and cheese, technically known as a "grill," can always be had for about thirty cents. Drinks are, of course, extra, a glass of draught ale costing four cents, and whiskey or cocktails eight cents; but the whiskey with us is brought measured out, and you are not invited to help yourself from the bottle, as is the custom in America.

Summing up the case for the plaintiff, one may say that New York artistic club life has a greater abandon about it than is to be found in London. Club life here is keyed up and kept there in a manner somewhat startling at first, as though the members, realizing that a city such as New York never remains the same long enough to get crusted like old port, and, because of its climate and its planning, lacks the mystery, the half-tone of my own birthplace and seeks to create a mental atmosphere in its club life, which London may, shrugging its shoulders, have no necessity to strive after. Americans appear always at high pressure, which becomes a youthful country, and it must strike them when in England that we seem a trifle tired.

It is worth recalling that the Royal Academy of Arts has been recruited on several occasions from America. Its second president was Benjamin West, while John Singleton Copley, father of the great judge, Lord Lyndhurst, was one of the first forty.

# AFTERMATH

By J. M. Van Deursen

**S**UMMER over.  
The blond Adonis with sunburned hair,  
Who rode with the girl in the roller chair;  
The slim Diana who braved the spray,  
The chap who swam with her every day;  
The little brunette in the middy blouse,  
With the English bull from the Pi Ki house;  
The dancing queen with the dreamy eyes,  
Who waltzed with the chap with the noisy ties;  
The brown lifesaver who queened the maid,  
Under her red umbrella's shade—  
In fact, of all of the spoony pairs,  
From red umbrellas to roller chairs;  
Of all of the loves so young and hale,  
Not one of 'em's left to tell the tale—  
Or, at least, you'll grant, if you're a male,  
Some are over.



“THEY'RE going to institute a new post in magazine offices.”  
“What is it?”  
“For a translator of dialect stories.”



“WHAT are your politics?”  
“I haven't any—I'm only a voter.”



**O**LD HEN—Now don't that beat all! I haven't been off this nest ten minutes, and now there isn't one egg left in it. That's just the way: a body can never find a thing where she lays it.

# THROUGH THE DARK

By Genie Nawn

THEY were at the breakfast table. Patricia presided over the percolator. For a moment her mind abandoned the road it had traveled smooth and hard of late, to observe the ridiculous unfitness of a percolator in the breakfast room. It had all the appearance of an infernal machine, she thought. It might explode at any minute.

Explode! Now that it occurred to her, she had been on the verge of explosion herself for the last ten minutes, although she ordinarily was as harmless as the percolator.

"Have you noticed how much stronger Constance's voice is getting, Patty?" Patricia's husband inquired at this point in Patricia's meditations.

It was an innocent remark apparently, but cast into the midst of his wife's reflections, which were explosive to the last degree, it precipitated the disaster quite as thoroughly as the touching off of a well timed fuse. The report was loud and shattered his peace into irrecoverable fragments.

"That's the fourth time you've spoken of that woman since I gave you your coffee. If you want to impart any more observations about her, I would suggest that you might *possibly* find a more sympathetic audience than your wife."

John Mayfair stared at his wife in utter astonishment. He tried to think progressively toward an explanation of her outburst, but his thoughts ran around in circles like a puppy chasing its tail. What had he said to— Of a sudden he came up with a bang against the amazing fact that Patricia was jealous! Patricia! He raised his coffee cup to his lips—the act of drinking gives a man a

chance to hide that nervous click in his throat that always rises in anticipation of a scene, and that a woman always translates into a "guilty conscience."

Patricia coughed faintly. If her husband had forgotten his lines, this cue might refresh his memory.

It did.

"I don't understand," he burst out. "What woman?"

Patricia's budding scorn blossomed magnificently.

"You might at least do her the justice to acknowledge her," she said icily. "There is, however, no necessity for you to do so, since there is obviously only one woman in the world for you!"

Patricia's rage found expression in crisp, round tones and unnaturally clear cut sentences.

"I'm glad you admit it."

"Admit what?"

"That there is only one woman in the world for me. It was on the strength of that conviction that I asked you to marry me."

"Don't fence."

"But, my dear Patricia—"

Patricia's toe tapped the floor in repudiation of the "dear."

"As for fencing," he continued, "you must admit that it would be rather an unequal duel. I'm all in the dark, and you're flashing a lantern in my eyes. If you would explain—"

"Oh, you are quite safe," she retorted scornfully, "as long as there is room to dodge!"

Patricia's husband felt his temper rising. Until now there had always been a button on Patricia's foil. If it was to be naked swords, Patricia must defend herself.

"Patricia, I have just ten minutes to spare," he said with dignity. "Please state the matter briefly, so that I can dispense with it before I go. I don't imagine it can be sufficiently pleasing to be encored for dinner."

He could not have adopted a more successful method if he had deliberately set out to enrage his wife. She resented his calm reasonableness and hated what she termed his "legal" manner.

"You are not lecturing a witness," she said in a trembling voice. "And I understand perfectly that you have asked me to explain so as to gain time. Well, you'll have to think quickly. It's easily explained. You're in love with Constance Hale!"

She rose as she made her accusation, and for five feet one of irresistibly piquant femininity she achieved a very creditable effect. But as she stood there, stretched to her utmost height, her head thrown back, her face drawn into what she meant to be tragic lines, it struck her husband suddenly that she was looking ill—that she had not been herself for some time past.

"Patricia, come here and sit down," he said in the tone that she never disobeyed, as she billowed—"swept" she would have preferred—toward the door. "I want to talk to you."

She turned and faced him expectantly.

"To begin with," he said, as if it settled the matter, "Constance Hale is a married woman."

"For a lawyer—" Patricia began, and then broke off. "Married woman!" she said scornfully. "So was Helen of Troy a married woman."

"Well—I'm not What's-his-name," he retorted.

Patricia stared at him helplessly. She felt defeated, cut off from the main body of her argument, as it were, by this sortie of the enemy. While she was thinking of some way to get back, her husband grasped the really serious nature of her accusation—serious to her—and said:

"Look here, Patricia, we've had enough fencing. I couldn't believe you were serious, but you are—evidently." He frowned and began to pace the room.

"As a matter of fact, I haven't thought of Constance Hale—consciously—except when you've brought her up. She's your friend, to begin with; you've known her all your life; and if you thought she was the kind of woman to act dishonorably, why did you have her here at all? Patty, do you know you've talked Constance Hale to me for the last six months? Even before we were married you told me so much about her that if I hadn't been head over heels in love with you—I don't understand women," he said abruptly. "Why do they ever let their husbands meet their women friends, anyway? Henderson told me his experience, but I thought you were different from other wives. To tell you the truth, Patty, I haven't been able to understand you at all. You've had Constance here so much—you've been so generous in your praise of her—you almost made me change my mind about women; and now—"

"But, John," Patricia interrupted eagerly, "I *do* like Constance. I *do* like her. Only—only—I didn't know—I didn't think—I didn't want—I didn't—I didn't—"

"You mean you didn't want *me* to like her?"

"No. Not exactly that, but—"

"Now, Patty, just listen a minute. Have you any idea *how* many times you've called my attention to Constance? Or how many times you've asked my opinion about her? You've raved over her voice and her complexion and her clothes and her feet and her—nose and—"

"Yes, I know, but—but—you didn't always have to agree with me."

"Good Lord!" said Mayfair, a light beginning to break through his bewilderment.

"You've *often*—oh, I don't know *how* many times, John—raved over the stunning way she wears her clothes, and then you said all the men were *crazy* about her. Then you said she had the most perfect nose you'd ever seen—that it was pure Grecian, and—"

"I didn't say anything of the kind!"

"Why, John!"

"I didn't!" he exclaimed hotly. "I

never thought of such a thing. It was you who called my attention to her nose. *You* said it was 'pure Grecian.' What's her nose got to do with my being in love with her, anyway? I didn't marry you for your nose."

"No; that's just it," she said tragically. "It turns up."

Her husband caught her head between his hands and rumpled her hair soothingly.

"It isn't that, though," Patricia went on quickly. "It isn't that."

"No? It's something else, now?"

"Yes," she said. "I suppose you'll deny that you worship her voice? Why, you've said a hundred times you'd never heard such a wonderfully sympathetic voice, and that—*now these are your exact words*—and that it was a pity only the privileged few could hear her! *Didn't you?*"

"I may have. But if I did, you said it first. Patty, you don't realize how you've talked about her. Everything I've ever said, *you said first*, and how did I know I was putting my foot in it by agreeing with you, when you've encouraged me to talk about her and almost put the words into my mouth?"

But Patricia's nerves had given way, whether from rage or relief only Patricia knows, and she was sobbing.

"I can't help about her no-no-nose, or her voi-voice, but last night you said she was one-one-one of the fe-few women that could wea-wea-wear a h-h-h-hobble skirt and look-look-look stunning in it."

"I said that?" he demanded. "I said that? *You* said it; and I agreed with you because you're never satisfied until I do."

"Well, maybe I di-di-did, but this mor-morning you asked me why *I* didn't wear a h-h-h-hobble skirt, and you were comparing me with Constance un-un-unconsciously."

Her husband looked despairingly at the ceiling.

"And I c-c-can't because I'm sh-sh-short and she's ta-ta-tall."

"Why, great Scott, Patty, I *did* ask you that, but I thought—why—I thought you could wear anything *any* woman could wear. Great Scott!"

"Oh, d-d-dear," sobbed Patricia, "it isn't that; it's *everything*. You said last night that Constance sang with her soul in her throat. You *love* her. Oh, I wish it would stick there and choke her! I'm *not* jealous. It isn't that. I'm *not*. Oh—"

John Mayfair listened to this criminal desire on the part of his wife with less disapproval than the occasion might seem to warrant. In fact, he could summon no emotion nearer to austerity than a sudden softening of eyes and mouth. How could he have been such a fool as to argue with a perfect powder puff of a woman like Patricia? The answer to arguments of such intensely feminine origin is dictated only by the heart. Mayfair crossed to his wife and took her in his arms and kissed her. She struggled to get away, but he held her close.

"Oh, you *won't* understand!" she cried wildly.

"There, there, dear."

"Oh, I can't rest," she sobbed, "till I know."

"Know what?"

"Whether you care for her or not. I've got to know. Please tell me the truth."

"Why, I don't know," her husband said thoughtfully. "I don't care for her in the way you mean, but I'm fond of her. She's a very clever woman, and she's square. I *am* fond of her, Patty—there's a lot to like in Constance."

"I know," Patricia sobbed.

Then of a sudden her husband said very gravely: "If *I were* in love with her—whose fault would it be?"

Patricia controlled her sobs and said brokenly:

"It's so hard to explain but—I did it purposely. Constance is all the things I never can be. You both love music, and I can't play or sing. And Constance loves professional men and—"

"And you don't?"

"And," she continued, unheeding his interruption, "it seemed to me you were just suited to each other."

Her husband looked at her with baffled eyes. "But for heaven's sake, dear child," he stammered, "if you thought

that, why on earth did you bring us together?"

"I wanted to be sure."

"Sure'? Sure of what?"

"That you cared more for me than you could ever care for anyone else in the world. Constance is the most wonderful woman I've ever known, and I wanted to see if she—if you—attracted each other; and then—oh, it's so hard to explain—oh, then if you didn't want her, I could feel safe!"

"In other words, if I could steer past Constance without being wrecked, I'd be safe from all other women as long as I lived. Dear child, didn't you know that I had known a dozen Constances before I met you? And you've been torturing yourself like this with a mad test all these months? And suppose—suppose we had grown to care for each other—what then, little girl?"

"Oh, then I'd have gone away before it was too late."

"You know, Patty," he said, reflectively, smoothing her tossed hair, "I used to think you were such a sensible little thing—so free from nonsense and morbid ideas, and here I find you—I don't know what to make of it. You don't seem like yourself. Aren't you well?"

"Oh, I'm *not* myself!" she broke out hysterically. "That's what I meant when I said I wanted to know before it was—to-too—too late. Oh, it's so hard!"

Her husband took her quivering face between his hands and looked intently into it. Her cheeks, though flushed from crying, were thin and drawn. She looked nervous and haggard. Still he studied her, his brows drawn into an intent, puzzled line. The color spread to the edge of her fair, flosslike hair under his scrutiny; then of a sudden his own face went white and a great light came into his eyes. Catching his wife up in his arms, he carried her across to the davenport in the corner.

"My God, Patty," he whispered,

shaking, "have you been going through that hell *alone*? Why didn't you tell me—why didn't you tell me?" he demanded with fierce tenderness. "My God!"

"Oh, I didn't want you to stick to me because I—because we—because of our—I didn't want you to stick to me when you loved *her*."

"Oh, my poor, foolish little girl!" he cried, drawing her close to him.

"It's made me altogether different," she said brokenly, "and oh—I've wanted you to love me, so *terribly*. It's like going into a tunnel. It keeps getting blacker and blacker, and you're afraid of a million things that aren't the—there, and the only thing that would help you would be to have your husband's lo-lo—love—to know that you had it all."

"Poor little girl—poor little girl!" he said over and over.

"Oh, I tried so hard to be strong!" she sobbed. "I didn't want to be the way other wives are. And all the time I was being just the same—only different."

"There, there, dear."

After a while, when she had grown calmer, her husband said: "But now that we both understand, you won't have any more foolish ideas about Constance—or anything, will you?"

Patricia smiled wanly.

"N-no. Don't you think it would be nice though," she asked, "since we both think so much of Constance, if we named it—"

But Mayfair had learned his lesson.

"Patty, I don't want to disappoint you, but I don't like the name of Constance—never have. Of course, if you've got your heart set on it—"

"No—no," Patricia said hastily. "No—I only thought—"

"If—if—" he began, blushing, "if he's a—that is, if it's that kind of a one, we'll name it for its mother."

"Patricia?" Patricia asked, her eyes glowing.

"Patricia, sweetheart."



# A WIFE PER INVOICE

By Michael White

WHEN one remarks that Artin Casparian was an Armenian, why dwell upon the success of his business career in New York? Readily it may be taken for granted. On the shores of the Levant is there not a proverb which runs: "Since one Armenian is good for two Greeks, and one Greek is good for two Hebrews, let every man who barters with an Armenian be sure that he retains his undershirt"?

Clearly on that subject nothing more need be said, except perhaps you will remember the exceedingly courteous young man, with dark eyes of singular brilliancy and alertness, who came from Anastorogos & Co. to superintend the decoration of your Turkish room. If so, you will also recall how neatly his suggestions dovetailed in with your ideas, and the point so flatteringingly yielded that when it came to a question of taste, only crass ignorance would gainsay your judgment. Yet somehow you bought a great many things not in your original conception—at a good price for Anastorogos & Co. You probably thought that young man would get on in the world. Even so, he is now Anastorogos & Co., of Constantinople, London and New York, having lifted himself into the place of the former Greek owners. But before this happened he fell upon a rather unique social, or, more correctly speaking, family crisis.

It must be understood that when Casparian set forth from the stone-walled and flat-roofed little town in Armenia to pick up dollars in the streets of New York, he left behind a swarm of relations. There was an ancient grandfather who presided over the affairs of the clan as a kind of patriarch, a father

and mother of advancing years, uncles, brothers, sisters, nephews, cousins—nearly the whole town might have claimed his kinship. And, with beautiful unity of good will, they all hoped Casparian would become prosperous without undue loss of time, so that they might follow to share in his fortune. In the hour of departure Casparian vowed this should be so, and the evidence of that emotional occasion would seem to indicate that he was perfectly sincere. Doubtless also he held by that promise during his comparatively brief period of struggle in the new country, for it lent him a kind of moral stimulus.

But when he began to gather up Anastorogos & Co. into his hands, his attitude changed toward all those good people back in the little Armenian town. He did not encourage Uncle Acob, Brother Martyros and Cousin Tigran to sail straightway at his expense, but on the contrary pointed out that America was a toilsome land of doubtful opportunity, and they would do much better to remain in their abode of humble though more certain things. While mindful of parental remittance dues—somewhat light so as not to awaken suspicion—he expressed the fervent hope that he might be more successful in the future than heretofore. This was the truth, because far be it from him to set a limit on fortune; though misleading when taken in conjunction with the tone of his letters. For the above attitude follows his reason.

To a certain extent Casparian had become Americanized, thus drawing apart in principles from his, in that respect stationary, relations in Armenia. Of this he was fully conscious. Moreover,

he wished to complete the upward process so far as he was able by marrying an American girl—a very proper and laudable ambition. But into that plan he felt Uncle Acob, Brother Martyros and Cousin Tigran could by no means enter. Rather, in Casprian's judgment, their appearance would entirely upset his purpose, for he did not doubt that American girls, and the approved one in particular, would look askance at prospective relations who wore rings in their ears and possessed a weakness for overwhelming perfume. To sum it all up from his point of view, as they would certainly lower his rising prestige, and would eternally worry him for a share in the result of his industry, he determined to use his best endeavor to keep them in distant Armenia.

His reports both disappointed and puzzled the people in that little Armenian town, because rarely had one of their kind gone forth to failure in the outer world. On the whole they thought there must be something seriously wrong with Casprian, and by an underground channel took measures to discover the truth. Casprian overlooked the fact that there were other Armenians in New York, though he studiously avoided their company.

Meanwhile the progress of Casprian's ambition to win the particular American girl in Miss Kane came to a most astonishing halt—that is, for Casprian. She was a girl of definite ideas, was Miss Kane, and it may be she at first admired the keen get-ahead spirit of the young Armenian. Besides, she was at the romantic period, and imagined in Casprian a resemblance to one of the characters in "The Prince of India." Therein she displayed depth of probably unconscious penetration, for the Armenians were once mighty warriors. But that was a long time ago, with Turkish conquest and oppression later driving the Armenian fighting spirit into trade. In any case, she was disposed to more than quite like Casprian, when he began to display a quality which was neither knightly nor pleasing. Though Casprian did not understand, he was extremely un-American in one respect—he retained

lingering Armenian principles regarding the entirely secondary position of girl or woman. When he began to feel confident that Miss Kane was his for the taking, his instinct of dominant possession rose uppermost. It did not seem necessary to him to consult her wishes—naturally, as with an Armenian girl, his word was to be final in everything. He was perfectly willing to be admired and waited upon, but it was with an air of patronage he gave in return. And this did not at all gratify Miss Kane. Thus when he talked of what he intended to do when they were married, her eyebrows went up disdainfully; and when he explained how he thought "wifes" should act, rushing headlong to destruction by holding forth his naturally absurd views on the subject of women's dress, she laughed with a challenging ring which should have been a warning to Casprian. But even then he did not understand, and went swiftly down hill to defeat, with victory all on the side of Miss Kane.

"Yes," he said, as if she might have been a fine Oriental drapery, "I think you will make a good wife."

"You do?" she invited him sweetly. "Thank you so much."

"Yes," he nodded approvingly. "I shall marry you."

"I guess not," she returned decisively.

"Ah!" he started. "But why is that?"

"Because"—she looked at him between the eyes steadily—"because—I—won't—marry—you. And that settles it."

Casprian went forth like a man who had been hit on the back of the head. He hardly knew what had happened, except that he was utterly routed by Miss Kane—his first defeat of any consequence in America. To him her attitude was quite inexplicable, because formerly she had been so friendly and encouraging. He was not aware that he had offended, vainly imagining that he had offered the greatest benefit in his power to bestow. Whatever his success in business, he was clearly a failure as an American lover and in dire need of advice. Now witness how Kismet stepped into the breach and delivered it by example and precept.

Between that little Armenian town

and Washington Street, where gentlemen of dark complexion sip muddy coffee and smoke water pipes over plots to undo the Unspeakable Turk, correspondence had gone back and forth. It related to Casparian. It was shown that, so far from Casparian treading the way of infinite toil and hardship, he was prospering famously. Over this matter of Casparian's deception was then held a family council, including those who could claim an interest in his welfare to the second and third generation. It was a grave and withal picturesque gathering, sitting in the twilight on the floor of that mud-walled room, with the patriarch grandfather occupying the place of judicial honor on a small carpet. Very solemnly the *chibouk* was passed from mouth to mouth, while Casparian's career was reviewed at length from the time of his birth to the day of his departure. Many hours were thus consumed before a final decision was reached. Then not a dissenting voice was raised against the proposal that Casparian be, as it were, nailed to the family tree in the only feasible manner by which such an act could be done in his far absence—a parental injunction of marriage according to ancient custom. It was considered that in his wife the family would possess all that was necessary to open up Casparian, as one does a tightly closed bivalve. Hence in effect this was the staggering letter Casparian received, bearing the postmark of his native town. Preliminary home news is omitted—how Uncle Acob had sold a spavined horse at a good profit to a German traveler, that the Kurds were at their old villainy of plundering again, and so on. It was sealed by his father.

Casparian opened it with forebodings and read:

To your parents and all your family it has been a great sorrow to hear that you are unable to make any progress in the new land. For this we are at a loss to find a reason, unless it be that, separated from your family ties, you have fallen on evil ways or lacked the necessary courage. In such circumstances better than all else is a good wife, one who will see that your food is cooked properly and take care of your savings. Your excellent mother has discussed this with your grandfather and Uncle Acob, and together they have settled that Miriam Kara-

kiozian, the sister of that worthy young man, your cousin Tigran, will make you a fitting wife. You may remember she promised to grow into a strong woman, and I speak the truth when I say she is able to lift a young calf. Not long since she beat a rascal Mohammedan over the head so that he howled for mercy. As yet she has not lost a single tooth.

Here Casparian passed a hand across his brow, drawing the breath in between his teeth with a hissing sound. He did remember Miriam Karakiozian, her skirt looped up to the knee and driving the cattle before her with shouts and blows worthy of a young giantess. He resumed the letter:

Therefore, my dear son, your mother has decided that Miriam shall be your wife, to assist you to do better in the new country. In your absence the good Father Haladjian performed the ceremony of betrothal, your brother, Martyros, holding the lighted candle in your behalf.

"Let Martyros marry her then!" muttered Casparian. "What do I care? This is not Armenia, and I am an American citizen. Poof! I will show them that I have a word to say in this matter. I don't like any more the kind of girl who can lift a young calf."

But a second later an abrupt conclusion to the parental injunction struck him like a thunderbolt:

We then sent Miriam away in the care of her brother Tigran. You will find she is as I have stated. They will arrive by a ship soon after you receive this letter, but there should be time for you to find an Armenian priest and arrange for the wedding. Your family and relations rejoice in your forthcoming happiness and the better fortune you will now gain by the possession of a suitable wife.

Casparian sprang to his feet with a cry of mingled despair and consternation. He crumpled the letter in his hand, and wildly rambled up and down his room. What was he to do? He pictured the arrival of those whom he now regarded as a half-civilized couple, and the setting back of his American aspirations by at least a generation. Yet to ignore the parental order and refuse Miriam meant an excellent chance of being laid out flat and stiff some dark night by the vindictive brother. He remembered Tigran as a young man, with a sinister white scar across his

cheek, a bit clipped out of one ear and the habit of concealing a dagger in his belt. In such a manner of family honor Tigran was not to be trifled with; neither, he imagined, was Miriam the kind of girl to be slighted—as witness the too amorous Moslem who had been beaten over the head. But not by the shred of a thought did he yearn for her as his wife. Again, what on earth was he to do?

There rose before him only one course. He must marry some other girl at once. That would be a final and excusable barrier to the parental injunction, and one which Tigran could not do otherwise than accept. Yes, he must find another girl who would agree swiftly. But where was the suitable girl to be found? There was Miss Kane, who had been so kind at one time, but something had gone wrong in that affair. He wondered what could be done to regain his position with her, and in his desperate need light began to illuminate his path. His alert mind recalled small straws of conversation pointing her displeasure, and these he joined to other straws floating in the discussions of American men of his acquaintance. It gradually became clear that Miss Kane was not to be approached in anything like the same dominant spirit by which an Armenian girl is chosen—that, in fact, the American girl has at least an equal part in the choosing. That being the case, he judged Miss Kane must be consulted, deferred to and propitiated.

Now he came to think of it, he didn't at all like the dominant possessive idea as applied to himself in the parental injunction. He had therefore grown much in grace as an American. So he hastened forth to secure flowers, a choice bouquet, and candy according to the advice of the girl in the shop. He was also prompted to purchase a three-carat diamond ring of the first water, which he slipped into his pocket. Thus loaded with tangible homage, and in a contrite spirit, he paid double fare for extra taxicab speed to Miss Kane's residence. At first courage failed him to make known his precise errand, but he thrust upon her his tribute. She was a little surprised, but nevertheless said the flowers were lovely

and it was nice of him to bring her the candy.

That was his cue and he took it.

"Miss Kane," he began, "if you please it is nothing. Ah, I do not count that at all, if I may express myself for something else."

"Yes?" she questioned in merely polite encouragement.

Casparian, feeling on insecure ground, glanced from the window to catch a glimpse of the broad streaming Hudson—and ships. At the moment he did not delight in the inspiring spectacle of incoming craft—Miss Liberty welcoming the stranger within the gates. If the truth must be known, he uncharitably wished—but no matter; it served to hasten him forward on his present mission.

"Yes, it is by your consent that I shall give you everything I possess."

Miss Kane looked up quickly, perhaps to cut short the manifest drift of his petition, but he went on to forestall any such premature termination. He threw into his voice an effective earnestness natural in his stress of emotion.

"If you please—I beg—I ask that you will think again twice of what you before said. I am conscious of very great mistakes, but they were from ignorance, not of the wish. Ah," he exclaimed with an appealing gesture, "I see how foolish I have been not to understand better—that it is for you to say—for your word always to be my best desire. I think that is the right way, is it not?"

A twinkling smile which broke in the corners of Miss Kane's eyes encouraged Casparian to believe he was not likely to meet with rebuke in that vein.

"Very well," he resumed with more confidence. "Then if you kindly once—just once more listen—perhaps you forgive—and reconsider what I ask."

Presumably Miss Kane was moved by his appeal, for she permitted Casparian to continue his plea, the burden of which was that whatever she thought or did was his bond and ordinance. Presently he drew the ring from his pocket, rose and tendered it with a few words.

"A little thing—not worthy as a gift for you—but if it should please there

shall be many more to come. From Mister Tiffany you shall select what you desire."

So stood Casparian, with head bent downward, body slightly inclined, in that attitude which some of his patrons say has made them feel as if they were the salt of the earth. That pose has counted in hundreds and thousands of dollars, and it told now in the case of Miss Kane. Somehow she found the ring in her hand and Casparian pressing his suit without hindrance. On his part there was only one provision. He was compelled to go to Paris on business immediately. Therefore if she could make up her mind without delay, he would solemnly promise to give her the time of her life. He sometimes fell into the vernacular of the street with great effect.

Miss Kane was pleased to observe a vast improvement in Casparian, which she attributed to her wholesome snub, knowing nothing of the part played by Kismet. She was also a practical girl. She admired the diamond ring, and the trip to Paris was appealing. Moreover, she was positively astonished when he insisted that she look over his bank account. It was most satisfactory. In these days that is an important consideration. Besides, as before remarked, she had formerly more than quite liked

certain characteristic traits in Casparian. Him she took.

When the steamer brought Miriam and Tigran to New York, they found a lawyer awaiting them, who explained the situation with much discretion and sympathy. Tigran scowled fiercely, but as the lawyer was empowered to offer a comparatively handsome *dot* to Miriam if she would return and marry Martyros, or anyone else upon whom her fancy rested, that healthy young woman did not indulge in the emotion of more civilized parts. Since it was impossible for her to marry Casparian, she said she had always preferred Martyros. Which was just as it should be. And Tigran went with her to take care of the *dot*.

Perhaps you have met Mrs. Casparian. If so, you will know she rejoices in one of the finest collections of real—not watered and pumice-stoned—antique Polish and Persian rugs. Also such trifles as two or three residences in America and Europe, autos, Siamese cats, a hair ornament of emeralds and diamonds without price and with a tragic tale which hangs upon a fair Circassian of Yildiz Kiosk, Louis XIV furniture, Japanese spaniels—in fact, anything she wants. Clearly Casparian has become as nearly American as it is possible for him to attain. On her account, therefore, what more need be said?



## BILLS AND PILLS

By Mrs. J. J. O'Connell

**A**LTHOUGH the doctor cured him  
With a homeopathic pill,  
He subsequently floored him  
With an allopathic bill.



**E**VIL communications come about the first of the month.

# PERFECTION

By Willis Leonard Clanahan

**T**HE gods on high Olympus sate,  
Bemoaning fallen man's estate.  
"I'll save him ere it be too late!"  
Cried Jupiter;  
And then, as if defying fate,  
He fashioned Her.

He took a bud from Juno's hair,  
A summer cloud, some vernal air,  
And snow to form her bosom fair,  
And stars for eyes,  
And zephyrs, and a touch of care  
To make her wise.

He took the laughter of a child,  
A naiad's grace, a spirit wild  
Yet innocent, a voice as mild  
As waters deep,  
And whatsoe'er was undefiled,  
To have and keep.

All things soever pure and good  
By mortals known or understood,  
All charms of healthful solitude  
And social grace,  
He mingled in divinest mood  
To light her face.

He took the softness of the dove,  
To make her gentle; looked above,  
As if to catch the glamor of  
Angelic art,  
And then he breathed the breath of love  
Into her heart.



**“WHAT** makes you say actors are generous ? ”  
“Because they are always willing to take another's part.”

# THE TRUNK IN THE ATTIC

*A Department for the Revival of the Art of Letter Writing*

Conducted by Louise Closser Hale

[In the November number we made announcement of this department and what we proposed to do. Our offer was to pay \$150—fifty dollars each, respectively—for the three best love, friendship or human interest letters. See the November issue for details.]

IT is very pleasant to wake up these autumn mornings with the assured feeling that I am about to receive some interesting letters—letters that I need not answer, which will cause me no suffering, and will not have to be hidden under the breakfast plate should I hear footsteps.

I find myself making a more elaborate toilet than usual, that my appearance may be in keeping with epistolary attentions, no matter how fiery. A woman once said to me that there was nothing like a flirtation every three years to keep her sex youthful, and I was quite properly shocked. But if the writers of the letters which I receive are freshening up as I am, there may be something in it.

The letters which follow were chosen because they tell a complete story; they were by no means intended for our gray covers. Moreover, it is in our pages that they may for the first time fall under the eye of the man to whom they were written. Piquant facts, these! But let their author explain:

"I have been looking over some papers today," she writes, "and came across some letters that were never sent. They were never intended to be, and they hold one of several tragedies of the writer. As I look at them for the first time in three years, it seems to me that they ring true still, but perhaps that is because of the suffering that accompanied them. I wonder if they would

be of any use in your scheme of things, as letters from a woman in love with a man who is—by a trick of fate—another woman's husband?"

After that you will surely read farther, and as surely come to a positive opinion. To be sure she is wordy. Julie de Lespinasse expressed herself more simply: "In every instant of my life I suffer, I love you, I wait for you." It's all there, isn't it? But then, she *sent* her letter. You will find no moral in this heart's story that we print, unless the easy slipping from the "dear man of the mines" to the "dear man of mine" is a warning to those who play with words—and find themselves the playthings. A few years more and the lady may count that period as a caress, and cry with Sophie Arnould:

"Ah, those beautiful days when I was so unhappy!"

*From a woman to another woman's husband*

Mount Washington Hotel,  
Bretton Woods, N. H., August 7th.  
My FRIEND:

How little do those words convey—and again, how much! That I may write them to you in the consciousness that they mean all that the word "friend" implies is greater happiness than I had dared hope for. I have been starving and thirsting for a friendship such as I feel ours may become—for a friend

whom I could trust absolutely and who would feel equal confidence in me.

That your ship would pass in the night, speak in passing and then sail away again into the darkness as the last flash of the signal dies in the sky, leaving this poor little craft still in distress, was what I had expected. But my signal of distress was not in vain; you stopped, took it in tow and steered it into safe anchorage in the harbor of Friendship. The poor little craft you have saved will weather many gales—with drenched sails, perhaps, and quivering hull—but weather them unafraid and staunchly, ready for coming battles with wind and wave and storm—for her Captain is strong, and his strength shall be hers.

This is simply a good-night message, to tell you of my safe arrival home. The journey mountainward was a lonely one, through driving winds and blinding rains, and although I missed my Captain, it was a sweet and peaceful one to me, shorn of all doubts and unrest—for I knew he would have had it so. And the influence of his last few words I still felt, and do feel. Much is denied us, but we have so much left that I feel very rich indeed. For there is something between us that no one can ever take away, and the memory of it will go with me through my whole life as the sweetest thing I ever knew.

*From the same to the same*

Saturday, August 8th.

MY DEAR:

Some people are like bottles, with every thought and every emotion corked tight within their smooth glass surfaces, and their contents carefully labeled. I admire them—they are so placid and calm. But with me—it is different. I am *très mousseux*, and my effervescence of such strength that no cork can be driven in so tightly that it will not pop out sometime and the contents spill and waste their sweetness or stimulane on barren ground.

I have been a bottle, too, and I could be again, I suppose, if I exerted all my will; but who wants to be a bottle, anyway? And what does a bottle amount to

from which no one can take a friendly sip?

So, dear friend of mine, shall I bottle up all my thoughts and keep them to myself—or shall I share them with you and let the cork pop as it will and let escape all the contents of this muddled brain of mine?

Until I knew you I was like a dust-covered flagon lying on its side in a dark and cobwebbed wine cellar. My cork stayed in, for there was no shaking or disturbing of the contents; but now that you have come, the fermentation is more active and the contents must escape. I feel I must talk to you; and while those who talk most say nothing—nothing worth the saying—it helps me to put down some of the things that have been given me, for it is an outlet that is my natural one, and one with which I am sure you feel in sympathy. Is it because I am weak that I want to fly to you now with my inmost thoughts? Do you know? And knowing, do you mind?

*From the same to the same*

August 9th.

GOOD MORNING, DEAR MAN:

I am not going to tell you that I lay awake in the dark last night thinking of you—and that when I finally did go to sleep a wonderful and beautiful dream of you came to me that made me supremely happy for the time being, and left an impression of you that will rest with me all day long. For that would be very wrong, would it not? What a temptation it is to indulge in personalities, isn't it—when I know I ought not to do it?

It is a glorious day, and I have a great deal to make me happy—charming people with me—for my dear Widow has arrived, with another young widow who is altogether fascinating—and we are having such inspiring talks together. And my friend with the fifty millions has given us a merry little supper in the café, and the people who sit around and knit and gossip are quite afraid of us because they believe us to be so clever. "They write," they whisper in awe-stricken tones. As though writing chicken feed for newspapers were the grandest thing

in the world! You see, I am shining in the Widow's reflected glory. She is *so* brilliant. I want you to meet her sometime.

Then I have my work. You have given me a new enthusiasm for it. You do not know it, but you are the most inspiring man to me that I have ever met, and I want to do something of which you will approve. Will you criticise if I send you something sometime—dissect my style and tell me my glaring faults?

I must work now, dear. I feel somehow that your thoughts are with me and that you do not forget. "*Behüte dich Gott!*" I thank Him every day for my newfound friend.

*From the same to the same*

Sunday, 6 P.M.,  
August 23d.

MY DEAR MAN:

Haven't I begun our friendship in a reprehensible manner, with doubt and fears and unhappiness and distrust? I have not stopped for thorough introspection of the woman in my analysis, and I have wronged my busy mine man when I have felt hurt because I have had no word from him. With all the claims upon his time and the business cares which he confided to me, of course he would not have time to write. But I know he has thought of me. And knowing that, I should be contented and not ask to learn *what* he has been thinking and if it be in my favor or the reverse.

Dear man, if I might have one wish granted it would be for your presence now. The sun is just setting in a farewell glow. We would go for a tramp over the golf links before dinner, by way of an *aperitif*, and then you should order my dinner for me and afterwards we would hear the music, which is to be especially fine tonight. Then perhaps a little constitutional on the veranda—a farewell "smile" in the café—a hand clasp and a caress from your eyes to say "Good night"—and then the parting. Did anyone ever tell you, dear man, what a delightful voice you have? It is so full and so rich and so—manly—for want of a better word; who can describe a voice, anyway? It rings in my ears,

and sometimes in the night I awake and hear it. I remember one particular thing you said to me, which I can hear yet—and shall never forget. I will not tell you what it is—for you would laugh at me with that row of square white teeth of yours—and I don't want to be laughed at; but I have stowed away, in what we call memory, so many things that I take out and look at and admire occasionally, just as we take ivory carvings from a cabinet and gaze upon their delicate workmanship, then put them back with a sigh as something too fragile to move than look at. And we wonder if the patient carver who put so much of his individuality into his work reaped a just reward for so marvelous a piece of art.

Yours are appreciated, believe me; and I treasure every look, every word, however trivial, every one of the many kind little things you did in our two days, the protection you gave me and the genuine friendliness of your attitude even to the last.

I have been thinking and thinking over what I should give to you in memory of that time—what I may send that will not be embarrassing to the receiver nor call forth queries, yet something that will remind you sometimes of me, of a friend than whom you have no better with all your many friends. You spoke of a mutual acquaintance, who, you say, does not like you. I do not see how anyone could ever dislike you. But of course all do not think alike, and perhaps in the knowledge that one person does not like you you will appreciate all the more the quality of my liking for you—which you know so well is not "liking" at all. We like, we "care," we admire, we revere, we "have an interest in," we "regard"—and some of us love. All the other synonyms have mental reservations, save love; that gives all—and if it be the right sort, asks nothing but the privilege of loving and of lavishing upon its beloved object its every thought in return for the concession. But I shall be satisfied, dear, if you will say you like me. I would rather have that from you than adoration from any other man I know. Good night, my dear, patient Miner.

*From the same to the same*

Monday.

DEAR MAN OF THE MINES:

Do you ever have the blues—real deep, dark indigo blues, that are enveloped in a wave of pessimism and cynicism—that fall upon your soul like a mantle and make everything as seen through a haze? It is a regrettable state of mind in which I find myself, with no real cause; and a little talk with you will help smooth things out, I feel sure. It is ten long, long days since I have talked to anyone to whom I care about talking. Somehow, when we meet the one person worth while to us, all the rest seem to pale into insignificance, and although they may have many fine qualities, they are lacking in the particular charm we find in the one. I think I appreciate the good qualities of all these others—but those of my mine man are so superior that I cannot be blamed, do you think, for wishing I might hear something of him.

I think I shall read a bit of Emerson after I finish writing you. That Emerson is comforting is an old Boston tradition—but I do find him so; even as a little chat with our rector, Dr. McC—, somehow smoothes out the wrinkles in my soul and makes me feel that even I, poor pessimist that I am, have a little niche to fill somewhere and that I may be of use in the world.

Shall I tell you why I am rebellious? No, I think on second thought that I won't. You are too good a friend to bother with the small perplexities. They are like that familiarity which is so sure to breed contempt.

This is a glorious cool day here, and the Range is covered with patches of sunlight and shadowed by the clouds until it is one great checkerboard. The air is delightful; and I have been out drinking great draughts of it.

I am planning a great week's work today and shall be the busiest girl you know. The time for money making is growing short in the hills, and I have to make my hay against the coming showers. I have not forgotten that I promised you a photograph of the mountains

here, and as soon as I know where I may send it, you shall have it. Is it safe to send things to your Boston office to be held until your arrival? Sometime I will send you some of the little things I am writing, if they would interest you. They do not amount to anything—still, perhaps they will tell you that I am keeping at it. I have not yet received our pictures which I sent to my photographer to have developed, but when I do I will lay them by for you. What a lot of things I shall have to send you—shall I not? And what a lot that I may not send! Sometimes I think, "I will write my man of the mines and tell him that I shall never see him or write to him again, but end it all where we left off—all save my friendliness, which shall always endure." Would you care, dear Man of Mine? Or would it be a relief to you? I wish I knew. Good day to you.

Semper Idem.

*From the same to the same*

Tuesday.

DEAR MAN OF MINE:

Am I too possessive? And do I weary you with my constant attention in the way of letters? I would not do that for the world. But if you knew how it comforts me and helps me to talk to you, you would not mind.

I miss you, but I have been receiving telepathic communications from you that have been so eminently satisfying that they have given me peace instead of suffering, and assurance that your thoughts are sometimes with me for a moment though you are far away.

I am not going to spoil things by being too sentimental. I'm simply going to be "natural"—as long as you will let me and will endure it. That is, to talk to you as I feel at the moment, as I should if you were here with me and we were sitting out in the deep woods with the sun flickering through the leaves—on that straight and narrow path of virtue from which coign of vantage we could sit and watch those straying along that other path over the devious route we dared not—nor wanted—to take.

I've been industrious all day and have been tied to my typewriter, so I am tak-

ing a brief respite and breathing space that I may finish the work I have to do in the next two hours before dinner. I wish you were dining with me tonight and ordering my dinner for me. I love to be taken care of. I never had anyone do that for me, and have always had to be independent and self-reliant, with the sadness of constantly deciding things for myself. I cannot help but feel at times that my contact with the world has taken something in refinement and delicacy from me—something that should be mine but which I have forfeited in my struggle to live. Men have always complimented me upon that very self-reliance. That I was a clever business woman, they thought, made me quite worth while from their standpoint. And women call me “independent” and—word that I *loathe*—“energetic.” I hate energetic women—they always bustle about with pencils stuck behind their ears, as important and fussy in their manner as though the particular thing they happen to be doing could never be accomplished were they not on the spot at the psychological moment.

But oh, dear Man o’ Mine, you know, do you not, how I have longed to be taken care of! I am essentially domestic. I adore a home and someone to protect me and help me and—love me, and someone for me to help and love—in my way—which means nothing short of worship and adoration. I have kept the best I have for the man I love—and you know I have something to give when I give myself. That which had gone before has been wiped off the slate—for it was immature and childish and an infatuation, I am sure, when I compare it with what I now know. That is something I won’t write of—but of which I will some of these days tell you more, that you may look upon it from my point of view.

But I am running away from myself, and bothering you with something which does not at all interest you. I don’t want to do that—I want to be able to write things that really will hold you, my Mine Man. Do you think I ever can? These little notes to you are bits of myself that I give you as they come—spontaneous and genuine, though a bit crude in ex-

pression. What friends we are going to be, are we not? And is there a place in your life that is at all empty—a place that can be filled? You were so worried over the business that I longed to help you the last time I saw you. If you want to make me happy, tell me that I can help you sometime in some way. Then I shall feel that I am living—if I can aid my Friend.

*From the same to the same*

Man whom I love—you would be sorry for me today, I think, if you knew with what a wrench I am tearing myself away from the place where I have been so happy. Does it surprise you that I have been happy here? Happy because, although I might not talk to you, at least I could bow to you occasionally, see your pleasant and friendly smile and know that you were safe. It was hard to see you in this way—but it would have been infinitely harder not to have seen you at all. I can take crumbs, as I told you, and subsist very well upon them in the absence of better fare. And I do not believe those others have awaited your weekly coming with greater yearning than mine—they may love you as well, but I am sure they cannot care more for you than I do.

I have wondered sometimes in the night watches, here alone in my room, whether you, lying under the same roof, ever thought of me. The days have not been so hard to bear, as one can always fill them with profitable work, with finding and doing for those less happy even than ourselves. But when night comes—then is the lonely time—when we lie and think over the events of days or months and reproach ourselves with not having done better, with indiscretions or impulsive acts. But believe me, dear, since I have been here, living in the same hotel, and in the trying position which I have occupied, that I have honestly tried to act always with the greatest possible delicacy—not to obtrude myself upon you nor to embarrass you with my acquaintance in any way. I think you know this for you accused me the other day of trying to avoid you, and that made me happier for I knew that if you

thought so, you were not reproaching me with being too forward. I have been very miserable ever since I finally decided upon the day of my going. I am weak—I cannot keep the tears back.

I am yielding to this impulse to write you again—for the first time in days. I am leaving here and I may not see you again, even from a distance. It is so hard to bear that I cannot think of it without losing control of myself. I must bear it—I shall bear it some way—but I shall miss you so; I shall feel that I am leaving behind a part of myself—the part of me that lives, and that the part of me that goes away is a dead thing bereft of everything worth while save the capacity for infinite love and suffering. I leave my heart in your unwilling keeping. God knows, I don't want to do this—that I don't want to love you—but even prayers are of no avail—if five months of fruitless praying testifies to their inefficacy. Shall I ever see you again, I wonder? Pray with me that, if I do, I may be strong and brave, and prove that I may be your friend.

*From the same to the same*

November 1st.

MY DEAR:

I'm spending the evening with you—although you do not know it. That means that I am allowing myself the daily luxury of thinking of you and the very rare and forbidden one of writing to you. Sunday is such a gay night here, and I usually have some friend with me, but tonight I dined alone in the grill with the empty chair opposite me; you filled it in spirit even though you were not there in the fle. h.

Dear, I know it is very wrong. Don't tell me that I shouldn't, and that it is futile and all that. Don't I know it? Haven't I prayed on my knees that I might forget, and that I might think of you only as the dear friend that you are? Since I last wrote you I have tried to fill every moment of the day that I might keep the forbidden subject from my mind, and to so weary myself that I should sleep at night. But a night or two ago I lay awake until morning thinking of you—and thinking things

unutterable. Some strong psychic force was at work, for you were with me a part of the time, and I felt your presence in so sweet and comforting a way that I finally fell asleep. It is rather pitiful, isn't it, that you should have come into my life and that I should feel toward you, another woman's husband and the father of her children, as I do? If you needed pity or if you were not so entirely happy, there would be some excuse for it; but as you are, with everything to make you happy, I am simply an intruder, and that you do not entirely ignore me is due only to your kind heart. But you do not know, do you, how I think of you! I pray in one breath that you never will, and in the next—God forgive me—I ask only that you may know my love in all its intensity and fire.

I have been far from well since I returned to New York. For the first time in many years I have forced myself to have medical attendance. Gastritis and nerves are the doctor's diagnosis—but he does not know that it is worry and heartsickness and unhappiness. I have much to be thankful for and everyone is nice to me, and I should be very happy were it not for this one thing. But, dear, I love you so and I want you so, that knowing as I do that we can never be more than friends, it makes me long to die—cowardly though it is. I try to interest myself in other people whom I meet. I know many charming men, but they are not you, and they bore me and I do not feel at ease with them. You fitted perfectly into my every mood. You could be gay or sympathetic or serious or whatever came. I know now what it means when two people become "as one." Sometimes I think that, were there no one else, I could make you love me a little, too. But who knows? Very likely if you were free—I should not have known you.

I hate to think of the future—of the time when we shall not even be friends. For I realize that this must not go on—that I cannot see you. If I were to do so, my happiness would break its bounds and you would know how I feel toward you. I know I could not control it. And secretly you would loathe me for letting

you see that you are so much to me. Yet you are more to me than my own mother, who is everything! I would leave everyone whom I have ever known and go with you even to death if I might. Pity me, dear, if you ever know this; for love is unconquerable and it goes where it is sent and our poor wills may not change it nor stop its mad rush. I am going to sleep now and bother you no more. Yet even now I can feel your last kiss burning on my lips—and somehow, dear, I believe—although it is a contradiction—that if you knew, you would be glad and sorry with me. Good night.

*From the same to the same*

Bretton Woods, Saturday.

I'm home again after two or three days of running about, strong on the scent for news and in at the death—although no one suspects it. Man, this artificial life of hotels will drive me mad, I think, if I don't get away from it pretty soon. I loathe it, and I want the woods and old clothes and "roughing it" to smooth out the wrinkles and sweep all the cobwebs from my brain. Nearly all the women here now are fat and ponderous, and they sit in rows on the porch or in the rotunda and knit and gossip. And the few thin ones are so attenuated that I envy them—for they have the fashionable fall figure, and I have gained ten pounds—just where they ought not to be. Then the men here in all these hotels are either superannuated old fogies, sports so fast one doesn't dare know them even if so inclined—which I'm not—or unmitigated asses—silly, long-eared ones, with not an original idea in the whole herd. I can endure the women and the old men, for one learns intuitively, after a steady ten years' diet of them, how to flatter them. And they swallow it disgustingly. But the other stupid men, with their talk of money and the market, are tiresome and inane. They bore me to death, and I contrast them, Man of the Mines, with you—and then I hate them with unconquerable loathing because they are not you. You dear clever Man of Brains, I'd give my small kingdom for a talk with you. I suppose all these habitués

of hotels have minds somewhere—but who wants to take a pick and shovel and quarry in their gray matter to try and discover a vein of originality? You are clever and say unexpected things without the *double entendre* that is so obnoxious in the conversation of many. And you are restful and stimulating and "comfy" all at once. I think you are the most sulphitic friend I have, and while I'm but a weak "bromide," don't think me incapable of appreciating you.

I work from early morning until night. Then I dress, dine with uninteresting people who talk the usual twaddle of the hotel table, and afterwards a dance, maybe, and a chat or two until it is unendurable. Then what do you suppose I do for my real recreation? I should not tell you, but I will; I come up to my room in the tower where it is quiet and—I write to you. Every day nearly since I've seen you I have had my little talk with you, and in these letters I've poured out my soul and my inmost thoughts to you—you who understand so well the loneliness and the craving for the mental companionship of a good comrade. Is it foolish? Perhaps, but it is my only outlet—my only natural moment in the entire day. The rest of the time I am nice to people I despise, and politic and "tactful" and diplomatic, and my real self is hidden under layers of false structures and shams. Think of me—at my age, without one soul to care whether I live or die, and doomed to walk alone when God made me to love and be loved and to have what other women—most women—have.

So that is why I have written you, Man of the Mines. Some of the letters are very gay—others are very sad; some are long—some short. But all are written exactly as I felt at the time, and the comfort of these little talks with you has been inexpressible. Does it seem folly to write pages and reams to a man friend who will never see them? But honestly—it helps me. Some day when I am dead you may read them—if they aren't destroyed before then. And reading them, you will understand me as you never could do otherwise.

# POST-MORTEM INDUSTRY

By Walt Mason

**Y**OU'VE heard of Richard Randle Rox? He died; they put him in a box, and lowered him into a grave, and said: "He'll surely now behave."

For years this fertile Richard penned books, rhymes and essays without end. His helpful, moral dope was seen in every uplift magazine, and people used to wonder how the wheels within that bulging brow produced such countless bales of thought, such wondrous wealth of tommyrot; and folks chewed cloves and cotton waste to try to take away the taste.

At last he died before his time—killed off by an ingrowing rhyme. The mourners laid him on his pall, his three assorted names and all, and said: "Doggone him! Now he'll stop this thing of writing helpful slop." He got the finest grave in town, and marble things to hold him down.

Long years have passed since R. R. Rox was placed in silver-mounted box; and does he rest in peace? Instead, he's working harder now he's dead. New books are coming from his pen until the chastened sons of men look round, their eyelids red with grief—look round, imploring for relief. "Is there no way," so wails the host, "to lay this Richard Randle's ghost?"



## THE OUTER DARK

By Ludwig Lewisohn

**I**NTO the outer darkness I must go,  
The outer darkness where the great winds blow  
Over vast stretches of the moaning sea,  
Alone, alone, with none to succor me.

O loved and lost, when on the morrow night  
Thou drinkest deep the cup of all delight,  
Smile sadly for a breath, and think of me  
In outer darkness on the restless sea.

And it may be that God with subtle grace  
Grants me that moment to behold thy face,  
A light within the outer dark to me,  
A light and beacon o'er the sobbing sea.

# THE BLESSED SAINTS AND MADEMOISELLE

By Forrest Halsey

**N**OTRE DAME roared gigantic warning from its bronze throat to Saint Jacques de la Boucherie, who shouted it to shrill Saint Roch, who tossed it to iron-tongued Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, who flung it on over hot, terror-stricken Paris—warning of the coming of the Duke of Brunswick with cannon and gallows ropes to avenge the High Born Daughter of Austria and her husband, Capet, one time called King of France. The bells beat against the doors of the silent houses in the Rue de Varennes, vaulted the ashlar wall and struck against the dark and shuttered windows of the Hôtel de Roche-Amon.

The very high, very great and very powerful lady, Mademoiselle Aline Anne de Roche-Amon, sat alone. She was a little frightened. Though one be written in the *chartiers* as very high, very great and very powerful, one may be excused for being a little frightened when one is alone in the dark—that is, if one be only six and new come to Paris from a convent in the Beaujolais. No matter how high, how great and how powerful one may be born, dark corners have possibilities unpleasant to consider. Couches in Paris are made of such convenient height for the *loup-garou* or other beast to crouch under. And who can tell when the *loup-garou* may not take it into its head to make a meal of a little girl sitting alone in the dark? Of course Sainte Geneviève de la Chasse and Sainte Félice de Luz and Sainte Anne de Morbec can be asked to watch, each, a sofa; and the big black fireplace, with

the wicked heads all around it, can be given to Sainte Agnes, because she looks so big and strong in pictures that are made of her. But still, and after all, when one has called all these and given to each her place, so that there may be no confusion in the minds of the good saints, the fact remains that it is dark, that one is very lonely and very, very little, that the big room is very silent, and that, all things considered, it is time for Jeanne to come with the candles and set open the closed shutters.

Mademoiselle de Roche-Amon sat very still in the big chair. Her hands were folded in her lap as if she were at mass in the convent chapel. Jeanne had told her before she went away to sit there and be very quiet. Jeanne had been so solemn about it that mademoiselle was reminded of the warnings of Sister Marie Medriatrice concerning what would happen to a *demoiselle bien-élée* should the *demoiselle* forget that she was *bien-élée* and fidget at holy mass or during the sermon when the curé was telling of the blessed saints. It is not so hard to keep from fidgeting while one is hearing how the blessed saints will always guard the good children, because the incense lingers from the holy mass and one can, without trying the least little bit, imagine that it is the perfume of the good saints' wings all about. But it is very hard to be *bien-élée* when there is nothing but silence and darkness in the room, even if it is quite plain from the sound of the church bells outside that this strange Paris is at its devotions. One may hope that the blessed saints

will pardon a little sigh now and then—Paris is so long at its devotions!

Jeanne had looked so strange just before she went away. Her lips had trembled, just like Antoinette de Sombreuil's when Sister Marie Medriatrice shook the birch rod. It had almost seemed as if Jeanne were afraid of something. But why should Jeanne be afraid? She was old—not so old, to be sure, as Sister Marie, who was the oldest person in the world and whose back curved out under her black gown; still Jeanne was too old to be frightened like little Antoinette de Sombreuil. Jeanne had not wanted to go either. Louis, big Louis who stood at the door of the *salon* to announce the people who came to see Monseigneur the Duke, had made her go. Louis had seemed frightened, too. His hands shook like the hands of Sister Marie when she set one's cap straight after one had been playing in the orchard. Caps will get crooked, try as one will to prevent it, when one plays in the orchard. Louis was not old at all, and he was very big; yet his hands had shaken as he tore off his red coat and bade Jeanne to hurry, hurry, for they were coming. Who were "they" who were coming? And why had Louis torn off the red coat and left it lying there on the floor—the pretty red coat with the gold lace all down the sleeves and the great bunch of ribbons in the buttonhole? Mademoiselle de Roche-Amon sighed again. She wished that "they" would come soon. It was very *triste* alone in the dark with only the blessed saints.

Monseigneur the Duke, her father, had gone away, too, yesterday in the night. Mademoiselle had been awakened by shouting in the streets. There had been lights on her bedroom ceiling, droll, flickering lights that must have come from torches in the courtyard. Mademoiselle had supposed that her father "received," until she heard his carriage roll out of the gates. She had known that it was her father's carriage because the people in the streets had shouted his name. In the morning Jeanne had told mademoiselle that Monseigneur the Duke had gone away in the night, that "they" had taken

him. "They" must be very diverting people. Monseigneur never went anywhere where people did not divert him. Monseigneur never came to the convent. Monseigneur, therefore, did not know what diverting things there were at the convent—oh, but most diverting things—such as the cows whose noses were soft as the velvet on the stoles that Sister Marie Veronique embroidered, and who lay, all together, in the meadow and chewed upon nothing. Their jaws moved all the time as if they talked to each other under the trees. Doubtless had monseigneur known of the cows he would have come to the convent. Jeanne had cried when she told mademoiselle that "they" had taken monseigneur away. People always seemed to be crying or looking afraid here in this mysterious Paris.

The very high, very great and very powerful lady gave another little sigh. Under her green sash something told her that the time for the serving of her supper had long since gone by. The wicked stone heads around the fireplace looked wickeder than ever. Mademoiselle added Saint Michel to the other saints who watched for the *loup-garou*. Saint Michel was a man and carried a sword. Doubtless the other blessed saints, being women, would be glad of the company of a man with a sword. Had there not been five saints now in the room, mademoiselle would have been tempted to cry. The good Sisters at the convent never left one alone in the dark. Of course for the *very* wicked there was the closet where the birch rod was kept. But then Sister Marie Marthe was always outside to whisper through the crack: "Child, art thou penitent now?" And whether one was quite penitent or not, Sister Marie Marthe always opened the door. Then in the night time there was her finger to hold, when walking down the long corridors to the dormitory. Sister Marie Marthe worked in the fields. Her arms were big and brown; her finger was rough and most amusing to rub one's palm against. By no possibility could the whole hand of Sister Marie Marthe be held, by no possibility, owing to its size; and it

would be highly unnecessary to hold it if one could, a finger being enough for protection. Her eyes were big, too, like those of the cows who sat and talked in the meadow under the trees; and, peering from under her hood, the big eyes always looked as if she had a *gâteau sucre* hidden in her pocket and wondered when one was going to find it.

A tear rolled down the cheek of the very high, very great and very powerful lady.

*Fi, donc!* And was this the courtesy one showed to the blessed saints when they watched the furniture for one? But truly, mademoiselle should make at once the honorable amendment. Immediately! Did not mademoiselle hear? Sternly the very high, very great and very powerful lady took herself to task.

"Dear saints," prayed the powerful lady, "and thou, too, dear Saint Michel, most of all for being a man thou canst not know what it is to be afraid of the dark and the *loup-garou*: I ask pardon for my tears.

"I cry, not because I fear that you will let anything harm me, but that I have a wish for Sister Marie Marthe, and for little Antoinette de Sombreuil, who will never get her stitches straight unless I am there to untangle the knots for her. Thou knowest, Sainte Agnes, how she will cry on the knots, and how hard are knots to untangle when they are cried on. Forgive me, dear saints, that I did scold her when she cried on them. Dear saints, if of your goodness you will permit me to return to the convent, I promise that I will never scold Antoinette de Sombreuil again, and will untangle all the knots, no matter how hard she has cried on them. And, dear saints, I will never whisper at sermon again—to Marguerite d'Ouarville—though, dear saints, you know not the wicked heart of that Marguerite d'Ouarville, for she keeps all her secrets for sermon time, and no one can think of such secrets—oh, but most exciting ones!"

The great lady, carried away by memories of the secrets, was about to impart some of them to the saints. Then, probably reflecting upon the extreme world-

liness of the Demoiselle d'Ouarville's secrets, and the extreme heavenliness of her present confidantes, she refrained, and gave a great sigh at the thought of all the renunciation her vow involved.

Mademoiselle Aline Anne sat up very straight, her eyes wide and bright in the darkness. She had had a most exciting thought—truly, a most exciting thought!

"And thou, blessed Sainte Anne, my own dear patron saint, Sister Marie Madeleine has told me how thou bringest back the poor fisherfolk, who are lost on the dark sea, safe to Morbec. Certainly Paris is not the sea, but if thou dost so incommodethyself for the poor fisherfolk, surely thou wilt do it for me, Aline Anne, Mademoiselle de Roche-Amon. Wilt thou not find the way back for me—the way back to Sister Marie Marthe?"

The good Sainte Anne did not answer. Perhaps, being a saint, she already knew that Sister Marie Marthe was gone from the convent, and that shelter was no longer to be found under its fire-blackened roof in the Beaujolis. But the great lady could not know this. She knew only that the good Sainte Anne listened there by the sofa.

"Sister Marie Madeleine says that thou hast under thy protection all who wander and are lost from Morbec. Sister Marie Madeleine came from St. Meholt by Morbec. Doubtless thou knowest her. Though," the great lady explained, "I know not the name she bore at St. Meholt by Morbec. She told me that she had another name then. Dost thou not think that strange, Sainte Anne? For she was not of the high born who have many names."

Suddenly a thought came to Mademoiselle de Roche-Amon, which she hastened to put into words, lest Sainte Anne be offended.

"Oh, sweet Sainte Anne!" pleaded the soft little voice in the dark. "Thy pardon, I pray, if I have offended in speaking of Sister Marie Madeleine. *La Sœur Supérieure* Marie Medriatrice will not let anyone speak of her since she ran away from the fields last year. But, oh, be not thou angry with her, like *Sœur* Marie Medriatrice, for she was sweet

and would play with me in the orchard. Once when she was playing the wind blew back her *coiffe*, and, Sainte Anne, her hair was bright gold, like the gold on the altarcloth. And her voice was gay, too, not like that of Sister Marie, which creaks from down in her like the old door to the courtyard. But thou art young, and thy picture in the chapel has pink cheeks like those of Sister Marie Madeleine. I know that thou wilt bring her back to the convent. And do thou bring me, too, dear Sainte Anne, and we will all play in the orchard and burn candles before thy picture, I and Sister Marie Madeleine and little Antoinette de Sombreuil, whose knots I have promised thee to unravel without scolding."

The great lady paused. A stifled sob came from the darkness.

"Pardon, dear saints," said the very great lady; "your pardon, I beg, but—I must cry. I want to go back to Sister Marie Marthe—and I have hunger—and thy pardon especially, dear Saint Michel, but I fear I grow afraid."

From the little glimmer of white in the darkness that was the very high, very great and very powerful lady came soft weeping.

But the good saints made the wet eyes heavy, shut them and gave them sleep. Aline Anne, Mademoiselle de Roche-Amon, slept, her cheeks wet with tears.

And Monseigneur the Duke de Roche-Amon, father of mademoiselle, slept also, open-eyed, on the red cobblestones before the gate of the prison of the Abbaye.

In the far Beaujolis country the hare flitted across the moonbeams sifting down through the fire-shattered roof of the convent. In the orchard fire-shrived trees lifted black arms to the moon.

But strangely enough, to mademoiselle, unless one remember the power of the blessed saints, the apple trees now appeared green and white-blossomed against the gray walls of the convent whose roof, quite whole and of a soft dark red, stretched under a Maytime sky of blue. Stranger still, in the blossom-powdered grass Aline de Roche-Amon played with little Antoinette de Sombreuil and Sister Marie Madeleine,

whose cheeks were pink like those of the good Sainte Anne. Mademoiselle was not at all surprised to find herself playing in the orchard. Had she not asked the good Sainte Anne to take her back? Why should one be surprised when one's prayers were granted by the blessed saints? She tried to tell Sister Marie Madeleine how she came back, but then, and all at once, she could not remember how it happened.

Somehow it seemed as if she had never left the convent. It was Sister Marie Madeleine who had gone away and returned. Mademoiselle asked her what she had seen out in the world beyond the walls—but—suddenly—Sister Marie Madeleine was weeping. And then it was all very confusing. It seemed to mademoiselle that Sister Marie Madeleine had not gone out into the world at all—she was weeping because the walls were so high and she could not go—mademoiselle remembered that once, long ago, she had found her weeping as now in the garden when the blossoms were on the trees and the free wind came over the high wall. Mademoiselle asked her now, as she had asked her then, why she wept. And Sister Marie Madeleine again replied: "The wall—it is crushing me!" And mademoiselle found herself saying, just as she had said long ago: "What is beyond the wall?" "Morbec—the sea—everything!" cried Sister Marie Madeleine. Then the wind blew back her *coiffe*, and her hair was all in little short rings that shone in the sun, like the gold on the altarcloth in the chapel. She wept, crying that the wall was crushing her. Mademoiselle was suddenly afraid, and begged her not to cry. Then all at once the wall opened. Sister Marie Madeleine laughed. Her cheeks were all pink, and she ran through the wall, laughing. Mademoiselle was afraid to be alone, and tried to follow her, but the wall had closed. Far away beyond the wall Sister Marie Madeleine was laughing, a shrill, screaming laugh that made mademoiselle want to run and hide. All around her the convent bees were buzzing, growing louder and louder. Mademoiselle began to weep. And then someone took her by the hand—it was the

good Sainte Anne; mademoiselle knew her by her blue robes and the flickering gold behind her head, just like her picture in the convent chapel. Blessed Sainte Anne told her not to be afraid, that some day she would bring back to her Sister Marie Madeleine from beyond the wall. The convent bees buzzed louder and louder, until they sounded like the roaring of a great wind. The golden fire behind the head of Sainte Anne spread and spread, until everywhere there was the running flicker of fire. And out beyond the wall someone was laughing, but not from happiness. . . .

Mademoiselle opened her eyes. The giant bees still buzzed; the fire from behind the head of Sainte Anne flickered and ran all over the walls of the room, and in the street below someone was screaming with high, shaking laughter. Mademoiselle must have been asleep and dreaming, for now these were real lights coming through the shutter bars of the windows onto the painted walls. Such lights had danced upon the ceiling when monseigneur her father drove away amid the flaring torches.

"They" had come!

Mademoiselle was very glad. They seemed very merry. They were shouting with laughter. Doubtless "they" were the people of Monseigneur the Duke, come to make *fête*. Perhaps monseigneur was with them. If so, she must welcome him and them. The good nuns had taught her that when one was *bien-élèvée* one went forth to welcome one's father and his people with flowers when they made *fête*.

Mademoiselle Aline Anne slipped from the wide gilt chair and stood looking about the room lighted by the latticed rays of the shimmering torchlight. She was perplexed. There were no flowers for the *fête* bouquet. Mademoiselle placed one dainty finger in a small red mouth, an action which would have been severely rebuked by Sister Marie.

*Certainement*, but here was a vexation! No flowers for the *fête* bouquet of monseigneur and his people. What would monseigneur and his gay friends think of mademoiselle his daughter? What

would monseigneur not think of the Sisters who had been entrusted to make of her a *jeune fille bien-élèvée*? Mademoiselle's eyes filled with tears. A *fête*—and no bouquet! *Fi, donc!* Truly, it was *too much*!

Suddenly she saw the great rosette on the red coat that Louis the big had discarded. The rosette was not of flowers, to be sure, but then it was very large and gay. She would make her apologies to monseigneur and his people for the lack of flowers. Perhaps they would excuse the lack, since the rosette was so large and gay.

Mademoiselle took the rosette, pricked her thumb in removing it, then quickly remembered that it was not *convenable* for a very high, very great and very powerful lady to cry when her father made *fête*. With difficulty she reached the handle of the great door, and opening it, passed through to the head of the grand staircase which swept up from the entrance hall. There she stood and waited, a tiny figure dressed in white, with a huge white cap, holding the gay rosette in place of flowers to welcome her father and his people.

What a noise people did make when they held *fête* in Paris! What was that they were calling? "Death to the *rats*!" *Death*—ah, the good people of Paris had come to kill the rats in the house of monseigneur her father! Were there so many rats in Paris that people made *fête* to kill them?

The very high, very great and very powerful lady trembled. She was glad she had not known that there were rats in Paris before the good people came to kill them. Not even with the blessed saints all about her could she have sat alone in the dark!

"Oh, dear Sainte Anne, wilt thou stand beside me?" begged the great lady. "And thou, dear Sainte Félice? And good Saint Michel, wilt thou stand before me with thy sword? Truly, I fear me, dear saints, you are weary with guarding a little girl—and I know that these good people have come to protect me. Still, I fear—I knew not that there were rats in Paris. Your protection, dear saints—from *rats*!"

The great doors of the entrance hall fell in, and the mob fell over them and surged madly on up the grand staircase, at the head of which waited Mademoiselle Aline Anne de Roche-Amon, surrounded by her saints and holding the tricolor cockade taken from the footman's coat.

But partway up the staircase they halted, just below the step on which mademoiselle had asked Saint Michel to stand with his sword. Far down the staircase, out through the shattered doors stretched the carpet of red caps from either side of which rose white balustrade statues laughing in the light of the sputtering torches. In the same light steel pikes glittered, gay cupids grew more rosy as they frolicked in the gilded ovals above high doors and crystal pendants sparkled in the great luster above the well of the staircase.

In the same light hot, sweat-streaked faces glistened, faces, hundreds of them, lined and distorted beyond all human semblance by long, hideous hours before the doors of the prisons—faces wanton, ferocious, maniacal. This madman's dream stared up at the round, pure face of the child. Her gentle eyes held no fear. The forest young who have never seen the hunter have no fear. The tiny hands holding the big rosette did not tremble. For why should mademoiselle have fear, now that it was no longer dark, here in the house of the Duke her father?

A ripple, then a wave of hesitation swept over the mob, washing the faces clean of horror and madness, drowning the hungry cries; and there emerged human feeling, here surprise, there astonishment—everywhere silence and wonder.

And so they stood, the mob and the child, in the red light on the grand staircase in the Hôtel de Roche-Amon. Into the silence the torches sputtered clearly; a wooden shoe scraped; a pike butt rang on the marble. Deep in the press a woman caught her breath with a little cry.

In the front ranks a man, from whose pike dangled blackened rags once the gay-colored ribbons of a princess, cleared his throat, spat and spoke:

"Who art thou, *petite citoyenne?*"

"I am not a *citoyenne*," said the clear, small voice. "I am Mademoiselle de Roche-Amon, and I bid you welcome to the house of Monseigneur the Duke, my father. Monseigneur my father is away; he will bid you welcome also when he returns. But, see, monsieur, here is your *fête bouquet*." She courtesied and held out to him the rosette of red, white and blue ribbons, the rosette of the sacred tricolor.

Silently the man reached out a hand streaked with blackening stains. Then, halted by some memory, perhaps, of a *fête bouquet* held up to that hand in an hour when it knew no stain, the man drew back. His pike fell rattling. Down among the caps, a woman, mistaking the gesture, cried:

"Respect the tricolor! Touch not the child with the tricolor!" A shamed growl echoed her.

The man's face flamed with anger. "Pigs! Dogs! Species of animals!" he roared, as he whirled about and pushed with his pike. "Respect the tricolor! Go then, but on the instant! Ha, assassins! Would you affront the tricolor? Out!"

Catching up the cry, half a dozen of the caps began to shove violently at their bewildered neighbors, calling upon them to respect the tricolor and these in their turn took it up until far out in the street men who had not seen or known what caused the cry were driving the equally ignorant before them with much virtuous indignation, about what they did not know. Wider and wider the steps showed between the child and the press below. Wooden shoes clattered, leather boots shuffled, red caps streamed out of the shattered doors, through the courtyard, into the streets, and were gone. The grand staircase was empty save for the very high, very great and very powerful lady, and one other, a haggard woman, who leaned against the wall, one thin hand clutching her ragged bosom, the other the velvet wall rope, while at her feet a forgotten torch threw fantastic lights upward into the sockets of her hollow eyes and touched the moving cords in the

bare neck as she swallowed the tearing sobs.

"Why do you weep, madame?" asked Mademoiselle de Roche-Amon.

"Do you not know me?" whispered the woman without looking up.

"No, madame."

"Aline Anne—little Aline Anne!" cried the woman. Her hands covered her twitching face; slowly she sank to her knees and bowed her head on the step at the child's feet. Her cap fell from her hair, which was in soft rings, yellow like the gold on the altarcloth. "I was—Sister Marie Madeleine."

With a little cry of joy the great lady knelt and put her arms about the bowed head, nestling her cheek against the young, bright hair. Mademoiselle's cheeks were pink as the blossoms that in God's good time would flower again on the fire-blackened branches of the orchard in the far Beaujolis country.

"Oh, dear—*dear* Sister Marie Madeleine, weep not—the blessed Sainte Anne has promised me that she will bring thee all safe back from beyond the wall," said the very high, very great and very powerful lady.



## ONE FACE ALONE

By Walter Malone

ONE face, and one alone, I long to see.  
Ten thousand others pass me on my way;  
Ten thousand others! Yet I yearn for thee,  
And yearning for thee, pine the livelong day.

The nesting thrush hath settled on her nest;  
The raven through the twilight seeks his home;  
But, banished from thy side, with aching breast  
I sit forsaken in the gathering gloam.

Sweet from its turret peals the angelus;  
The pallid moon climbs yonder eastern tree;  
Night folds around me, softly piteous.  
One face, and one alone, I long to see.

The laborer ceases labor; at his cot  
His wife awaits him with her little brood:  
Ah, humble swain, how happy seems thy lot,  
Viewed from mine empty void of solitude!

Oh, weight of utter, utter loneliness,  
Amidst a multitude, yet barred from thee!  
Without thee, all the world is wilderness.  
One face, and one alone, I long to see.

# 'TIS A QUEER WORLD

By L. B. Coley

**Y**OU can't believe what some men say even when they are misquoted.  
Some men expect to acquire honesty after they have made a fortune.

Good resolutions usually die young, yet live long enough to make us unhappy.

Love your neighbor as yourself—but don't overdo it.

Even a kittenish woman has been known to lead a man a dog's life.

Man proposes—his wife disposes—the divorce exposes.

All authors admire "royalty."

When you stand on your dignity be sure of your footing.

The man who banks on luck is seldom able to draw a cheque.

Some people think they can get in tune with the infinite by taking music lessons.

When it becomes fashionable to take a honeymoon in an airship there will be more falling out.



**A** MAN can't always regulate himself according to history. There was Samson who lost his life because he had his hair cut, and Absalom because he didn't.



**A** WAIST of time—thirty-six inches.



**H**OW are you planning to get to Boston from here?" asked the New Yorker of the visiting Englishman, whose language was marked by its exactness and elegance.

"Oh I was thinking of booking by the—aw—the Autumn River Line, don't ye know."

# HOST LANE

By Alice Woods Ullman

THEY met for the first time in Ghost Lane. It was a summer's day; the fields sloping away from the lane toward the sea were crisping beneath a burning sun; the sea was as blue as the sky. The shadowy stillness in the lane drew them straight out of their two worlds into a sun-spotted, devil-may-care intimacy, with no one to see, to listen, to care, except the files of vine-hung gray old trees, the *ghosts* that gave their lane its name.

She was walking into St. Aubin to take the sometimes hourly steam tram for St. Helier, in order that she might divert herself with some whimsical midsummer shopping. She was a charmingly garbed and bespeaking American girl. He was as bespeakingly English, was garbed usefully in what she promptly dubbed "sackcloth" and lost in the utter peace of his native preoccupations. All this till the girl and the ghosts gave him his jolt.

Even the girl was slightly flustered by the encounter. There is something stirring about two paths that trail out of two ends of the earth in order that they may cross upon a grass-topped rock in the midst of the most fantastic of seas. For Jersey is a strange little island, even as islands go—quaint, quick-tempered, flower-decked, besoldiered, church-ridden, and edged about with a ruffle of tattered comic opera drop curtain landscape. Nowhere in the world is the grass more green, the sky more blue, the rocks more rose-toned and the sea more freakish. And from nook to nook of the paradoxical place there is not to be found another lane as intriguing as Ghost Lane.

The odds were clearly all against the

proper thing. The girl tripped over the sun spots and flushed forth from the shadow of her wide, brown silk-muslin hat; and the man, having a head to lose, lost it, made a dab or two for it, felt ridiculous and looked it, then, with a thoroughness as native as any of his possible preoccupations, applied himself to the moment and its apparent opportunity. The thing was—as he saw it by the spangled light in the lane—to stop the girl and make her talk with him. The chances were that their two paths would never cross again—a horrible and ridiculous idea. The downfall of the proper thing was deplorable but perfectly logical. Gravely, a little humorously, he paused and lifted his cap. "I beg your pardon, but"—he stopped a moment to consider the rakishness in his new voice—"but are you able to direct me to St. Brelade's Bay?"

She scarcely paused; she seemed for a moment to see, to listen, with her profile. Then the undue color slipped away and her small chin lifted, and turning toward him suddenly, she took him in with a bright, frank, brown glance. Her eyes *were* brown; he had never before seen eyes as brown as her eyes were. Then she spoke with a waste of amusement and intensity that swept his orderly life aside. "Oh, yes, I am able. I haven't been existing down there for three mortal weeks of boredom without learning at least *the way*. I don't think the man lives that I wouldn't *implore* to go there and stop for a while." Then she laughed, sweetly, casually, and all her pretty lines relaxed. "Once you have faced about in the right direction, you need not make a single turn. The road

doesn't go anywhere else. It is written on all the signboards. You can't miss it if you try. I know you can't, because I've tried. You just land there every time."

He peered at her, annoyed and mystified, then changed the pose of his cap. "Thanks, so much," he said firmly. The moment had come for retreat; he appeared to be rooted to the spot. She waited politely, resignedly. "You"—he laughed a little and changed his pipe from one pocket to another—"I dare say you think me rather an idiot not to have found out for myself!"

"No," she mused. She seemed to be turning half a hundred ideas about in her mind while her eyes absorbed him. "No, I don't think that. One feels a little lost in Ghost Lane, even when one isn't lost one little bit. I don't believe there's another lane like it in all the wide world. I always plunge in and out, always expecting to meet something outlandish. Goblins and things," she added hastily. "The old 'ghosts' alone are bad enough!" She glanced appreciatively over the top of his head at the great trees looming behind him.

"It is like that," he declared with enthusiasm; then his manner became practical beyond reproach. "Do you happen to know the name of the best hotel down there?"

She brought her eyes down to him and then let a thousand little devils dance in them, though her mouth was very grave. "There's only one," she said.

He examined a stone, found it wanting and tossed it far and high, little twigs snapping and leaves tearing as it fell through the stillness.

She stared a long moment at the spot where the stone fell; then she took him in with the slightest of frowns. When she spoke it was with patience, and soothingly. "The nicest way to go to St. Brelade's is by the sands. The road runs down by the sea. The tide is low now and the sands as hard as a floor. I came that way. It's a little longer, but it's so fresh and lovely."

"I'm sure to like that way best," he said. "Thanks, so much."

"Not at all," she smiled, starting on her way.

He stood, cap off, watching her till she had disappeared down a turn in the lane. Then he faced about and walked till he'd got inside the very door of St. Brelade's Bay Hotel. And two or three times along his way he laughed aloud like some small boy laughing over something invisible to grown-ups. And he gave seemingly to the difficulties that attended his straight and narrow way not the least attention.

## II

WHEN, the following evening, the girl entered the dining room of St. Brelade's—her parents and a small sister trailing more or less obediently—the entire place stirred. They, as a family, were in no wise disturbed; they were perfectly used to stirring dining rooms the world over, dining rooms vaster and more gilded than St. Brelade's would ever care to be. As they made their way to their table the girl nodded here and there with a gaiety that clearly cost her nothing. The trailing parental heads nodded, too, but not the little sister's.

As the girl slipped into her chair, her eyes fell upon the stranger out of Ghost Lane, fell upon him and consumed him with amusement. His sackcloth was replaced by evening clothes; he was playing with the wine card; but she found him rather above being stirred, and for an instant she hesitated. Then she sent him a nod and a smile. It was a careless nod and an offhand smile that seemed to say to the peering ones: "Really! You again! All my life I've been crossing paths with this pleasant, harmless person. Behold him on this outlandish island! The world is small, too small!"

At this the girl's mother fixed her eyes upon an uncompromising corner of the big room, bent ever so slightly toward her daughter and timidly asked who the man might be. The man lifted his head and took them in. He had felt it all, as one does feel things a pretty girl is saying, and he intended seeing what she meant to do with him. He saw. He

beheld himself dangling, a trifle, between the girl and her mother, a mere nobody whom she'd met somewhere, a diverting but unimportant man among men.

Meanwhile the girl's father and little sister were completely taken up with their lobster. Suddenly the small girl emerged, raised her eyes from her plate and took the man in. Her eyes were brown like her sister's, only darker, and there were a dozen freckles of the same warm color across her small nose. And in her eyes there slowly rose reproach, pity, alarm, and over them all a concentration of disrespect that fluttered toward him like little red danger flags.

"By Jove!" muttered the man. "A brazen outfit!" Firmly he gave his attention to the wine card. He was seated at a small table close to an open window, and he looked for diversion out across the awninged terrace dotted over with green tables and chairs. The road passed by at the edge of the terrace; there was a strip of turf fringed with tall sea grass, then the wide beach, a line of cliffs and the sea and sky beyond. The tide was full, but there was no trace of storm, and the long waves fell and splashed harmlessly along the cliffs and sand. The dinner was excellent and the man's ire melted; he tasted his wine and laughed a little to himself. She was pretty! There was a swinging lamp just above her head, and as the twilight deepened the light gleamed upon her hair and shoulders. And there opposite her, and facing him, sat the youngster, owl-like—the little sister. She absorbed him between the courses, and seemed to mourn over him as if he were something lost.

Dinner over, he took his pipe and went down by the sea. He walked and smoked. Now and then he laughed aloud; now and then he paused and frowned down at the receding tide. By nine o'clock the little sister would have been put to bed. He struck a match and looked at his watch. At nine thirty he went back to the hotel. The girl had, after all, been very good-natured, had taken him for granted, had done all that she could do, knowing him

not at all. The least that he could do was to go in and chat civilly with her for ten minutes before turning in. He'd leave all the cues to her so far as the family was concerned. She'd manage.

She was nowhere to be found. Her father was in the reading room, low in an armchair, lost in a rim of American newspapers, absorbing his news with all the homesick man's enthusiasm. He went outside and paced the terrace. Only ten o'clock and scarcely a soul about. He sat on the stone wall that edged the terrace and refilled his pipe. He glanced up at the front of the long, low hotel. Here and there a light gleamed, but nearly all the windows were dark. Something white caught his eye, something slim and white, like a small, white owl, blinking from a window sill—and blinking at him!

He went to one of the small tables and tapped upon it for the waiter. "Jacob," he said, "a whiskey and soda."

Jacob shuffled into the bar, his soft shoes crunching on the gravel in the stillness of the warm night. He came back with the drink, hovered to fulfill his duty, and was about to fade off into his place of remote expectancy.

"I say, Jacob"—the man spoke casually—"that American family? I came across them in Italy last winter. I've forgotten their name. Do you happen to know it?"

"Halcott, sir," said Jacob. "They come from Montana, wherever that is. They're stopping here all summer, sir. Sure I can't say why." Then Jacob, master that he was in the convenient art of fading, lost himself by the terrace wall. But with his back toward the man and his face toward the secretive sea, Jacob permitted himself a broad smile. Because—while the Halcott family had been taking its coffee on the terrace after dinner, Miss Halcott had summoned Jacob and had said:

"Jacob, I've a wretched memory for names. Last year when I was in London I met the Englishman who has just arrived. It's so embarrassing forgetting names. Do you happen to know his, Jacob?"

"McClintock, miss," Jacob had said.

"He's a Scotchman. He comes here every summer for the golf, miss."

Miss Halcott had flushed hotly for some reason best known to herself, but she had smiled and thanked Jacob, saying: "Of course it is! I remember perfectly now." And Jacob, fading, had bowed low to cover an unsanctioned smile.

### III

Miss HALCOTT and McClintock buried the hatchet without ceremony. "Good morning, Mr. McClintock"—and the thing was done. It is sometimes diverting walking over the grave of a toy hatchet. They smiled into each other's eyes through the freshness of nine o'clock in the summer morning. It was a new and rather more tangible beginning.

Then the days began drifting by, serene days, gay and entertaining. Miss Halcott usually dressed in white, cool linens and thin blouses, wore white stockings and shoes, and carried a white parasol over her bright, hatless head. Her shoes especially interested McClintock. Never had there walked in Scotland a pair of shoes like hers. They were a sort of slipper-shoe affair, with high heels that posed with a little trick of common sense. And artful! McClintock put in hours of his time wondering why on earth they did not fall off. They always seemed a little large for her foot, so slim it was in its fine white silk stocking. In fact, in all his life McClintock had found nothing more to his liking than idling on the sands, smoking his pipe, Miss Halcott at his side blithely tripping over her favorite chasms of cosmopolitan ethics, while he—listening not at all—wondered and wondered over the slipper-shoes that never quite fell off.

McClintock made a study of Miss Halcott's parents, too. They, like Jacob the waiter, had given themselves, it seemed, to the gentle art of fading. They moved through a routine of letter writing, newspaper and novel reading and afternoon trips into St. Helier all with a strange sweet patience, with a resigned air of waiting for something—

McClintock never permitted himself to guess just what. He liked them, marveled over them, and finally solved them by including them in the problem of the slipper-shoes that never quite fell off.

McClintock played very little golf that summer, but a Scotsman does not give over all his habits for a mere study of slipper-shoes; and late each afternoon he took himself off to a nook he knew for a solitary swim.

Just beyond a point of rock that rimmed one side of St. Brelade's, in a deep bowl that the sea had hollowed in the gray and rose granite, lay a small bay. In the center of the bay rose a single rock, fascinating and menacing, a rock that whirled the rising and falling tides about the bowl in a marvel of broken blues and greens. The sands that edged the water were like sifted gold. McClintock had found a cave there, carpeted with sand, and higher than the tides except when it stormed. There he made himself at home, sang and whistled, threw off his precepts, forgot his life and his fellow slaves and became, as nearly as he was able, a man fit to live in a cave.

One afternoon, when Miss Halcott had gone in to dress for dinner, while her parents were away on one of their usual shopping trips, while the little sister was up the hill behind the hotel helping the stable boys drive the young turkeys to roost, McClintock made off for his cave. It had been a blistering day and McClintock longed to feel the cool water upon him. He scrambled down the steep path to his cave, put on his bathing suit, and went out and plunged into the deep green water. He swam out to the rock; he splashed; he played; he explored; then, a little spent, he lay on his back and swam in slowly, floating now and then and watching the gulls circling across the far summer sky.

He turned at last to swim in, and as he turned his amazed eyes took in Nan Halcott, Miss Halcott's little sister, waiting for him quietly upon a rock before the very door of his cave. Her long boyish arms were clasped about her knees; she wore no hat, and her dress was torn from armhole to hem.

"Hello, you!" she called when their eyes met. She blinked a little, the faintest trace of confusion answering his amazement. "Water very cold?" she hazarded conversationally.

"Thank you, no. It's not cold," said McClintock cynically.

Now McClintock and Nan Halcott had been silent enemies ever since the hour that they had first observed each other. When McClintock appeared Nan invariably departed, or, if she was forced to stay, sat a little apart, looking on and listening with utter scorn upon her face and no pains spared to reveal it. She annoyed McClintock, but amused him even more. He believed he could make Nan like him if he'd try, and he meant to try when there was more time.

"I followed you over," said Nan with a long backward gesture, then clasped her knees again.

"The deuce you did!" said McClintock. He waded in through the shallow water, and sat down before her in the sun on the sand. "What's the matter, lassie? Why have you followed me—and torn your dress, too?"

Now if there was one thing about McClintock that irritated Nan Halcott more than another it was his calling her "lassie." She bent forward and took him in. "Isn't a man just *awful* dressed like that?" she commented largely.

McClintock laughed, then rapidly covered his legs with the warm sand. "Like me better so?"

"Not much." Nan grinned a little. Then she hunched up again, her chin on her knees and her fingers playing with her shoe laces. "You're just simply *crazy* about my sister, aren't you?"

The question boomed at McClintock, shattering his flippancy like a thing of glass. "Well, I'll be damned!" he murmured, feebly looking up at her. She was silent, earnest, looking through and through him. Her silence forced him on. "I like your sister very much"—he tried to smile—"if that is what you mean."

"It's *not* what I mean, and you know well enough 'tisn't," snapped Nan. "Darn it, anyway!" and she got to her feet and sent a stone skipping over the

surface of the water to ease her indignation. "I told her right out yesterday what I think about her, so you needn't be so stiff. I'm not talking behind her back. She knows mighty well what I'm at. Gee whiz, she was mad! Almost as mad at me as you are now;" and she giggled a little. "I can stand it, though, both of you. I'm used to mad folks."

"You bring it on yourself, don't you?" The thought was a sound one, but the words made no effect.

"What strikes me funny," Nan went on, "is that men are all so easy. Janet goes 'round here and there always playin' the same game. She could pretty near do it with her eyes shut by now I guess, but she wins out every time. If you were an American I wouldn't lift my finger to put you on. They *ought* to see through her if they don't."

"You think that an English chap wants a bit of—"

"Gee whacky!" Nan interrupted him. She slid off her rock and dropped down before him on the sand, looking eagerly into his face. "Now that you are on, why don't you brace up and pay old Janet back?"

McClintock longed despairingly for his pockets and his pipe. "And how would you have me do that, lassie?"

"I'll tell you!" Nan was all enthusiasm. "Go on away without proposing to her! Do, do, do!" She jigged about on her knees, eager. "That's all she's tryin' to make you do. I've watched her hundreds of times, an' I can tell the minute it happens. She always is so darned pleased with herself. And," she laughed slyly, "she is so good-natured for a little while afterward that I can work her for 'most anything. She hasn't been like that yet since *you* came. That *I* know." She sighed descriptively. "I told her yesterday I was goin' to peach if she didn't behave herself. Go on—go away, right off, *won't* you?" she pleaded with him.

"I say, lassie, don't you think you've got rather a lot of cheek? I've only just come. If I leave here, where the deuce am I to go?"

"Back to England."

"Besides," said McClintock, "I'm not going to propose to your sister. Never proposed to anybody in all my life. I don't even know how the thing's done."

"So much the worse for you," Nan gloomed.

"Wouldn't like me for a big brother, eh, lassie?" McClintock plunged for a jocular footing as better than none at all.

Nan took him in slowly, her mouth drawn a little with earnestness. "It's no use trying to fool me with that sort of jollying. I don't know how many times I've heard that before. Well—" she seemed to give him up—"go on, if you want to. It'll be the same old thing over again. Janet'll pretend to be so surprised; papa'll sit round readin' newspapers with his lip stickin' out more'n usual, an' mamma'll cry an' cry; then when you've packed yourself off with your feelin's hurt they'll all turn in an' take it out on *me!*" She sat back on her heels and stared past McClintock at the sunlight gilding the crests above them. "I asked one of 'em once," she said absently. "He was nice to me so as to get that much more of Janet. I asked him what he saw in her. He said I'd know when I grew up! You can just bet that I'm going to cut men out when I do grow up. They're much too easy for *me*. They make me tired!"

McClintock bent forward and looked at her attentively. "Lassie," he said, "you have three more freckles on your nose than yesterday!"

Nan looked back at him utterly bewildered; then suddenly her small face worked, the hardness went out of her eyes, and to McClintock's horror she slipped down in a little heap beside him and cried to break her heart.

McClintock pulled gently at her hair ribbons. "What the devil's got into you, lassie? Out with it, can't you?"

"You're mean, mean, mean!" sobbed Nan, punching the sand with a tight fist, her face buried on her other arm. "I hate everybody an' everything, an' I wish I was dead an' done with it!"

"But why, Nan?" He ventured to pat her sun-bleached head. "Have I said anything to hurt you?"

"Everybody does; on purpose, too!" she wailed. "Nobody listens to me or thinks I know anything. I just trail along like any old rag on a kite. I ain't goin' to stand it much longer, either. Let go my hair ribbon!" She edged away from him, her head stubbornly buried.

McClintock got to his feet; he was as serious as even Nan could have asked. "Go on up the path, lassie, and wait for me a bit. I'll dress and catch up with you. We'll talk, walking home."

He found her halfway up the steep path, quiet and a little ashamed. Her face was tear-marked, but her eyes were fresh again. McClintock caught up with her with a final bound, and as she turned to walk ahead he caught her hand and held it, tight and firm. Nan wriggled a moment, then gave in. "See here, lassie—"

The girl jumped up and down in a sudden rage. "Stop calling me that, I tell you! I'm not a pet dog!"

"I should rather say you aren't!" laughed McClintock. "And I will not stop calling you that—lassie!" He took her two small shoulders in his hands and made her face him. "And the reason I won't stop is, because it's the prettiest name in the world to me, and because I like you, Nan Halcott, and think you are a little brick. Are we friends, good friends now, lassie—lassie—lassie?"

Nan's shoulders lost their stiffness and a splendid dark blush spread over her face; then a smile as pretty and girlish as she was usually boyish shone across her eyes. "I guess I don't mind, if you don't."

"That's right," said McClintock sincerely. "Now wait a bit till I've filled my pipe; then we'll be off—at a trot, too!"

He swung away, Nan at his heels; once in the road, they moved along side by side.

"What's that wriggling in your pocket?" McClintock stood a moment and pointed with his pipe.

"A lizard," said Nan, standing so that he might see. "I caught him while I was waiting. I've got 'leven others down at the hotel."

"I know you have," said McClintock. "It's rather rotten of you, isn't it? Bad enough for boys."

"It is *not* rotten!" Once more Nan flamed up. "I've got 'em in a big box, and I feed 'em, too! It's no use glaring at me like that. They're mine. I caught 'em and I'm going to keep 'em."

It was to be their last hard fight. They stood facing each other for a long stubborn minute. "Turn him loose, lassie," urged McClintock persuasively.

"I won't do it," said Nan.

"Please—lassie."

Nan stamped her foot, then moved on ahead of him with her chin lifted in the evening air.

"Please, Nan—lassie." McClintock was close at her back. She peered at him sharply with little turns of her head, frowned at him, laughed; then suddenly she bent down and let the lizard go, helping him along to his freedom with a poke of her sun-browned finger.

#### IV

FROM that day McClintock and Nan Halcott became inseparable friends. Nan was radiant; McClintock was serene. Miss Halcott considered them patiently. At first she got rid of Nan on one pretext or another, but oftener than not McClintock defeated her by going on Nan's errands with her. After a week of it, Miss Halcott opened her brown eyes and took Nan in by a new light. She turned her pretty flowerlike self about to see if the sun shone elsewhere. It did not. The masculine aspect of the place was dull as could be.

One August afternoon near the close of McClintock's stay—a day of piercing glare upon land and sea—Miss Halcott came down at tea time in a cool thin green dress, her throat and arms covered with a lacy white stuff like frost patterns, a white hat trimmed with green and silver leaves shading her face. The terrace was gay with tea trays, summer stuffs, parasols and chatter. Mrs. Halcott was there when her daughter came down. In a moment Nan in a sunbonnet and McClintock with his cap pulled over

his eyes came up from the sands. "May I have tea with you today?" He made Miss Halcott a low bow and sent his smile to Mrs. Halcott.

"Do," responded Janet indolently. "You must amuse yourself with Nan, though. It's too hot for talking. I sha'n't say another word myself."

"You are looking volumes, anyway," said McClintock. "I do envy women the cool things they wear."

"Yes?" said Miss Halcott absently. She became silent; was serene, good-natured, apathy itself.

Her tea finished, Miss Halcott rose and unfurled a pretty green parasol. "I'm going for a stroll—and alone," she smiled. "I'm going somewhere to sit in the shade, and I shall persuade all my green clothes to turn me into a nice little cabbage till the sun has gone down. Today's is no world for creatures. *Au revoir.*" She nodded and walked away down the terrace steps.

McClintock watched her departure through the flare of a match as he lighted his pipe. Mrs. Halcott looked after her in pride and contentment. Nan watched her with nose and chin high in triumph.

"I'm going up to write letters," announced McClintock. "I hate it, but it will be good for me. It will be fighting the devil with fire to do a bit of hard work, eh, lassie?" And he went.

For Nan the very glare went out. Where's papa?" she asked dejectedly.

"There were a lot of letters and papers in his post today, dearie," said Mrs. Halcott. "He's in his room reading. He said it was too hot for tea."

Nan knew that without being told. She stared into the empty teacup before her, wondering mutely why on earth grown-ups were always telling you things that everybody knew already. Except—*him*. Her eyes shone at the thought of him, for he liked exploring and finding out things that nobody knew. She pulled her sunbonnet about her face and took herself off to the edge of the turf, and perched there in the shadow of a bush. She drooped into a circle, and finally with a little giggle all to herself slid down the steep bank to

the sands. She went to the shade by the bath houses and lay on the sands, flat on her back, with her sunbonnet over her eyes.

## V

JANET HALCOTT began her walk by way of the churchyard. Then she chose the path that skirted the seawall.

She leaned a while upon the wall, looking down upon the rising tide, but looking more—as one is wont to do in churchyards—into her own vibrating young self. Pensively she took the path between the chapel and the church. Rising out of the grass just beside her was a toppling old cross. She bent to read the name that was cut there. "John McGregor. Writer." She smiled over the quaintness. "Born in Scotland. Died in St. Brelade's on the Island of Jersey—" Then the date—but too blurred to decipher. Always Scotland! She stiffened and stared into the iridescent light. They'd been coming out, then, from Scotland since the very Year One! This one had *died* here.

When she had climbed higher than the tree tops, she paused to rest, her slim little figure in its light green dress silhouetting charmingly against the rich greens and browns of the cliffs. From the windows of the hotel one could scarcely avoid seeing her if one were looking out toward the sea.

Slowly, gracefully, she made her way to the crest of the cliffs, paused a moment, then went down a little way on the other side where a great grass-topped rock gave a footing and hid one away from the dizzy drop to sharp bare rocks and swirling sea below.

After a while a hob-nailed step rang on the rocks.

"You see, I've followed you, Mademoiselle Choux. Mind?" McClintock stuffed his cap in his pocket and dropped down near her on the grass. "I saw you from my window." He laughed a little. "By Jove, what delicious air!"

Miss Halcott let her eyes consider his pipe. Ordinarily she did not object to smoking, but today in the heat the smoke annoyed her. "Smoke if you must," she smiled, "but do not talk.

Cabbages, you know, aren't much good at talking. I don't mind your having come," she said in a lazy little tone. "It's very nice to be a cabbage, but the garden need not be dull. Now"—she leaned back against the rock—"I shall not say another word till the sun's down behind that point of land off there." She lifted a limp hand toward the point that screened McClintock's little bay. This afternoon it seemed he had given up his swim. She thought of it, but said nothing.

McClintock stretched himself at full length, resting on his arm, looking at her quietly, contemplatively, through the pipe smoke. "Do you know," he said at last, "you are the prettiest woman I have ever known in all my life!" He spoke easily and without any aggressive enthusiasm.

Miss Halcott turned her head and returned his glance, not too steadily. "Why—thank you!" She smiled, then turned her head so that her profile lay against the dark rock. "The sun has not yet gone down, I must remind you," she murmured.

"Damn the sun!" said McClintock casually. His voice was even and pleasant, not a trace of emotion about him.

Miss Halcott took him in again, smiled lazily, then looked toward the sea. "One *does* feel a little like that about it," she agreed with him.

"But," McClintock went on taking her in contemplatively, "I've met women sweeter than you."

Miss Halcott shot him an amazed glance, then, finding him imperturbably earnest, she flushed—flushed even above the glow of the splendid sunlight. His way of saying "women" fairly aged her, chilled her, as had all the old, old things of stone in the churchyard down below. "I really don't know how to thank you!" she remarked with spice.

"Don't trouble about that," laughed McClintock. "I'm the one to be gratified. If it weren't for your lack of sweetness I'd be making a jolly ass of myself right now, no doubt. I'd be like all the rest of 'em!"

Miss Halcott stared, and a hard line grew around her mouth.

McClintock laughed boyishly and flicked an ant off the hem of her dress. "Saves you the bother of sending me off about my business, too. You should give thanks *with me*."

Miss Halcott's fingers twisted and broke a flower stem. "Your frankness is—refreshing." Her voice quivered, and she shifted her position a little.

"As for that," McClintock rambled on pleasantly, "it's no more frank than offering myself to you, body and soul"—he spoke slowly and looked her full in the eyes for a moment—"would be. Frank! A fellow never gets blamed somehow for *that* indiscretion, does he? Well, I'm the loser, in any case. It must be wonderful being mad, blind, a regular blithering idiot, you know, about a woman as beautiful as you are. I've been right up to the point of being blind, of course; you know *that* as well as I do. By Jove," he smiled, "but you'd make havoc with the life of a man like me!" He tossed a stone out into the air and listened as it splashed into the sea far below.

"You are very edifying," said Miss Halcott, with a touch of fury that would not stay down.

McClintock seemed almost unaware of her there beside him; he seemed bent on a ramble, aimless and selfish, with a mere problem that amused him.

"You were perfectly delightful that first morning in Ghost Lane. Seems about a thousand years ago, doesn't it? Of course it wasn't quite the first time I'd been hard hit. I'm thirty-six and I've traveled a bit. But, you are such an everlasting little bully, you know. You bully your parents, your servants and your little sister Nan. Bless the kid, she's a little brick! I wish Nan were twenty-five and I'd fall all the way in love with her. How she did hate me in the beginning!" McClintock laughed intimately into his pipe.

"You know, we Englishmen don't know what to make of a woman who bullies. We like looking after all that ourselves. We like our women to be sweet and gentle and all those silly, kind, old-fashioned things. You Americans"—he took her in—"with your fine

shoulders, your good clothes and your *wisdom!* You are enough to scare a simple man like me out of his wits; though I couldn't, in the nature of things, really *love you*."

His pause was abyssmal, though he seemed unaware of it. Miss Halcott was voiceless. It was no use being indignant, he was so entirely kind. It was impossible to laugh, he was so seriously earnest. It was childish to be hurt, he was so serenely analytical. She could not see her way for bewilderment, and waited, her eyes fixed upon him.

Suddenly he became all earnest, direct, personal. "Why don't you let us be and go back home to your kind? You should be back in America, engaged to some big fellow with shoulders as straight as your own, and with his pockets well lined with money. You shouldn't waste your precious summers on old chaps like me, who can't, who don't *want* to understand you as you really are. Why, child, you'll end a rolling stone, rolling from nowhere to nowhere, till one day you'll tumble off nowhere into another nowhere—like *that!*" He tossed another stone out and waited, compelled her to listen till it struck the shifting water far below.

"Your parents hate it over here: they're homesick—and that is an awful thing to be. You'll find that out some day. Nan ought to be over there with girls and boys of her own age. It's a shame for the kiddie. She's horribly wise for her years. And it's for you that all this goes on!" He bent toward her, gave her no quarter. "Why in the name of sense don't you go back where you belong? Why don't you take your people back to their home?"

Miss Halcott got to her feet. She tried to speak; she could not. She was shaking all over. With head up and eyes straight before her, she walked past him, left him without a word.

## VI

MCCLOUD let her go. He could hear her step for a while, walking steadily, too. She'd not slip or stumble:

people walk fast and well in anger like hers. He smoked on, but his face was serious and his eyes looked tired. The sun dipped behind the point of land.

There was a splash, faint and far below, under the shelf of rock. With a start he bent forward and looked down. Upon the ledge beneath him sat Nan Halcott, throwing stones and listening attentively while they splashed. Her boyish little shoulders were bent, and her sun hat was pulled well down over her ears. She heard him, or sensed him, and glanced upward. She was very red and sheepish. She grinned at his look of reproof, then tossed another stone into the air. McClintock swung himself down to the ledge beside her. "Been eavesdropping, have you, lassie?"

"Yep," said Nan with bravado, but another tremendous blush.

"If I'd guessed it of you, I'd have spoken differently," said McClintock with spice.

"Rats!" said Nan with disrespect, but there was a great pride glowing in her eyes.

McClintock laughed; then he sobered and sat beside her. "As for the rest, lassie, as for all the things said that had nothing to do with you, we are good fellows, you and I, aren't we?"

Nan settled toward him, tamed like a wild young bird in a kind man's hands.

"There are things, lassie, that decent men and good fellows never speak of, know how to forget. Promise me, Nan?"

Nan blazed at him. "Do you s'pose I'd tattle? But"—she scowled before her—"I just hope she don't try to bully me again. That's all I hope! And"—she glanced at him, then looked quickly away—"I just want to tell you one thing, 'cause you're square enough, an' if you don't know you'll be wastin' your breath bein' sorry you spoke. This mornin' I heard her tell mamma and papa that she'd decided to get married to a man in America. They've had her in this old island tryin' to help her make up her mind. I wasn't on until I heard 'em

this mornin', or I'd have put you next sooner."

It was McClintock's turn to look out at the great ever changing sea and sky. "Thanks, for telling me, Nan," he said at last. "Let's walk. Let's climb down this side of the cliff, and if the water's not too high go home by the rocks." Once on their feet he stood before Nan and compelled her to look up at him. "You know, lassie, that it would be 'bullying' ever to hold what you've heard over her head."

"Oh, I promise," said Nan with a flash of temper.

"By Jove, that's good of you! I'll never forget it, Nan."

Nan shrugged her shoulders, but she shot him a radiant glance.

McClintock was grave for a moment; then they laughed together. "I'll race you down there!" he dared her, pointing to a slope before them.

Nan started, scrambling, clutching at bushes, then, excited, drunk of the compliments her unbidden ears had taken in, she forgot the new dignity of it all, and she sat down and *slid!*

McClintock was an old climber, and he got down first.

Nan pitched, lost her balance, and with a wild showing of brown stockings and grass-stained white, she tumbled, heels sometimes over head, into a harmless grassy little gulley.

McClintock picked her up and stood her on her feet. His dignity was shaken, but he kept his face straight. "You're nearly too big for sliding, lassie!" He pulled at her hair ribbon, but she slipped away from him and climbed carefully down to the road that skirted the cliff. They crossed the road and went around the point by the rocks. Nan was crimson. They gained the sands and followed the churchyard wall. Nan gave a great sigh and kicked a small rock out of her path. "It's rotten bein' a girl," she wailed.

"By Jove, Nan, lassie," said McClintock seriously, "I almost believe that it is!"



# THE FASCINATING MRS. OSBORNE\*

By Julie Helene Bigelow

## CHARACTERS

PEGGY CHARTRES.  
DICK APPLETON.

PLACE: *New York City.*

TIME: *The Present.*

**S**CENE—*A woman's sitting room. It is handsomely furnished. There is a desk with drawers near the door, a fire in the fireplace, which lights up the room, an armchair in front of the fire, a window at the right, and a table with chairs on either side.*

*A fumbling is heard at the door. It opens quickly. PEGGY enters, shuts the door hastily and leans against it, her breath coming in little gasps.*

## PEGGY

Well, I'm in—and no one saw me; at least, I think not. Heavens—this being a burglar is something awful! I'm scared to death—but I'm in for it. (*She walks cautiously farther into the room, unfastens her wrap, and drops it on the back of the chair.*) And I'm supposed to be at the Opera. I wonder where the electric switch is? Probably over here. (*She goes toward the door again, and presses a button at the side of the door.*) Yes, here it is. (*There are colored shades over the lights; the stage becomes lighter, but there is not a glare.*) Now to business. What did Mr. Van Dyke say? "If you want to get those papers from Mrs. Osborne, so that she can't sue your father for breach of promise, go there and try and find them. I happen to know she will be out, and they are pretty sure to be in her desk." Yes—that's it. (*She looks about and sees the desk.*) How I hate this! But he said the only way to fight an unscrupulous woman was with her own weapons. And

the scandal—it would be awful! Not that I blame dad as much as I should—she is so fascinating. Thank goodness, there are a few level-headed exceptions, like Peter Van Dyke, who see through her. And yet I hear she has boasted she could get him, and his millions, if she decided it was worth the trouble. (*She gives a little laugh and walks to the desk.*) If she only knew how he had put me up to getting the best of her, I guess she'd change her mind. (*She opens the desk and finds a bunch of keys.*) Such luck! Who would think she'd be so careless with her keys? I feel like an awful sneak. (*She tries fitting the keys into the top drawer, opens it, looks, closes it, and tries the next one.*) But I sha'n't look at a thing except to find dad's letters; and that is her fault, since she has proven her character by threatening to publish all he's written and disgrace us, unless he either settles or marries her. She'll be settled all right if I can find those letters! (*She opens another drawer.*) Ah! Here are bunches, dozens! They

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can't all be his. I wonder— (*She takes out a bunch and reads.*) "Ravings of F. J." Isn't she a cat! Evidently not father's—from the initials. He seems to have had plenty of company in his infatuation for her. (*Looking at another.*) "Maudlin scrawls of S. N." (*She puts it back.*) "Foolish rot, from R. A." "Sentimental trash, sent by T. C." At last! Thomas Chartres—these are his. And still there are lots left. Lucky they weren't the last. I suppose she has boxes packed full, besides, from more men whom she has encouraged. It sometimes seems as though the more unreliable and flirtatious a woman is, the more men flock around her, and really seem to enjoy singeing their wings at the flames. (*She closes the drawer, but it doesn't lock.*) Thank goodness, it's over. (*She hurries to where her wrap is thrown, picks it up and slips it over her shoulders, crosses to the door and turns off the switch.*) I must get out before anyone comes. I've been lucky. (*She opens the door and discovers a man in a dress suit, who steps in.* PEGGY gives a little scream and steps back.)

DICK (*coldly*)

Pray don't be alarmed—I wish to see you.

PEGGY (*aside, clutching the letters under her wrap*)

A detective!

DICK

I may come in? (*He steps a little farther in, and closes the door.*)

PEGGY (*stammering*)

I—I—was just going.

DICK

So I see. I shall, however, have to detain you.

PEGGY (*tremulously*)

Oh, very well. I might have known things were going too smoothly.

DICK

You're quite right—you might have known. Do you think justice is going to stop in its course, merely to oblige women like you?

PEGGY (*aside*)

Heavens! He's going to arrest me!

DICK

May I turn on some light? I always like to see anyone with whom I have business.

PEGGY (*with forced facetiousness*)  
So you can tell them later in the Rogues' Gallery?

DICK (*sternly*)

I have no doubt that's where you will end.

PEGGY (*aside*)

Brute! (*To him coldly*) The switch is over by the door.

(DICK turns the light on. PEGGY, standing by the fire, glares at him defiantly. She takes off her wrap, throws it upon a chair, sits down and taps her foot angrily. He stares at her in amazement.)

DICK (*aside*)

Why, she's a mere child—and looks as innocent as a schoolgirl! I knew this Mrs. Osborne must be attractive, but I never supposed her so young. (*Angrily, as he takes off his coat.*) I presume that's how she catches them. Well, she sha'n't trap me. I came here to buy those fool letters my father wrote—Peter Van Dyke said it was the only way to rid him of her; and he's a wily old bachelor, and knows. It's blackmail—her demanding money; but anything is better than a scandal—so here goes. By Jove, she's fascinating! Father certainly had every excuse, but—(*aloud*) Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

PEGGY (*crossly*)

I'm only ashamed you caught me here. Five minutes more, and I'd have been gone.

DICK

I can't believe it! Haven't you a spark of feeling?

PEGGY (*shrugging her shoulders*)

It's the only way in this world—not to have any; one has to get hardened.

DICK

And you seem so young—and—yes—innocent—to have been at this thing for years.

PEGGY (*startled*)

For years! Why, I haven't! (*Indignantly, aside.*) He seems to think I'm a lady Raffles!

DICK

It's useless to lie to me, because I happen to *know*.

PEGGY (*angrily*)

How *dare* you? I tell you, it's the first time I ever did such a thing—and you are perfectly horrid!

DICK

Nothing is to be gained by our arguing. Let's come to business. How much will you take for the letters?

PEGGY

You can't have them at any price!

DICK

I mean to get those letters, if— (*He walks angrily over, and leans across the table.*)

PEGGY

You sha'n't—and if you try to take them by force, I'll—I'll—scream—and bring up all the other tenants.

DICK (*contemptuously, as he seats himself*)

Oh, I sha'n't use force. You'll see the wisdom of what I'm going to propose. Listen to me. It will only make a nasty scandal, which, while it won't hurt *you*—it won't put any money in your pockets.

PEGGY

How *dare* you offer me money? I'm not to be bribed!

DICK

Nonsense, my dear madam. What's the good of trying to work a bluff with me? You can't make me believe it's sentiment. You don't really want to marry my father; he hasn't enough money to make it worth your while. Believe me, you'll make more out of it this way. Now name your price. Only remember, he isn't an oil king.

PEGGY (*bewildered*)

What on earth are you talking about?

DICK

You know perfectly well. My father's letters.

PEGGY

Your father's letters? They are *my* father's letters!

(*They both rise and stare at each other across the table.*)

PEGGY

Who do you think I am?

DICK

Why, Mrs. Osborne, of course. (*Uncertainly.*) That is, but—are you?

PEGGY (*smiling*)

Who are *you*?

DICK

Dick Appleton.

PEGGY

Not a detective?

DICK

Detective! Great Scott—no! I tell you, my name is Dick Appleton, and I'm in Wall Street—which proves I'm not a detective; they'd know too much to be down there.

PEGGY

Dick Appleton! Not Maude's brother Dick?

DICK

Yes. But who on earth are *you*?

PEGGY

Peggy Chartres.

DICK (*dropping into a chair*)

Ye gods! Maude's school chum! I'm absolutely at sea. (*Helplessly.*) Where am I?

PEGGY (*laughing*)

Oh, you're in Mrs. Osborne's apartment, all right.

DICK (*indignantly*)

How did you ever happen to know her?

PEGGY (*shamefacedly*)

I don't.

DICK

Then what are you doing here?

PEGGY

I—I—I was stealing something.

DICK (*aghast*)

What!

PEGGY

Yes—really. (*Desperately.*) You see, it's this way—I might as well confess. It's awful; I didn't realize until this moment just how awful. You see, Peter Van Dyke said it would be all right.

DICK

Who?

PEGGY

Peter Van Dyke—do you know him?

DICK

Yes—I—

PEGGY

Well, he said I'd be justified in coming here, and—taking—the letters father had written Mrs. Osborne, if they were to be found—as she was going to sue him for breach of promise—

DICK

Great Scott!

PEGGY

What's the matter?

DICK

You've been so frank, I'll tell you what I came for. To see Mrs. Osborne and try and buy back some papers—letters father wrote her, and for which she threatened to sue him.

PEGGY (*gasping*)

Did you ever hear anything so weird?

DICK

Yes. And what I can't get over is that Peter Van Dyke told me to come here some time and try buying her.

PEGGY

Isn't it all funny? Thank goodness, someone saw through her. Well, what are we to do?

DICK

The best thing is to get away as quickly as possible. Have you the letters?

PEGGY

Yes—but it seems so awful.

DICK

Nonsense—there's no good in getting your conscience doing a monologue at this late hour—and—

(*He stops in surprise as PEGGY dashes over to the desk, opens a drawer and tosses packages of letters about.*)

PEGGY

Oh, I've just thought of something. Wait!

DICK (*following her*)

What on earth are you doing?

PEGGY

Oh! Oh! Isn't this grand? (*She hands DICK a package of letters.*)

DICK

What are they? (*Taking it and reading.*) "Foolish rot of R. A."

PEGGY (*apologetically*)

I thought perhaps they were your father's—the initials—

DICK

By Jove—yes! What an angel you are!

PEGGY

Don't say that—it sounds like sarcasm. Do you realize I'm a thief?

DICK

Well, so am I. If we're caught, I hope they give us cells close together. But let's hurry and sneak; once we get safely out of here I'll feel easier. Things have gone too smoothly—I feel it can't last. Then I'll get a taxi and take you home, and—it's early yet—could I call, on the strength of being Maude's brother?

PEGGY (*picking up her wraps*)

That will be splendid.

(*As DICK puts his hand on the door to open it, after turning off the light, there comes a loud knock. They stand motionless, PEGGY shaking with fright. Another knock—DICK puts his fingers to his lips for silence. A moment, then a letter is pushed under the door. DICK picks it up, and goes tiptoeing over to the fireplace, looking at the address in the firelight. PEGGY stands motionless.*)

DICK (*amazed*)

Why, it's addressed to you!

PEGGY

To me! (*She follows him to the fireplace, takes the letter and scans it, as he goes to the switch and turns on the light again.*) Why, it is! Oh, I'm frightened! What can it mean?

DICK

I can't imagine. Open it and see.

PEGGY (*dropping weakly into an arm-chair, opening the envelope and reading*)

"My dear Miss Chartres: I only learned a few moments ago of your contemplated—shall I say—*call*?—on me." (*She turns hastily to the signature.*) It's from her—from Mrs. Osborne! How did she—

DICK (*hurriedly*)

Go on!

PEGGY (*continuing*)

"I am more than sorry not to be there to receive you and give you a *proper welcome* in person—but I have fortunately left the keys of my desk where you will surely be able to find them when engaged in your amusing little trip of burglary." (*Half crying.*) Oh, I can't go on; perhaps she is going to send someone to arrest me!

DICK

Nonsense—she'd have done it before, instead of sending a note, if that had been her scheme. Go ahead.

PEGGY (*continuing*)

"I might be a trifle cross—but a more important matter is suddenly occupying my attention this evening, as—quite unexpectedly—before you receive this—I shall be married—" (*Gasping.*) Heavens! To which of our fathers?

DICK (*angrily*)

The deuce! One of us is done for!

PEGGY (*continuing*)

"The surprise which I know this will cause you almost balances my grief at not being at my rooms when you arrive. However, I regret I could not tell you the news in person—since I feel sure your feelings on the matter, if expressed, would have caused me considerable amusement." (*Brokenly.*) Oh, oh! Mr. Van Dyke's plan to save him is too late; it's father!

DICK

I'm afraid so. The cat—to go and rub it in that way! Is there any more?

PEGGY

Yes—b-but I'm s-shaking s-so I

c-can't r-read it. (*She begins to cry.*) Y-you r-read it.

DICK (*reading*)

"However, I know you are going to do the sensible thing, and as matters have terminated in this way, you will see the wisdom of letting all we know of *each other* date from *tomorrow*—since I am sure you would not care to have me inadvertently mention when among your set that your father's letters to me had been such that his supposedly well-bred daughter felt it the lesser of two evils to enter my rooms and obtain them without my knowledge, in preference to anyone ever learning their contents."

PEGGY (*sobbing*)

Oh, how dreadful!

DICK

The beast! And she's got you, too! It's a literal offer to overlook everything if you'll be decent to her.

PEGGY

Well, I w-won't—I w-won't; so there!

DICK (*gloomily*)

I don't blame you; it's a rotten mess.

PEGGY

Is that the end?

DICK

No. (*He continues.*) "If you'll do me a little favor on receipt of this, I should appreciate it. Will you kindly ask the woman in charge of the building to send on the two trunks she will find in my dressing room? They are packed and locked. I did have a slight hope of consummating my—what shall I call it—romance?—tonight, so left things prepared." (*Angrily.*) Did you ever hear such nerve?

PEGGY

Oh, dear—I can't bear it!

DICK (*continuing viciously*)

"By attending to this, you will greatly oblige me, and perhaps in some way I may be able to reciprocate in the future. Thanking you for your kindness to a

*new friend*"—she has that underlined—"I remain, yours cordially,  
"HENRIETTE OSBORNE."

PEGGY

So that's over! And all my future life is ruined. (*She wipes her eyes and gets up dismally.*)

DICK

Here's a P. S. "By the way, the address is the Hotel Regis, and my new

name to which the trunks are to be sent is—Mrs. Peter Van Dyke."

DICK (*stares at the letter, unbelieving.*)

PEGGY

What! (*She lets her wrap slip off her shoulders and sinks into a chair.*)

DICK (*looking at it again*)

Mrs. Peter Van Dyke! (*He collapses into another chair.*)

CURTAIN.



## THE LIVING

By Randolph Hartley

PAINTED masques and perfumes,  
Laces, lingerie;  
Bodies wherein blood is wine,  
Smiles and mockery;  
Sin and gorgeous sinners,  
Lips with passion rife;  
Women, drink and dinners—  
Some men call it Life.

Toil and want and sorrow,  
Children gaunt and sad;  
Evil-smelling tenement,  
Wife gone to the bad;  
Dawn to dusk the workday,  
Dusk to dawn the strife;  
Squalid, filthy, brutal years—  
Some men call it Life.

Books and vague conjectures,  
Dreams that flame and die;  
Cloistered hours of wonderment  
As to what and why;  
Introspection's cancer  
Baffling surgeon's knife—  
Moping, groping, thinking, blinking—  
Some men call it Life.



**A** BLUSH on the face is worth two in the box.

## CORNELIA'S JEWEL

By Marion Ashworth

MRS. ONSLOW MATHEWS turned toward the window as the butler entered the room. Though her back was to him, she could feel the stare of his eyes, watchful eyes, tinged on this occasion with a respectful but curious sympathy. She felt that Rogers did respect her—because she was Onslow Mathews's wife, if for no other reason; but she had never before realized how the twenty years of respectful affection had become a part of her life.

At this moment Rogers seemed a haven of safety in her bewildered grief, a refuge that her children or her strong-minded sister could not afford her. Their telegrams lay before her on her rosewood writing table. Her sister Amelia's was particularly characteristic: "I will be with you. Do nothing until I arrive." It struck Mrs. Mathews that the first part was rather like a line of a hymn, but then Amelia always talked as if she and Providence worked hand in hand. The fact that Amelia would shortly be with her only filled her with timid dread. Her soft brown eyes filled with tears again, but she tried to keep her voice steady as she said:

"Rogers, Miss Wheeler, Miss Ruth and Master Walter will be here some time today. Will you tell the cook to have lunch for four and see that their rooms are prepared? Will you attend to it, please?"

She made a furtive dab at her eyes with a small, damp handkerchief, then turned to face the butler.

"Perhaps, after all, I had better see the cook myself as usual."

There was a rising inflection in her voice which did not escape Rogers. He walked slowly to the breakfast table and

took up Mrs. Mathews's untouched plate.

"The servants have seen the papers, ma'am," he said in the cold, clear voice of the well trained servant.

The papers! Mrs. Mathews flushed at the very word. They lay in scattered heaps about the pretty room, their glaring headlines facing her tear-stained eyes. It had never occurred to her before how many papers were published; she wondered vaguely if every morning, someone's life was wrecked by the very sight of one or all of them. She remembered, with another rush of tears to her eyes, how unconsciously she had come down to breakfast. She had given a swift look about the room, more from habit than because it was necessary. The old English prints hung straight; the Dresden figures on the mantel were dusted; the parquet was shining so that the Chippendale chairs were reflected. Everything was as it should be, the breakfast table with the Queen Anne silver, and Rogers behind her chair. Beside her plate lay a small pile of letters, the usual morning letters of the woman who leads the same well ordered life year after year. The children's letters: Walter's with brief accounts of college life, with a few words about coming "exams"—Walter gave the impression of hovering perpetually on the eve of "exams"—Ruth, with her longer descriptions of the social joys of Vassar, supplemented with feminine longings for white gloves or slippers, or skillful hints well buttered with filial flattery, for an extra gown or new furs. These were the letters Mrs. Mathews passed across the table to her husband when he was there. Amelia's letters did not interest him.

He would shrug his broad shoulders with a "Spare me, Nelly," and a twinkle in his kind eyes over his morning paper.

The morning paper! As Mrs. Mathews sat down, with her gentle "Good morning, Rogers," she noticed there were no morning papers. She turned over her letters, advertisements, a catalogue of Christmas books and two receipted bills; then she looked up.

"Where are the papers, Rogers?" she asked with a soft note of reproach in her voice. Surely the servants did not read the papers first! Then it was that she noticed the look of expectancy in Rogers's eyes. It was as if he had been waiting for her question. He cleared his throat apologetically, and his eyes fell before Mrs. Mathews's questioning ones. It was so unlike his usual deliberate manner that Mrs. Mathews's heart beat more quickly. All kinds of wild forebodings shot through her brain. Was the cook drunk? Had anything been stolen? Had—

"Well, Rogers?" she asked.

Rogers walked slowly to a big arm-chair. It was the chair Dr. Mathews usually sat in; under the gay sprays of chintz roses of the cushion lay all the morning papers.

Mrs. Mathews's brown eyes were wide with wonder. Rogers took the papers up stiffly, as if to hand them to his mistress; then he let his arm drop again to his side.

"There has been an accident to the Doctor," he said slowly.

Mrs. Mathews sat quite still, but it was the look in her eyes that made the man add in a quickened breath:

"He is not seriously hurt, madam."

"Give me the papers, please," she said quietly, and then she read:

SOCIETY DOCTOR IN MOTOR ACCIDENT WITH WELL KNOWN ACTRESS.  
A MIDNIGHT SPILL AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

She flushed as she read, a wave of warm color; and though Rogers was standing with eyes discreetly lowered, he could feel if he could not see the pained look in her eyes and the flood of red in her face. She did not have to read the long, dramatic account to know

the woman's name. It echoed through her brain. Madge Wayburn, the name she had so often seen in the glare of electric letters over a Broadway theater. But as she read she forgot the woman in her anxiety to know how badly her husband was hurt.

The papers insinuated the worst, and long after she remembered how that fact was the only thing that seemed to matter.

"Are you sure?" she entreated in a strained voice. She could say no more; her throat seemed to close as she spoke.

"Dr. Mathews telephoned himself, madam, but he left orders that you were not to be disturbed. He would come as soon—as soon as he could leave the hospital," Rogers started to say, but he checked himself in time and added limply—"as soon as he could, madam."

They were both silent for a moment. The clock ticked loud in the sunlit room. Then Rogers spoke again, hesitating a little. If madam would permit, should he telephone Mr. Newton? There was doubtless some mistake which Dr. Mathews could explain; and in the meantime Mr. Newton could advise what to do.

There was a deferential apology in his voice. Mrs. Mathews had not thought of the editor of the *Leader*, one of her husband's oldest friends. She was still staring at the pile of papers; they seemed to grow larger, more forbidding as she looked.

"It would be better to telephone before the evening papers go to press," Rogers continued after a slight pause.

"Of course, Rogers, at once," she said.

Her mind seemed dumb, but as the butler turned to go, she called him back.

"You are quite sure, Rogers, he is not—seriously—hurt?" But when Rogers had assured her again and left the room, she still clung to her misery of doubt. There was no further excuse for her weakness. If he had been hurt, she could have forgiven him then—it would perhaps have been a duty; but now that he had escaped she realized all her injured pride should make her feel. She looked down again at the papers and

read through her tears. Miss Wayburn had been playing in Philadelphia; they had started to motor to Atlantic City, where she was to play on Monday. Dr. Mathews had gone to Philadelphia on Saturday. He had motored from New York, but left his man in Philadelphia. They were alone in the car. Then followed the account of the accident, which was as yet unexplained owing to the condition of the occupants. She read with a shudder of the "miraculous escape" as she sat before her untouched breakfast. Her eyes filled with tears—the first tears of real sorrow that she had ever shed in all her forty-odd years.

Life had always gone very smoothly for Cornelia Mathews. There had been no great emotions to ruffle or disturb it. She had married, feeling a secure affection for her big handsome husband, and had no thought outside her home. She was gentle and pliable. As a child she had obeyed her sister; she let Amelia choose her friends for her as she let her choose her frocks and the books she should read. When she married, she gave up without a qualm the horsehair grandeur of her sister's black walnut "parlor" for the what then seemed to her and her circle "outlandish extravagance" of her husband. Now that he was rich and famous, the legend of his having "married money" was repeated more and more vaguely. Cornelia's little legacy had helped him, but she realized in her own heart that he would have done just as well without it. But it made her happy to think that it had at least saved him the first few years of struggle he might have had without it, for Onslow Mathews was the sort of man who was bound to make his way. "Lucky" Mathews he was called even then, twenty years ago, when they came as bride and groom to the very house that was now their home.

It had been considered part of Mathews's audacious shrewdness to have taken the big house in East Thirty-ninth Street. It was almost "uptown" in those days, and he had never stepped backward nor paused in his successful career. But fortune had not spoiled him; he took it far too much for granted

to have it affect him otherwise than as a pleasant necessity. In all her married life his wife could not recall an unkind act or an ungenerous thought of his. She loved him; he meant everything to her; she knew he cared for her—and yet—she wondered vaguely if the fatal "other woman" existed in every woman's life. It had been a part of hers so long, a part she tactfully but persistently ignored. In her humbleness she had tried to excuse it. She felt it must be partly her fault, something her husband's brilliant vitality craved that she could not supply. Violent emotions terrified her, and when kind friends told her how often her husband was seen lunching or driving or supping with Miss Wayburn, she accepted the fact with a gentle dignity that left people silent and vaguely embarrassed. Her husband never made excuses; there were no petty lies or subterfuges; he never spoke and she never questioned.

Several messages interrupted her as she sat thinking; she received them mechanically. But it was Walter's "Arrive for lunch. Cheer up, mater," that recalled her to the routine of her everyday life. She knew that Walter hated what he called "a cold feed," and, man-like, his aversion for cold beef and pickles was perhaps uppermost in his mind when he wired.

She went down to the kitchen to discuss lunch and dinner with the cook. She felt the morbid curiosity of her servants' attitude toward her. They passed in and out of the kitchen, hovering about her in the hope of a "scene"; but except for the soft appealing of her eyes, there was nothing unusual in her manner. She was groping in the dark, trying dumbly to readjust her life. She knew what Amelia would expect of her. "Assert yourself," was one of her favorite expressions. Amelia never compromised, and indeed her first words as she came in the room were undeniably "uncompromising."

Rogers announced her in his coldest manner, and Miss Wheeler hurried forward with outstretched arms; but somehow one never wanted to fly to Amelia's arms. Mrs. Mathews came forward al-

most shyly and kissed her sister's thin check.

"Have you packed up? Are you ready?" Amelia asked.

"Packed? Ready?" her sister repeated.

"Of course you can't stay here—under *his* roof—to be further outraged and insulted as a wife and mother! I have arranged for you to come to me at once. You shall stay until you can get your divorce."

Amelia talked of getting a divorce as one would talk of getting a hat. Her sister's face looked suddenly gray and drawn. She drew away from her.

"Divorce!" she repeated in a hushed voice. It echoed mournfully in her heart.

Amelia took her hand and patted it encouragingly. She treated her as one would treat an unreasonable child. She spoke very plainly; every word was underlined. They stood out like the large type in the "First Reader."

"My dear Cornelia," she said, "this has been going on for years. You knew it; your friends knew it; your children must have known—but you kept your eyes shut. Now you *must* open them. They have been opened for you. Will you further degrade your womanhood by crawling at your husband's feet after this public insult? You must divorce him—you cannot do anything else."

Divorce! It ran in Cornelia's ears; the sound of the word was like a physical pain to her. She drew her hand away gently. She was longing to cry again, but her fear of her sister's scorn of such weakness kept her up. It was a relief to her when Rogers entered.

"Mr. Newton has telephoned, ma'am, to say that Dr. Mathews has prepared a signed statement, which will appear in the evening papers." He paused, his eyes carefully avoiding Miss Wheeler's stern ones. "Dr. Mathews's explanation was entirely satisfactory to Mr. Newton. Mr. Newton hopes that you have not been unduly alarmed, ma'am."

Mrs. Mathews had made a quick movement forward; then she stopped, flushing guiltily before her sister's un-

bending attitude. "Thank you, Rogers," she said.

There was a scuffle on the stairs—an impatient shout.

"Rogers, pay my taxi, will you?" and her son came in quickly. She ran to him with a glad little cry. He was big and handsome like his father, and he put his arms about her protectingly.

"I say, mater, I am sorry you've been so upset," he said; then he kissed her a little awkwardly. "Hello, Aunt Amelia; family council, eh?"

"How do you do, Walter?" his aunt answered stiffly. The very way she stood on her square-toed boots expressed her disapproval of his attitude. She could only think again, as she had a hundred times before, what badly brought-up children they were, and what a weak mother they had. Ruth behaved better when she arrived just after her brother. She was tearful and bewildered, and for the first time Mrs. Mathews felt a little less helpless herself. All her tall daughter's intellectuality suddenly disappeared. She was only a child, hopelessly inexperienced, and she yearned for her mother to comfort her. Theoretically Ruth could have conversed convincingly on the *ménage à trois* question, but now that it was all brought home to her, she was filled only with horror. She could not believe that such things ever happened to one personally.

"I know now how Edna Crawford felt when her father embezzled," she whimpered.

"Ruth!" cried her mother. There was a catch in her voice that made Ruth drop her armful of papers and run to her mother's arms.

"Scandal in Society"—the headlines faced her again; there were pictures as well, pictures of their house on Long Island, with Dr. Mathews in white flannels smiling into the camera, his wife and children grouped about him. Then the picture of Madge Wayburn, a thin, oval face with a theatrical poise of the head. Mrs. Mathews looked hard at the face, trying desperately to read the secret of her charm. She leaned her head on her arms wearily and cried softly.

Walter was still standing, his hands in

his pockets, with an awkward desire to swear. He felt it would relieve his feelings. Ruth's blubbering got on his nerves—only Amelia's high brow was unclouded. She sat facing them in her best Daughter of the Revolution attitude, her eyes full of high purpose. There was an "I-told-you-so" menace in her expression that struck Walter as particularly unattractive.

"Father's made a nice hash of things," he said. "There's only one comfort—it will make things easier for me if ever *I* get in a hole."

"Walter!" moaned his mother. Everything seemed to crumble about her.

"You will soon be away from your father's influence, Walter," said his aunt with a majestic coldness. "Your mother and Ruth are coming back with me today. You can go back at once to New Haven."

Walter gave a low whistle. "Now see here—" he began, but his aunt did not let him finish.

"Would you have your mother remain another day under this roof, to be further outraged and insulted? She must consider her children."

She waved her arm in a sweeping gesture, as if there were rows of children to be considered.

Walter had inherited his father's directness and some of his quickness of perception. He had also the selfishness of youth.

"I dare say you're right, Aunt Amelia," he admitted, "but mother must not act hastily. She must think things out for herself. I don't want to influence you, mater." He turned to her as he spoke, brushing his hand hastily over his hair; it was a gesture of his father's.

"You know better than we do just what you have had to put up with; but father's not a bad sort, is he? If you leave him, he'll do the decent thing by you; you'll have your 'outraged dignity,' as Aunt Amelia puts it, back again all right, and we'll stand by you, of course. But all said and done"—he looked gloomily before him—"it'll be damned dull without father."

It was brutally put, as people do when they speak absolutely unconsciously,

but it was true; and Cornelia Mathews could not imagine life without her husband. His personality had swamped hers. It made itself felt wherever they went. She thought of the people who filled their house. They liked her, she knew—they liked her because she was a capable, quiet hostess, because she was Mrs. Onslow Mathews; but they came because of her husband, and her own piles of invitations were because of him.

Her children! She heard her sister talking learnedly with long words on the "sacred duty of motherhood," and she wondered what her children would be without their father. He understood them as well as she—and he managed them better, and with infinite patience. She remembered suddenly the discussion when Ruth had wanted to go to college. Her father had opposed her at first; then he had laughed good-naturedly.

"Fire ahead, Ruthie," he had said. "Learn biology and zoölogy and all the other 'ologies'; get it well out of your system—then marry some nice decent man who can look after you, and forget it all. Learn to be as much like your mother as you can, and as little like your Aunt Amelia—eh, Nelly?" He had come over to her and pinched her ear, half playfully, half tenderly. Her cheeks had turned as pink as her ear; she never lost the pleasure of glowing at his praise.

"Christmas is coming, too," she heard Walter murmur ruefully in one of his aunt's dramatic pauses—and she remembered how gay they had always been before. The house full of young people, the girls Dr. Mathews always kissed with a fatherliness that was not without its touch of gallantry, the boys he beat at billiards, and Mrs. Mathews hovering tenderly in the background, anxious always, fearful lest they should get their feet wet or not have enough blankets on their beds.

"You have your own friends," she heard her sister say; "your mother's friends will rally round her."

Her friends. She thought of them now and how little they meant to her, the women she had known from her girlhood and her husband's good-humored avoidance of them.

"Ask them to lunch when I am away, Nelly, or take them to a matinee and tea at the Plaza. I feel sure Mrs. Wilkins would like tea at the Plaza—she will feel she is in 'society'; but don't have them for dinner—there's a good girl. Life's too short to be bored more than one can't help."

"One must do one's duty," she heard Amelia say in the tone of just imparting an unpleasant truth to the world.

"But what is one's duty?" she asked humbly. And then it was that Rogers opened the door.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, but the Doctor is coming," he said with a fearful calm.

There was a breathless pause. They stared at Rogers as if he could suddenly produce the Doctor from up his sleeve. Through the open door voices could be heard in the hall below.

"It's the reporters, ma'am," said Rogers apologetically. "I would not permit them to disturb you."

He knew Mrs. Mathews would have been a poor match for them. Amelia scented his discretion, but she also represented the fact that Rogers had not let her cope with them. She surveyed him severely.

"And so your butler is delegated to represent the family, Cornelia!" she said stiffly.

"None better," said Walter, with a sudden burst of cheerfulness. "He's a regular Talleyrand; he's—" He stopped suddenly as he heard his father's clear, pleasant voice in the hall below.

"Why, certainly," he was saying; "I am very sorry to have kept you boys waiting. I'll ask Mrs. Mathews at once."

Mrs. Mathews looked toward Rogers helplessly. There was a moment of suspense, and then Dr. Mathews came in. His voice had sounded so natural that his appearance made them cry out. His clothes were torn and his head was bandaged; his deep set kindly eyes were feverishly bright. He walked with a limp, but his wife noticed that his strong, skillful hands were unhurt. He paused at the door.

"Look after them, Rogers; keep them quiet for a few minutes," he said in his

quick, matter-of-fact manner. "Get them something to drink."

"Yes, sir. I left whiskey and brandy and cigars in the consulting room, sir," said Rogers, his arms hanging stiffly at his sides. "The Henry Clays, sir?"

Dr. Mathews nodded, then waited until the butler shut the door behind him. He walked across to his wife.

"Poor little Nelly," he said gently. "I've made you suffer. I am so sorry."

He held out his arms and she clung to him dumbly. His personality filled the room. The others seemed to shrink into nothingness as soon as he entered.

"The newspaper men want to see you, Nelly," he said quietly. "There's been talk of divorce."

"I don't want a divorce; I want you," she said brokenly.

"Cornelia!" exclaimed her sister, and her gaunt figure was one long angular exclamation point of enraged protest. "He doesn't deserve it!"

Dr. Mathews seemed to see her for the first time.

"I guess you're right, Amelia," he said slowly. "I've got no defense."

His sister-in-law's eyes snapped.

"Except a string of lies for the newspapers!"

"Practically," he admitted. "I have an explanation ready which the newspapers will accept and publish. Newton helped me there, and Rogers has kept the reporters all morning till we could get it fixed up. It only needs Nelly's verification."

It was, he knew, just as Amelia had said: a "string of lies" would save him from a public scandal, and yet his wife's generous devotion would not safeguard him from fresh folly. Madge Wayburn was neither generous nor devoted; she was selfish and grasping and sordid. He knew all that, and knew that she held him in spite of all that, and would continue to hold him until she tired of him and tossed him aside. That perhaps was his punishment.

He held his wife closer, and as he opened his eyes, her brown ones, which the tears had left limpidly clear, smiled trustingly into his. He kissed them with a new tenderness.

# LE GORDO

Par Auguste Achaume

**P**ABLO regarda l'ermite dans les yeux, le front dur, la bouche agrandie d'un rictus mauvais.

— Oui, tu le connais, le numéro, tu le connais! Ignacio me l'a dit.

Accroupi devant sa grotte, l'ermite qu'on appelait "Padre Brujo"—le père sorcier—répétait d'une voix dolente: "Non, non, je ne le sais pas."

— Tu ne le sais pas, tu ne le sais pas? Alors, à quoi servent toutes tes mœurs? Et pourquoi guéris-tu les malades? Et pourquoi avais-tu prédit que la Tia Pepa mourrait subitement? Tu connais l'avenir. . . .

— Je ne connais rien, fit l'ermite, je suis un pauvre homme. . . . Et comment veux-tu que je sache quel est le numéro qui gagnera le gros lot? Tu vois comme ma vie est misérable; je me nourris de ce qu'on me donne et j'habite une grotte dans la montagne.

— C'est un palais qu'on te ferait construire si tu voulais parler! Comprends donc, Padre Brujo, que le gordo de la loterie de Noël est de six millions de pesetas! Tu as peur que l'argent nous corrompe. Tu préfères que tout le village crève de faim. Ça te fait plaisir, pas?

Padre Brujo ne répondit pas. Il leva sur Pablo sa face ridée comme un grain de raisin sec qu'encaîtrait une barbe jaunâtre. Il fixa sur lui ses yeux clairs dont il connaissait le pouvoir de suggestion et attendit que l'homme se calmât.

Mais l'homme ne se calma point. Il jurait, maintenant. Il égrenait ce chapelet de jurons espagnols qui n'a d'égal dans aucune autre langue. Puis il menaça l'ermite de sa navaja.

— Tue-moi si tu veux, car je ne peux rien. Adresse-toi à la Vierge.

— La Vierge, la Vierge! hurla Pablo, est-ce qu'elle s'occupe de nous seulement! Tandis que toi, tu sais, tu as dit à Ignacio que si tu voulais tu connaîtraitais le numéro.

— Moi?

— Oui, toi. Ne mens pas. Ignacio est mon ami. Il ne plaisante jamais.

La nuit tombait doucement sur les monts bleus de la sierra Penagolosa. Tout au loin, on apercevait les clochers de Teruel et, plus près, un tassement de pauvres masures, blotties, serrées les unes contre les autres, comme rassemblées par la peur: c'était le village qu'habitait Pablo.

— Tu n'es pas Aragonais pour rien, conclut l'ermite, tu es tête comme quatre cents mules.

— C'est bon, c'est bon, grogna Pablo. Je te donne toute la nuit pour réfléchir. Je reviendrai demain, et si tu n'as pas le numéro! . . .

Il fit de sa main fermée un geste lourd, puis descendit lentement la montagne.

Grand, musclé, le visage glavre et les traits énergiques, Pablo comptait parmi les quelques hommes qui avaient de l'influence dans son village. Il était charbon. Et avec le barbier Ignacio et le cordonnier qu'on appelait Tio Baltazar, ils formaient à eux trois une sorte de petit gouvernement. Cette idée que l'ermite qui savait tout connaîtrait, s'il voulait s'en donner la peine, le numéro gagnant, avait germé dans le cerveau exalté d'Ignacio. Elle avait enfoncé des racines si profondes qu'il en était arrivé à croire qu'elles avaient pris naissance grâce aux dires du Padre Brujo.

Un soir, Pablo, Baltazar et Ignacio s'étaient réunis dans l'échoppe du cordonnier, et ils avaient décidé qu'à eux

trois ils réuniraient les mille pesetas destinées à acheter le billet—car, pour la loterie de Noël, où les lots sont très importants, chaque billet coûte une petite fortune. Puis Pablo avait été député chez l'ermite afin d'apprendre de sa bouche le numéro prodigieux. Et à aucun de ces trois hommes il n'était venu un instant à l'esprit de mettre en doute les qualités divinatrices de l'ermite. Du moment qu'il guérissait les malades, qu'il avait rendu la vue à un aveugle, il pourrait facilement faire ce qu'on lui demandait. D'ailleurs, lui-même ne s'en était-il point targué, d'après l'affirmation d'Ignacio!

Le lendemain, Pablo, accompagné du Tio Baltazar, reprit le sentier qui conduisait à la montagne. Ils arrivèrent devant la grotte de l'ermite au moment où celui-ci soufflait sur un peu de braise, afin de faire cuire son repas.

— Holà, amigo! cria Pablo.

— Que Dieu soit avec vous, répondit l'ermite.

— Eh bien, as-tu réfléchi? Veux-tu nous le dire, ce numéro, oui ou non?

— Je te répète une dernière fois que je ne le connais pas, répondit-il. Si je le connaissais, je vous le dirais. . . . Je voudrais vous voir tous riches!

— Mensonges, sorcier, m'ensonges! s'écria Baltazar. Tu es heureux de nous savoir misérables, et ton souhait est que le village soit plus pauvre encore. C'est à cause de toi que toutes les bêtes sont mortes de la maladie, l'année dernière; tu les as ensorcelées.

Et Pablo, de ses larges mains, prenait l'ermite par les deux épaules, le secoua violemment.

— Allons, vas-tu le cracher! . . .

Padre Brujo ne répondit pas.

— Tu vois bien qu'il se ferait tuer plutôt que de répondre, cria Baltazar. Ah! ermite de malheur, tu peux venir mendier dans le village, tu verras comme tu seras reçu, à coups de fourche, oui, à coups de fourche!

Le cordonnier faisait de grands gestes et prenait les montagnes à témoin de la perfidie de ce saint homme qui avait le pouvoir de les faire riches à millions et qui s'y refusait.

La même question se répétait:

— Alors, pourquoi as-tu dit à Ignacio. . . .

— Je n'ai rien dit à Ignacio.

Mais déjà Pablo, furieux de cette attitude calme, s'élançait sur Padre Brujo, le couteau levé.

— Je te couperai la langue, rugit-il, si tu ne veux pas parler.

L'ermite resta impassible. Il aurait pu jeter un chiffre pour faire tomber toute cette colère. A quoi bon mentir? Le mensonge découvert, il aurait à affronter pis encore. C'était Dieu sans doute qui lui envoyait cette épreuve nouvelle. Ne fallait-il pas n'attendre que du mal des gens auxquels on faisait du bien? Il avait pitié de ces hommes.

— Allons, viens, fit Baltazar, laisse-le. Tu n'en tireras rien aujourd'hui. Et si tu lui coupes la langue, c'est alors qu'il ne parlera plus.

Le cordonnier et le charbon, regagnèrent le village sans se dire un mot.

Arrivé chez lui, Pablo, qui n'avait fait part de ce projet à personne, pas même à Pilar, sa femme, lui dit brusquement, les yeux en bataille:

— Sais-tu que l'ermite connaît le numéro qui doit gagner le gordo de Noël et qu'il ne veut pas le dire!

— Jésus! Est-ce possible? s'exclama Pilar.

Elle regarda son mari, hébétée et surprise. Une vision d'or passa dans ses yeux noirs. Elle ajouta:

— Tu viens de le voir?

— Oui.

A ce moment, Vicenta, la femme de Baltazar, entrait.

— Alors, c'est vrai, il connaît le gordo, le bandit?

Si c'était vrai! Les deux femmes s'exaltèrent en parlant. Il fallait que tout le monde fût au courant de la méchanceté de l'ermite. Elles parcoururent le village, allant de porte en porte et bientôt tous les habitants surent que Padre Brujo détenait ce terrible secret. Des groupes se formèrent. On cria, on maudit le pauvre homme. Ignacio proposa que tous allassent à la grotte de l'ermite.

— Oui, oui, firent des voix. Il aura peur, il parlera. . . .

— Qu'on prenne des fourches, des pio-

ches, des bâtons, tout ce qui nous tombera sous la main, et en route!

Ainsi armés, ces gens partirent à la conquête de l'or.

Ce fut une ruée d'une cinquantaine d'hommes que les femmes suivaient, plus violentes et plus acharnées, dont quelques-unes traînaient leurs marmots par la main.

Aux clamours poussées par cette troupe, l'ermite était sorti de son trou et regardait.

— Le voilà! Le voilà!

Deux gaillards se précipitèrent sur lui pour le maintenir, de peur qu'il ne s'en fuie.

— Dis-nous le numéro, le gordo, les gordo, le gros lot! Allons, dis.

Mais l'ermite ne répondait pas, et comme la tourbe devenait plus menaçante, il fit un signe.

— Chut! Chut! Il va parler.

Et tout le monde se tut.

— Allons, rentrez chez vous, dit-il d'une voix douce. Je vous jure que je ne le connais pas.

Des cris partirent:

— Ce n'est pas vrai! Il ment! C'est un misérable! Il faut le forcer à parler!

Mais lorsque le premier coup de pioche eut fait rouler le Padre Brujo à terre, tous, hommes et femmes, s'acharnèrent sur lui. Ce fut une mêlée horrible, au centre de laquelle une pauvre masse sanglante et inerte servit longtemps de cible aux lames de couteaux. . . .



## A L'OUBLIÉE

Par Guy-Charles Gros

**M**A pauvre enfant perdue, je te dédie ces roses  
Cueillies dans les jardins lunaires de la nuit,  
Puisque entre les cyprès où, seule, tu reposes  
Il ne parvient jamais que les pleurs de la pluie.

Ils suffiront, je sais, ces purs parfums funèbres  
A ton cœur pour toujours guéri d'avoir vécu  
Et le rêve infini qu'il suit dans les ténèbres  
N'en sera ni troublé ni même interrompu.

Car si les mots vivants ne peuvent plus descendre  
Jusqu'aux endroits secrets où ta forme se tient,  
Du moins que, plus subtile et légère, à ta cendre  
Se mêle l'oraison lunaire des jardins.

# THE LAST CALL

By Dan C. Rule, Jr.

**P**HYLLIS of the raven hair,  
Glances sweet and beauty rare,  
I no more will linger so—  
Is it "Yes" or is it "No"?  
Light-o'-love must have a care;  
Man may choose—let maid beware!  
Phyllis of the Cupid's bow,  
Is it "Yes" or is it "No"?

Know you not the nightingale  
Calls through many a Grecian vale.  
Calls in vain for Philomel?  
He, in groves of asphodel,  
Dwells in joy, nor hears the note  
Welling from the singer's throat.  
They who loiter court but woe—  
Is it "Yes" or is it "No"?

It is well that maid be shy,  
Droop the head and veil the eye;  
From her lover's pleading vain  
Turn a while in feigned disdain;  
Yet no longer strive, my dear;  
Lay aside the shield and spear!  
Fortune loves the daring throw—  
Is it "Yes" or is it "No"?

You and I shall, hand in hand,  
Wander through another land,  
Queer old land of wedded bliss,  
Things aright and things amiss,  
Joy and sorrow, hill and hollow;  
Once again I bid you follow—  
Else with other maid I go.  
Is it "Yes" or is it "No"?



**S**MITH—What kind of a golfer is Browne?  
**JONES**—Well, he has a very original way of putting things.

# THE PLAY OF THE CENTURY!

By George Jean Nathan

**P**URSUANT to what several years since became a regular monthly theatrical habit, the current season has already seen itself in accouche-  
ment for at least two or three "plays of the century."

A "play of the century," as the mere foolish layman may be inclined to imagine, need not necessarily be a drama of some merit and distinctive qualities. Such, to be sure, might once have been the case, but that was in the dark, be-  
fogged days before the critical posts of William Hazlitt and Charles Lamb had been entrusted to the care of Dr. Park-  
hurst and Mr. Diamond Jim Brady, and in our own ignorant yesterday before the places of Max Beerbohm and James Huneker had been taken over by Ashcan Henry and Lithograph Bill. In that obscure, rayless era, a play of the century was permitted to come along only once in every hundred years. But now all this is changed. We are making up for lost time. Billboards, newspaper advertisements and press bulletins inform us of a fresh "play of the century" every thirty days. No manager waits for time or tide. If, perchance, one of these "plays of the century" lasts only a few weeks, then another "play of the century" is rushed in to fill the stage that its failure has left vacant. It all has become a task relatively as simple of re-  
peated and continued execution as the eating of buttered popcorn, the getting of sideshow notoriety by Mary Garden or the accumulating of salary under false comedian pretenses by Charles Bigelow.

A modern "play of the century" is usually created on the "first night" at the end of the second act in the café on

the corner. Six actors proclaim it to be "great"; four wine agents assert that it is "swell"; three managers of uptown brokerage offices nod their heads and agree that it is "all there"; Jerry Siggleheimer, the regular first-nighter, says, "Believe me, it's some show"; one of the important Brooklyn real estate journal dramatic critics tells the producer in the lobby that he's going to give it a "grand boost" and that, if the producer wants to, he may take the liberty of quoting him in the morning advertisements as saying that it is the best thing since "Hamlet"—and when the rest of New York wakes up the next day it reads that another classic has been added to the library of the world's dramatic literature. And what is more, the rest of New York usually believes it! The chief items necessary for the manufacture of one of these dramatic triumphs are a "big scene," in which one of the leading characters, amidst raucous breathing, exestuates to a point where he or she does something bad to the other's moral mechanics; a two-column "box" in the newspaper advertising columns; several well situated lithograph stands in Times Square; an announcement that seats are now on sale ten weeks ahead; an electric sign over the theater of sufficient size and brilliance to make the toilettes of the ladies as they descend from their equipages visible to the staring wanderers in the next block; a line in the program stating that the theater is being perfumed with Pinaud's famous Eau de Something; and last but not least—enough rubes.

Among the several dramas recently announced as being "the play of the century"—or "the biggest play of our

time," as is now and then more modestly the case—we find one of George Broadhurst's latest works, "**BOUGHT AND PAID FOR.**" Because I have actually discovered traces of merit in this grandiosely heralded and generally overpraised effort, and because I am seized with the confidence that too bountiful characterizations even in the instance of honorable products must always operate greatly to broad grins and unnecessary detriment, I have elected to sound a general warning to this spreading plague in my critical introduction instead of devoting the space, as I had intended, to a survey of the jackass moral attitude of the public toward that really limpid artiste, that positively accomplished interpreter, Gaby Deslys by name and reputation. "**BOUGHT AND PAID FOR,**" a large financial success and a drama over which abundant adulatory ink has been spread, is a pretty fair specimen of its sort, but it is no more one of the biggest plays of our time than, let us say, "**Rebellion,**" which has not been a bulky financial success and over which much encomiastic ink has not been spread. Beside such a really big effort as "**The Easiest Way,**" the one and only really big American effort of more modern times, the Broadhurst drama takes on a countenance comparatively as profound as that of the usual play from the hands of a Preston Gibson. I should not feel at liberty to make these comparisons had they not been invited, for in themselves they are not entirely fair to the play in direct point. But any play that screeches that it is the biggest play of our time must be prepared to take the consequences.

Analyzed closely, at random or any way you will, what merit "**BOUGHT AND PAID FOR**" possesses is discovered to consist of one exceedingly well-drawn subsidiary character, a terse editorial technic and a rather nicely perceived and executed sense of dramatic balance. Beyond this, the play is inconsequent. Its narrative, setting forth the marriage of a captain of finance to a lowly telephone operator, the latter's inability to endure the perfervid embraces of her overlord, and their separation and even-

tual reconciliation, is, as you will observe, approximately as important and substantial as the average short story in a periodical devoted to the interests of women—and approximately as fresh and fertile in idea and background. The so-called "big" scene in the second act of the presentation is very apparently an emigrant from the relative section of Brieux's "**Maternité**." Mr. Broadhurst, of course, has "adapted" the scene, and, as is usual in almost all adaptations of decent foreign works, the exhibit is robbed of its entire original vitality.

To make the episode in question "more sensational," as the American two-dollar scaramouches view sensationalism, Mr. Broadhurst causes the husband to smash in the door of the room after the wife has locked herself in. This smashing in of a door is invariably regarded as "great stuff" in our drama. It can always be relied upon to produce a deep effect on an audience. William Gillette built up a considerable portion of his fortune on it. And today his weaker disciples, whenever they find themselves at a loss for a legitimate dramatic moment brought about by legitimately assembled emotions, hide their deficiency by battering in a couple of panels. The smashed door is to the theater of Broadway what the snowstorm and a view of the Brooklyn Bridge by moonlight is to the theater of Third Avenue. But, while I might find it in my heart to forgive Mr. Broadhurst for this sin, while I might even find it within me to forgive him for snuggling up to the splendid model of the amazing Brieux, I cannot grant him critical absolution for his greater sin in debasing the vital, honest, well grounded throb and purpose of the Frenchman's drama for the ostensible and objectionable Woolworthy purpose of shocking pale-faced matinée *puellæ*. Brieux has something to say about race suicide; Broadhurst just talks to the box office. His play is ably written; it is even generally entertaining by virtue of its deft physical manipulation; but it is as empty of true motive, real meaning and honest purpose as the moving picture views of the life of Tracy the outlaw. Its popular success must be attributed

to the astute Mr. William A. Brady's odds-on ability to gauge accurately the people's tastes, to the particularly proficient cabotinage of Frank Craven, Julia Dean, Charles Richman and the rest of the presenting company, and to the continuous presence in New York of a large band of transient theatergoers from such intensely rural communities as New York and Philadelphia.

In "THE ONLY SON," Winchell Smith presents to us as well done a piece of dramatic writing as the recent records reveal, and simultaneously presents himself as a native playwright who is justified, from the standpoint of this disclosed excellence in technic, in taking up his residence next to the working chambers of Augustus Thomas and Eugene Walter. As a study in dramatic architecture, his latest exhibit deserves to assume rank with some of the very best of our American proscenium products. In dramatic discretion, logic, general manner of evolution and effectiveness it is uniformly legitimate, uniformly direct, fresh and fair. And it is this undeniable exercise of skill that succeeds in creating a heart-reaching story out of a theme that, to say the least, is anything but intrinsically attractive. A man learns that his wife has been unfaithful to him. He calls in their children—a boy and a girl—to hear the tale of their mother's sin. He impresses the enormity of this sin upon their minds. "I will divorce her," says the husband. "You children must come with me." The daughter, like a daughter, shrinks away from the mother and draws close to him. The son, like a son, fights back the tears and steps to his mother's side. "I'll *not* go with you!" he cries out to the father. "I'm going to stick to *her* and protect her. She's only your *wife*; you can get another *wife*—but she's my *mother!*" And the lad begins his battle to hide the secret of the woman's shame from the running current of life. The husband sneers. "Women like her," he tells the son, "go straight to the gutter. The world knows they do!" "Yes," replies the boy, "and I think the world is right—ninety-nine times out of a hundred. But *my mother* isn't that kind of woman!" I cite merely

the central thread of the theme. Mr. Smith, unlike his brother Broadhurst, has something more to say, and he says it. He points out the increasing looseness in sex matters in this country; he foreshadows the results; he treats of conventions and lack of conventions sanely, simply, forcefully—and he smashes in nary a door. As I write this, "THE ONLY SON" has not yet been presented in New York, and I know not what verdict the latter will return against it. But if that verdict proves to be unfavorable, if it bases itself disproportionately upon the silly charge of an "unsympathetic" theme, then may God have mercy on Manhattan's lobstered, broadwayed soul! I wish especially to praise the performances of Wallace Eddinger and several of his associates in the presentation.

I feel that you are impatient to hear about Gaby, and heaven knows I want to write about her, but the tradition that compels a dramatic critic to devote himself mainly to dramatic criticism has got me by the ears and pulls me unwillingly to my expected task. If I had my way about it, things would be different. So you will have to blame tradition—and yourself! "GREEN STOCKINGS," to do my conventional duty and to do it quickly, is a farce comedy by A. E. W. Mason serving as the present means for an exposition of the talents of Miss Margaret Anglin. Such, at least, was the preliminary intention, but in practice the chief talents discovered to be revealed through the Mason medium are those of Miss Anglin's leading man, H. Reeves Smith. The piece itself is a moderately amusing and perfectly conventional recitation of the maneuvers of a near-old maid to appear the desired female, and of her eventual accidental and theatrical accumulation of a mate. "NEXT," by Rida Johnson Young, is an exsiccous burlesque of the literary and dramatic finish of a Sam Scribner "Bowery Belles" show, built for the sole purpose of displaying the freakish Miss Helen Lowell in red woolen undergarments. The Messrs. Shubert deserve a word of praise for their quick withdrawal of this unpleasant exhibit from Daly's Theater once they got a good look at it. "THE

**GREAT NAME,**" a comedy of the artistic temperament by Leon and Feld, which must have been a delight in the original German, was "adapted" and of course spoiled by James Clarence Harvey. It was assisted further on the down grade by the extravagant mummerisms of Henry Kolker and by a process of staging that Fra Sherwin aptly characterized as having been generated by a "common mind." Despite the magnum of inefficiency with which the product was prepared for American consumption, some of its ingrained worth could not help but remain. But the "ingrained worth" had a hard time of it before the onslaughts of Messrs. Marion and Harvey. To a novice, Miss Ruth Chatterton, and to Mr. Russ Whytal I extend my gratitude for the intelligence and seriousness with which they approached their respective labors.

Just a moment, dear Mademoiselle Deslys, and I shall be with you!

"REBELLION," Joseph Medill Patterson's picture of the Roman Catholic Church and its attitude toward divorce, failed to achieve what portion of success might otherwise have been its due because of the playwright's self-contradictions and futile theatricalisms. His characters inferred much about their "soul" *via* their mouth and nothing about soul *via* their deportment or processes of heart. His pivotal woman character, who rebelled against the Church, by her own confession scarcely ever had gone to church in the years directly preceding the time of the play. His third act, upon which the whole final action of the play was intended to turn, bore only an indirect relationship to the main dramatic torrent.

And now I flatly refuse to keep a lady waiting any longer. The drama must step aside. Mademoiselle Gaby, then, into the taxi! Before I had seen the performance of this artiste at the Winter Garden, I, in common with many others, believed that here was merely another case of notoriety and diamonds, of a "past," quite a lot of presents and no future. I was wrong! I discovered that my long residence in this metropolitan community of hypocritical polar bears

and self-constituted umpires of art, morals and other things about which they know little or nothing had begun to get in its sly and deadly work, and had wafted the invidious scents of Harlem intolerance and Bronx bigotry toward my hitherto healthy Indiana nostrils. I discovered, not a valeskasuratt, as I, in my ignorance had been drugged into believing, but an actress of a very definite caliber, a pantomimist of projectile power, a performer of pleasant voice, applaudable dancing ability, precise diction and, last but not least, of wholly captivating physical mien. New York, however, sweet, unsophisticated little New York, saw nothing of these qualities—it saw only the alleged mistress of a king. New York, that has "stood for" everything in a theatrical way, from the product of San Francisco dives to the enameled coquettes of its own "studio" apartment hotels, New York that has tolerated the female angle of one of the blackest scandal triangles of the day, that has patronized two murderesses harnessed together in a "sister act" and has made a dismal pretense of balking at Beulah Binford only because she was a pitiable, destitute derelict bent straight for Kingdom Come and didn't have the necessary "glamour"—that same New York turned up its proper nose at Gaby Deslys. If this player had taken up with some actor or broker instead of a monarch, it is probable that all might have been forgiven and forgotten. For such is the Great White way! It is to the shame of a great world city that it will not, does not, recognize a true artiste for what she is; that it will and does persist in its smug pose of shammed righteousness and virtue.

Now that that is settled, let us observe Graham Moffat's Scotch comedy, "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS," imported from the Haymarket Theater by the Shubert-Brady management. If one mentions the word "Scotch" to a New Yorker, it suggests to him only four things—Harry Lauder, J. M. Barrie, whiskey and plaids. Beyond this quartet, his knowledge of the land to the north of England is on a par with his acquaintance with Germany, which sug-

gests to him only Sam Bernard, the Rogers Brothers, Würzburger and Pil-sener; with France, which suggests to him only French fried potatoes, Gay Paree, *à la carte* and *table d'hôte*; and with his own country, which he believes to be the United States of America, and which suggests to his mind only George Cohan, dearoldbroadway, Christopher Columbus and baseball. It was not strange, accordingly, that New York, after witnessing the Scotch comedy, began to comment wildly how and how not it was like unto the plays of Barrie. As a matter of literary fact, "BUNTY'S" chief and only resemblance to certain of Barrie's works is their mutual dealing with Scotch characters. By this same standard, as aptly compare "Die Weber" with "Der Doppelmensch" simply because both have to do with German characters; "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" with "Lady Frederick," because both deal with Britons; or "The Great Divide" with "Shenandoah," by virtue of the fact that each is full of Americans. Do not misinterpret my criticism, however. I have spoken of New York, not "BUNTY." The latter, while revealing little of the widely insinuated literary skill or dramatic fiber, remains withal a consistently well shaded and certainly pleasant daguerreotype study of Scotch character in the village of Lintiehaugh in the Year of our Lord 1860. I recommend the presentation to your notice. The acting is excellent.

It was at the end of the third act of "THE RUNAWAY," a four-act Gallic adaptation serving as the most recent conveyance for Miss Billie Burke. In the lobby of the Lyceum several critics were gathered together. Presently an acquaintance approached their group. "Do you know," he exclaimed rapturously, "I think Billie Burke and this play are the finest things I've seen in a long while! What a great actress she is!" And the critics, with a look on their faces that betokened a perfect blend of compassion, weariness and surrender after four years' futile fight, smiled a smile of resignation and murmured: "Yes, the moon is purple and the sun is olive-colored and it is hot in winter and

very cold in summer and ham and eggs is a vegetable."

One minute after the fall of the final curtain on David Belasco's so-called psychic presentation, "THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM," the average cool-minded and normally perceptive spectator is quite positive that he has just witnessed the exploitation of a profound contribution to native drama. One hour after the fall of the final curtain his suspicions begin to become aroused. And one day after the fall of the final curtain he is quite positive that what he witnessed was exactly one part profound drama to ninety-nine parts profound theatrical trickery! Could a deeper compliment be visited upon Mr. Belasco? I believe not, for few if any of his producing contemporaries could thus hold Common Sense at bay for one whole, long day, could thus kellarize a moderately astute band of auditors into believing it had attended a consequent piece of dramatic writing and could thus dethrone reason —where reason here and there reigned—by such another instance of elaborate and cunning jugglery of playhouse contrivances for which Belasco has become famous.

Unfortunately, I have small remaining space to point out the flimsy fabric of the play and to initiate the too readily influenced audiences into the divers defects visible in its processes of thought and execution. I have little room to elaborate upon such subterfuges as the declaiming in the play of the names of such investigators as Hyslop and James and Lombroso and Flammarion to lend it a semblance of authoritative drama in the woefully lay mind of the public; to point out the dubious dramatic profigacy exhibited in causing a presumably licensed physician to enlist a child nigh unto death for purposes of a séance in a draughty room; to indicate at length the spacious flaws in Mr. Belasco's personal note of explanation on the printed program.

The latter, however, I cannot dismiss without a whisper or two. Says the author: "I do not intend to advance any theory as to the probability of the return of the main character in this play. For

the many, it may be said that he could exist only in the minds of the characters grouped about him—in their subconscious memories. For the few, his presence will embody the theory of the survival of persistent personal energy. The character has, so far as possible, been treated to accord with either thought."

May we not discover a tongue in the cheek in this naive "explanation"? To evade any quarrel with the logic of his play, the author, by his own confession, says that he has no theory to advance for himself, and then proceeds to lay the blame upon the public. He advances theories for the benefit of his audiences who, by the usual law, should be privileged to advance their own theories. Mr. Belasco not only tricks his auditors by way of the stage, but slyly seeks to rob them of their minds by way of the program as well. Analyze the two speculations bequeathed gratuitously to the audience. First let us take the view Mr. Belasco accords "the many." We find it scarcely tenable. Peter Grimm, upon his return into the play after death, indulges himself (or his spirit) in hitherto unspoken and unacted thoughts, in principles contradictory to those he held while life was yet in him. How then could he exist in the *subconscious* memories of the characters and dominate the characters with constant changes of thought and thereby impel them to deeds of contrariety? See Külpe, Wundt, Bain, Bourdon, Offner, Ebbinghaus, Ribot, Höffding—or any assistant instructor of psychology to the freshman classes in any university, established preparatory academy or *unfashionable girls'* finishing school. Secondly, let us take the postulate peddled to "the few"—the theory of the survival of persistent personal energy. An impossible hypothesis so far as this particular presentation goes by virtue of the fact that Peter Grimm, out of his own mouth, whether flesh or spirit or anything else, says, "I have been away, and here I am back again!" Furthermore, from the scientific standpoint, a "survival of persistent personal energy" may not generate contradictory tenets. It may serve as an

inspiration, aye, even a corrective, but it cannot act as an editing of the emotional laws of the particular human beings within its erstwhile circle of beating pulse.

I regret that Mr. Belasco for once has failed to impress me. But four years of university study of such things and two subsequent years of investigation of the subject in behalf of one of America's respectable journals stand in the way. "**THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM**" is a triumph of Belasco stage art—an undeniable triumph—but it is a defeat, a surrender, a rout of dramatic and scientific logic. Reduced to terms of Broadway, it is merely an amplified dramatization of the ghost in "*Hamlet*," a physical investment of a failure of two years ago by Cora Maynard, called "*The Watcher*," with a lot of fat psychological references thrown in for good measure. It is gloriously staged; it is in the main acted with a sense of propriety by a company including David Warfield; and it is nightly sending hundreds out of the theater in a complete state of hypnosis. See Hegel, Münsterberg, Titchener and, above every other authority on this particular branch of psychology—Mr. David Belasco.

"**THE GARDEN OF ALLAH**," dramatized by Robert Hichens and the former Mary Anderson from the widely read novel of the same title and produced by Liebler & Company, resolves itself in proscenium display into a series of bombastic scenic pictures that lend to the presentation the general air of a sort of sublimated "*Creation*" or "*Pharaoh's Daughter*" spectacle. This especially inasmuch as of drama itself there is small trace. Before the printer goes out for luncheon I wish him to set up type enough to praise a gorgeous view of the starlit desert, a captivating peep at a monastery hard by the blue-black Mediterranean, an excellent performance of Mr. Lewis Waller in the role of Boris and an evidence of the sincere attempt of the producer, Mr. Tyler, to do something worth while. "**THE GARDEN OF ALLAH**," however, is still a novel.

# AN OVERDOSE OF NOVELS

By H. L. Mencken

HAVING just completed the reading of thirty works of fiction in thirty days, I sit up in my little white hospital cot and beg leave to inform you, in a quavering, exhausted voice, that "ETHAN FROME," by Edith Wharton (*Scribner*), and "ABE AND MAWRUSS," by Montague Glass (*Doubleday-Page*), are the best of them. A queer pair of books, to be sure. The one is grim, humorless, tragic; the other is a literary *scherzo*, a thing of shameless mirth. And yet why not? I am not one who perceives any inherent virtue in tragedy, or any inherent vice in comedy. Between "Othello" and "Much Ado About Nothing" there is no actual choice. The first is a masterpiece and the second is a masterpiece. One inclines to "Othello" when the skies are dark and to "Much Ado" when the skies are blue—or *vice versa*, according as one goes to art to foster or to blast a mood, for toxin or for antitoxin. And so with "ETHAN FROME" and "ABE AND MAWRUSS." I can imagine a man reading the two volumes on two successive days, and getting civilized entertainment, and even a certain rare exhilaration, out of both of them. The feat, indeed, is very easy for me to picture, for I have actually accomplished it. If I work in bed today, with a talledummed nursegirl feeding me lemon and albumen through a bent tube, the blame is upon other and lesser books—some to be mentioned before I am done, others already burned and forgotten.

The virtue of "ETHAN FROME" is the somewhat uncommon virtue of dignity—of that dignity which belongs to sound, conscientious, thoughtful execution. In design the thing is far from impeccable. Mrs. Wharton, in truth, begins down-

right clumsily. The narrative proper is hidden behind a sort of prologue—a device unnecessary and fruitful of difficulties. But once she gets into that narrative, once the bad start is over, the rest of the tale is managed with such grace and skill, with such nice balance and care for detail, that one quickly forgets the artificiality of its beginning. We have here, in brief, an excellent piece of writing. Mrs. Wharton has seldom given better evidence of her craftsmanship. The dismal story of Ethan Frome, the lorn New England farmer; of his silent sacrifices for his insane mother, his hypochondriac wife; of his pitiful yearning for little Mattie Silver; of his endless, hopeless struggle with the unyielding soil; of the slow decay and death of his hopes, his ambitions, his lingering joy in life—this story, as it is set down, gathers the poignancy of true tragedy. One senses the unutterable desolation of those Northern valleys, the meaningless horror of life in those lonely farmhouses. A breath of chill Norwegian wind blows across the scene. There is in Ethan some hint of Alfred Allmers, of Hjalmar Ekdal. He is the archetype of an American we have been forgetting, in our eagerness to follow the doings of more pushful and spectacular fellows. He is the American whom life has passed over like the lightnings, leaving him hurt and mute by the roadside.

In "ABE AND MAWRUSS" there are eleven of Mr. Glass's irresistible tales of the battles and philanthropies, the chicaneries and disputations, of Potash and Perlmutter, the most amusing fellows sent into the world since Kipling sent Mulvaney. No need to recall more than a few of them—you have read them all if

you have two eyes, a movable diaphragm and a nickel a week to waste upon literature. One is the hilarious story of Abe Potash's trip to Paris with Moe Griesman, Leon Sammet and Hymie Salzman, and of the unexpected and staggering ratification of Maurice Perlmutter's genius as a designer. Another is the story of Max Koblin the raincoat king and his prodigal son Sydney. Another is the story of Felix Geigermann and the fake Amati violin. Yet another is the story of B. Gurin, the Yiddo-American Adonis, and the beauteous widow Gladstein. Make your own choice. I have howled over every one of them—and I have howled even louder over "Object: Matrimony," the story of One-Eye Feigenbaum and of Bertha the mustached. "Object: Matrimony" is not in the present collection. It was not in the earlier Glass book, "Potash and Perlmutter." A lamentable oversight, for "Object: Matrimony" is one of the best comic tales in English. To find a better you must go pretty far back—far beyond O. Henry—all the way to 1888 and "The Taking of Lungtungpen." Our short story writers, as a rule, do not run to humor. More often they are for the intense, the alarming, the affecting stuff. You will find twenty imitations of "Gallagher" and "The Man Who Would be King" to one of "The Jumping Frog." But here at last is a man who drags laughs out of us until we ache—laughs little and laughs big, laughs which stop with a zigzagging of wrinkles and laughs which shake the whole frame.

And yet, for all that riot of mirth, Mr. Glass is no mere literary scaramouch. Unlike the late O. Henry, he never lets farcical and irrelevant details spoil his comedy. The trouble with Henry was that he could not resist the temptation to add one more touch, to gild the lily. His desperadoes and his revolutionists, his vaudevillains and his thieves, his cowboys and his bartenders—all spouted a slang that was just a bit too fantastic, just a bit too funny—and it was always the same slang. The result was that these folk faded into one another, that they were ill differentiated and unreal. When you think of an O. Henry story

today you always think, not of a character in it, not of some flash of illumination, but of some startling, impossible metaphor, some incredible situation. Not so with the stories of Glass. They are essentially character sketches, and the humor in them grows *out* of character, and is not forced into it or superimposed upon it. In the dialogues between Abe and Morris there is nothing strained, nothing artificial. Its truth is even more assertive than its humor. It is the speech of the veritable Russian Jew, half Americanized and climbing fast, just as the dialogue of "The Playboy of the Western World" is the speech of the veritable Irishman. In each case an artist has exercised that selection which is art itself. But in neither case has he gone beyond his models, nor sought to bedizen them with outlandish gauds.

The chronicles of Abe and Morris have a deceptive appearance of facility. It seems easy to spin such droll colloquies, to devise such simple plots. But those of us who have poured out our sweat upon the making of short stories know just how much careful planning, just how much hard effort goes into every one of them. The machinery always runs with watchlike smoothness; every line of dialogue helps to the effect intended; there is never any clumsiness, never any misuse of materials. And always the personages of the tale stand out in the round. Not only Abe and Morris have the blood of life in them, but also Morris's Minnie and Abe's Rosie, Henry D. Feldman and DeWitt C. Feinberg, One-Eye Feigenbaum and Felix Geigermann, Bunker Feder and Uncle Mosha Kronberg, Moe Griesman and Miss Cohen the bookkeeper. Jews all, but Jews individualized and accurately drawn, each set off sharply from all the others, each a vivid portrait. Not that all are equally successful—far from it. To me, at least, Morris always seems a shade more real than Abe. One-Eye Feigenbaum stands out from the crowd, a comic masterpiece. So does Henry D. Feldman, though he is talked about oftener than seen. But taking the group as a whole, it is one which few other fictioneers of

the day can match. Mr. Glass has made a genuine contribution to American comedy. He is a genuine humorist. He has made us roar over Abe and Morris—and he has somehow made us like them while we roar.

Whether "REBELLION," by Joseph Medill Patterson (*Reilly-Brill*), is the novelization of a drama or a novel that has been dramatized, I can't tell you. As I compose these few lines a play bearing the same name and by the same author is on view in New York, and my spies bring me news that it follows the main plan of the book. I incline to the theory that the book was written first, or at least planned first, for there are a number of things in it which cannot be in the play, and they happen to be the very things which lift it above the commonplace and give it a sound excuse for existence. For instance, the staggering, accidental meeting between Mason Stevens and Georgia Connor, after Georgia has dismissed Mason and gone back to her drunken husband, and motherhood is upon her. For instance, the occasional swift, illuminating glimpses into the philosophy and ethics of Mason—into the philosophy and ethics of a diligent American business man, fearing women because they are distractions from trade, fearing nothing else, not even dishonor, so long as it feeds and fattens trade. Mr. Patterson makes Mason and Georgia extremely real, and that air of reality is achieved not so much by what he has them do as by what he has to say about them—by his discussion of their motives and habits of mind. Such a discussion, such an attempt at objective criticism, always rings false on the stage; it is possible only indirectly, and by devices of extraordinary ingenuity, and to playwrights of a high and mighty talent. But it is the very blood and substance of the novel, properly so called—the novel as opposed to the mere story. "REBELLION" is a genuine novel, a novel in all its essentials. It may be a bad novel, but in a land where novels, good or bad, are outnumbered by mere stories in a ratio of fifty to one, and not many persons notice either the fact or the difference, it is well to welcome any

honest specimen, whatever its shortcomings, with a considerable hospitality.

Unluckily for Mr. Patterson, most of his effort is spent upon situations which show the defect of overfamiliarity. The divorce question was long ago torn to tatters by our native moralists. Not much that is new is to be said about it at this late day. We have heard all the arguments pro and con; we have wallowed in the obvious drama of the thing; we know its platitudes by heart. And so when Georgia turns from her drunken husband in disgust and falls under the eye of Mason Stevens, and slowly formulates the notion that it would be intensely agreeable to be Stevens's wife, and admits it to Stevens himself, and then faces the awful anathema of the Church, and goes back to Jim and rues it almost instanter and turns to Stevens once more, and finally declares open rebellion against the Church, to the joy of Stevens and the horror of good Father Hervey—in all this there is no stimulating shock of surprise. It is an old, old story. Its end is in sight from its beginning.

But if we turn from this bare chronicle to what may be called its embellishment, from its facts to their interpretation, we find that Mr. Patterson has something to add to it—that he can create living characters and arouse our interest in their agonies; that he is a fellow who looks at life with alert and seeing eyes; that he himself is a personage in his tale, and a personage ingratiating and entertaining. He has thought about many things, as Max Beerbohm once said of George Bernard Shaw, deeply and indignantly. He is no mere spinner of idle tales, no mere phonograph of standardized wisdom. He is a definite, differentiated personality. His angle of vision may be too acute or too obtuse—but it is his own.

But why is he so lazy, so careless? In fifty places in "REBELLION" his narrative shows signs of a too hot haste. It needs elaboration, polishing, what the makers of hand paintings call "teasing up." The very English in which it is written is a loose and ribald English. We are told that Georgia's levity of behav-

ior "undoubtedly *got past* Stevens at times"; that if he "never *has* a Panno Six it *wasn't* her fault"; that it "would surprise her greatly if that *was so*"; that "when their meal was finished they matched for the check, and L. Frankland was *stuck*." Little things; Shakespeare was guilty of worse—but Mr. Patterson is not a Shakespeare. He is simply a young American who has taken the trouble to examine the Americans about him, and who has interesting reports to make. His first story, "A Little Brother to the Rich," suffered from a lack of humor—not so much in the story itself as in the teller. It was just a shade too pontifical, a shade too indignant. "REBELLION" shows a very noticeable improvement. It is a novel full of defects, but nevertheless it is a novel with more than one touch of genuine merit. Let us hope that Mr. Patterson will bring a little more care to his work next time. If he does he should produce a book worth serious consideration.

Lloyd Osbourne takes a madman's chance in "A PERSON OF SOME IMPORTANCE" (*Bobbs-Merrill*), for he makes the hero of that homeric tale, young Matthew Broughton, an undertaker. Imagine an A. B. Wenzell hero, six feet eleven and a half inches in height, with shoulders as broad as a trolley car and a chin as square and as hard as the stone whiskers of an Assyrian effigy and legs as straight as shafts of light; a hero with the mouth of Julius Cæsar, the nose of James K. Hackett, the eyes of Romeo Montague, the curly hair of Godfrey de Bouillon—imagine that god, that colossus, clad in ceremonial and shiny sable, a crape around his hat, black gloves on his hands, a white rosebud, its stem wrapped in tinfoil, in his left lapel—imagine him, thus bedizened, worming his way on velvet, insinuating feet through the dense horde of mourners in the front parlor! Imagine him giving his swift, silent eyebrow signals to the officiating clergymen, to his corps of promoted piano movers, to the First and Second Gravediggers! Imagine him playing the cat-like scene shifter in that most bizarre and obscene of all human spectacles, an American funeral! And yet Mr. Os-

bourne has the face to put poor Matthew through the awful adventure. A mere piece of *bravura*, I am convinced—a journeyman's somewhat brazen display of virtuosity—an effort to drive M. Locke and McCutcheon, McGrath and Chambers into envious rages and drunkards' graves.

The worst of it is that Mr. Osbourne, to speak plain American, gets away with it. But only by disingenuous evasion, only by discreetly dodging the *scènes à faire*. One awaits breathlessly the meeting between Matthew in his gauds of grief and the beauteous Christine Marshall—and it never comes. One pictures him torn away from her side at the thousand and first kiss to boss the embalming of some extinct plumber—encountering her on the road near her father's palace, he in his undertaker's buggy, at the head of a fraternal order funeral, with the corpse wrapped in an American flag and the pallbearers wearing white aprons, vermilion baldrics and green rosettes, and already comfortably in liquor—but such pictures never flash across the screen. All the while that Matthew is busy with shrouds and black mittens Christine is far, far away. By the time she comes back the villains have intrigued him out of his job and are preparing to blow him up with dynamite. She never knows. When she left him he was looking for work, and when she returns he is looking for work. And then they are married and go to San Francisco, and the villains lure them into the South Seas, and there the Emperor of Austria, passing in a battleship, sends for Matthew and gives him an island and \$100,000, all of which is the reward of virtue, as you will duly discover for yourself when you read this galloping, this absorbing, this unprecedented tale. If the diamond belt doesn't go to Mr. Osbourne at once I shall murder the next barber who hands me the *Police Gazette*. Where are Locke's fantastic heroes now? Who will ever beat Matthew the undertaker?

After the first few chapters, which are abominably dull, the story of "THE JUDGMENT," by Mary R. H. King (*De Mille*), is chiefly physiological. Eleanor

Howard, married to the rich and wicked William Manning, finds herself in danger of losing him, and his negotiable securities with him. The trouble is that William craves a son to carry on his crimes after he is gone—and has been refused that boon by the gods. Not believing in the gods, he blames it all on Eleanor, and threatens to sue her for divorce. As for Eleanor, she has a private theory that the calamity is otherwise explicable, and to test that theory she departs from the strict monogamy which, according to another and more widespread theory, is the duty of every wife. There ensues the son craved by William, to his genuine astonishment and no less genuine joy. He lavishes his riches upon Eleanor and the boy, ransacking the bazaars of the world, searching for gifts of unprecedented magnificence and value. The first tooth keeps him sober for twenty-four hours; the first tottering footstep brings him to the awful brink of actual respectability. But meanwhile Eleanor yearns for the Other. She can never forget the real papa of her darling. Why then, you may ask, doesn't she call a taxicab and have herself hauled into his presence? Alas, she doesn't know where he is, doesn't even know his name, wouldn't recognize him if she met him on the street! Do such marvels excite your curiosity, your incredulity? Do you opine that things so wondrous may not be? Then buy "THE JUDGMENT" and see for yourself. This is not a medical journal, and therefore I can tell you no more. But I can tell you, and so do with a sense of duty honestly performed, that I have found this one of the cheapest and silliest, one of the most stupid and clumsy and preposterous novels I have ever read. It lacks even the one redeeming virtue of healthy, human indecency—of indecency hearty and unashamed. Its very nastiness is infantile and ludicrous.

There are novels that I simply cannot read, trying my honest darndest. Of such sort, for example, are the compositions of Eden Philpotts. I am perfectly willing to grant that they have merits. I am even willing to grant, upon sound, sworn testimony, that they have few if

any faults. And yet their drab yokels floor me. In the midst of the suffering and striving, the calving and expiring of such remote and unearthly folk, my thoughts go drifting to Port Antonio harbor, ghostly in the dawn—to the first night of "Florodora" at the old Casino—to the eternally marvelous fact that two twos are four—to a dim, half-mythical girl I loved in 1902, or 1903, or sometime thereabout—to some other spectral, far-off event, person, scene, meal, treachery, indignity, guffaw, dream, emotion. To the tomes of the lugubrious Phillpotts now add "THE MILLER OF OLD CHURCH," by Ellen Glasgow (*Doubleday-Page*). The majority of American reviewers have cast their votes for it enthusiastically. One of them calls it "Miss Glasgow's strongest book"; another says that it proves beyond a doubt that "her hand is sure"; a third maintains that it is the best Southern novel written in ten years; a fourth compares it to the works of the great Victorians. I wish I could join in this chorus, but I could not do so without gross deception, for the good reason that I have been unable, after earnest effort, to read the story. I have tried and tried and tried. But I can't. I don't know why. Prejudice? I think not. Temporary insanity? Perhaps. But whatever the cause, the obstructive fact remains. So I pass on to you the kind words said of the tale by those who have read it and enjoyed it.

The same vicarious praise must suffice for "THE LIKABLE CHAP," by Henry Davenport (*Sturgis-Walton*); "THE SULTAN'S RIVAL," by Bradley Gilman (*Small-Maynard*); "THE YOUNG TIMBER CRUISERS," by Hugh Pendexter (*Small-Maynard*), and "THE SECOND BOYS' BOOK OF MODEL AEROPLANES," by Francis A. Collins (*Century Co.*). I put these volumes into the hands of a connoisseur of fourteen, accompanied by a modest honorarium and a request for judgment. His report was as follows:

"THE LIKABLE CHAP" is a bully book and also very comical. I wish there were more such books written. 'THE SULTAN'S RIVAL' is also a bully book, and full of interesting adventures among the Moroccans. 'THE YOUNG TIMBER CRUI-

SERS' is one of the best books I have ever read. The cover says there will be five more in that series. I hope you will get them. The book about aeroplanes has many pictures showing aeroplanes made by boys, and tells how to do it. Much obliged for the dollar."

I tried to foist "HARMONY HALL," by Marion Hill (*Small-Maynard*), upon this same literary youth, but he would have none of it, for the cover gives plain warning that it is "a story for girls." Alas, it so happens that my circle of friends in this present desolate year includes no maiden in the pigtailed decade between linen books and best sellers. I know one or two faintly, formally, at a distance, but not one well enough to burden her with my labors. So I have gone through the book myself, and emerge from it with the report that it is a pleasant story about an angelic big sister and a household rescued from trouble by her industry. Another such: "PATTY," by Jean Webster (*Century Co.*), a collection of merry boarding-school tales. Finally, there are "THE DUTCH TWINS," by Lucy Fitch Perkins (*Houghton-Mifflin*), and "THE ONE-FOOTED FAIRY," by Alice Brown (*Houghton-Mifflin*), two very inviting collections of stories designed for reading aloud to kids too young to read themselves, each with pictures of quite unusual merit.

"THE DANGEROUS AGE," by Karin Michaëlis (*Lane*), is the sad, sad story of a Marie Bashkirteff of forty-two bitter years. Why does Frau Elsie Lindtner, thus standing at the very gates of antiquity, desert her good husband, Herr Richard Lindtner, the Copenhagen *grosshändler*, and her luxurious home in the Old Market place, and go to live in that lonely villa on the Danish coast, with only her maid, Jeanne, and her scullion, Torp, to mitigate her solitude? A mysterious matter, indeed! "Apparently," she writes home to Richard, "I was not meant for married life. . . . I wish in my heart of hearts that I had something to reproach you with—but I have nothing against you of any sort or kind." And later on, writing to Frau Lillie Rothe, her cousin and confidante: "One day the impulse—or whatever you like to call it

—took possession of me that I must live alone—quite alone and all to myself. Call it an absurd idea, an impossible fancy; call it hysteria—which perhaps it is—I must get right away from everybody and everything." Even when the exile's thoughts begin to turn wantonly to Jörgen Malthe, the young architect—even when she confesses flatly that she has loved him for ten years—one feels somehow that it was not Jörgen who lured her from her Richard. That feeling is reinforced when, after a year's meditation, she sends for Jörgen. Her plan appears to be that he shall hang up his hat for an indefinite visit. He arrives one morning . . . and departs the same evening! Oh, lamentable! But there is still Richard, good old Richard. Alas, the pardon comes too late. Richard has just married a new wife—a new one, and what is worse, a young one. All the flabbergasted Elsie can do is to attempt a feeble and somewhat indecent joke about proud papas and baby carriages.

But it is not the plot that gives excuse for "THE DANGEROUS AGE," and has sent it through forty editions in Germany, half a dozen in France and goodness knows how many in its native Scandinavia—but the alkaline philosophy of Elsie. She is a specialist in the perfectly dreadful, a virtuoso of ladylike impropriety. She conducts an extensive correspondence upon obstetrical and psychiatric themes. She and Jeanne swap amazing confidences. She composes elaborately devilish apothegms. For example: "If a woman took pains to reveal herself to a husband or lover just as she really is, he would think she was suffering from some incurable mental disease." Again: "Who does not think well of mother and sister? But who *believes entirely* in mother or sister?" Yet again: "Women's doctors may be as clever and sly as they please, but they will never learn any of the things that women confide to one another." And so on and so on. Banal stuff! Nietzsche in *gelée*—with chocolate and *zwieback!* And yet, when I first read it, in the awful German language, it seemed racy enough. Can it be that German shows off such things to better

advantage than English, that its stately cacophony gives a certain dignity to thin ideas, even to silly ideas? Can this be the secret of German profundity, of German heroics, of German pathos—which last, in English, so often becomes mere beeriness? I wonder? Meanwhile I offer my affidavit that “Das Gefährliche Alter” was extremely saline, while “THE DANGEROUS AGE” is merely brackish. And while I am upon the subject, I may as well tell you that in “Elsie Lindtner,” the sequel—as yet unclawed into English—Elsie goes upon a jaunt around the world, adopts a tough boy in New York and takes him back to Denmark to civilize him—while Jeanne the maid marries Jörgen Malthe. Such is the sardonic ending of the Elsiad.

Which discourse of salinity and sequels recalls the fact that a new edition of “THE STORY OF MARY MACLANE” (*Duffield*) has just come from the press—a new edition with an epilogue by the Mary MacLane of today, twenty-eight by the family Bible and considerably dephlogisticated by the harsh winds of the world. Let me confess a frank partiality for that extraordinary book—a partiality grounded upon the notion that it is very respectable as a work of art—perhaps as respectable as any other the Western steppes have yet yielded. When it was first published, in 1902, the yellow journalists fell upon it with a whoop. Mary became famous overnight—but in the way that Cesare Lombroso, Camille Flammarion, Hall Caine, Marie Corelli and other such gladiators of the Sunday supplements were famous. The fact that one living in Butte, Montana, should have a horror of codfish balls, colored underwear, tapeworms, fried beef-steak, nice old ladies, unripe bananas, gentlemen, false teeth and the works of Archibald Clavering Gunter, and that, having this horror, she should mention it in company—this caused the whole American people to stop, look and listen. But besides the fact that Mary’s phobias were vastly less remarkable than her way of defending them; that she not only had something to say, but knew how to say it with quite amazing effectiveness—there was a fact that got lost in the ex-

citements. If you are one of those who failed to find it, my advice is that you gallop to the nearest department store for this new edition, with its epilogue in B flat minor and its two portraits of Mary at twenty-eight. And if, after reading that epilogue, you will kindly send me upon a postcard the names of six living American scriveners who could have written it, or any other piece of prose comparable to it for barbaric color, for bizarre individuality, for the skillful extraction and compounding of toxic verbal juices, alkaloids, miasmas—then I shall be very glad indeed to present you with a lock of my hair.

The lady author of another volume, “THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ELDERLY WOMAN” (*Houghton-Mifflin*) is beyond all great rages or tragic glooms. The one thing left to her is senile querulousness. She objects to the immobility of age, to the isolation of age, even to the dignity of age. It wounds her that her middle-aged children should pay large heed to her comforts and small heed to her opinions. She denies petulantly the bitter fact that their experience of life is now actually greater than her own—that it has covered substantially the same ground, from the great adventures of childhood down to the time of fixed values, of mere repetition—and that it has, in addition, the enormous advantage of being close to its events, of holding the vividness of the recent. An unhappy, a somewhat waspish, a more than half absurd old dame. Alas, that the years should make tragic comedians of us all!

Old dames—doctors; the mind makes the leap automatically. And here is the doctor, in “THE CORNER OF HARLEY STREET” (*Houghton-Mifflin*), a collection of reflections and speculations, wabbling rather timorously around the obvious, upon a great multitude of subjects, from dietetics to auricular confession, and from the miracles at Lourdes to the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward. The good doctor has little to say, but he says that little suavely.

“HER ROMAN LOVER,” by Eugenia Brooks Frothingham (*Houghton-Mifflin*); “DIVIDING WATERS,” by I. A. R. Wylie (*Bobbs-Merrill*), and “AWAKEN-

INC," by Maud Diver (*Lane*), all deal with the perils and pitfalls of exogamy. Of the three, the first named is by far the best, both in design and in workmanship. Anne Warren is not a millionaire's daughter, and Gino Curatulo, whom she meets and loves in his native Rome, is neither a prince nor a pauper. No question of money or of rank enters into their relations. They are both merely well bred, well-to-do, highly civilized individuals of their respective races. It is precisely because she has thus put aside all the customary machinery of international romance that Miss Frothingham is able to devote herself to a keen and searching study of racial differences. For Anne and Gino differ and part—part before they have ever come to the irremediable folly of marriage. And why? For the good and sufficient reason that, to an American woman, an Italian man is eternally outlandish, disconcerting, amazing, inexplicable. For the good and sufficient reason that, to an Italian man, an American woman is of the same mysteries, the same perplexities all compact. The story is well planned and well written. It has distinction.

"DIVIDING WATERS" would be worthy of high praise, too, were it not that Miss Wylie drops now and then into unconvincing melodrama. Her heroine is an English girl who marries a German officer. England and Germany fall out, preparations for war are begun—and the bridegroom is in the forefront of the fray. The bride flees to England and her own people. Later on, of course, she comes back; the curtain falls upon pathos and a platitude. It is not, however, its play of events so much as its intimate picture of German life that gives the story whatever value it may be said to possess. In "AWAKENING" the man is an Englishman and the woman is a high-caste Hindoo. They love and wed. Difficulty after difficulty is overcome. But, after all, the greatest difficulty remains: what of the children-to-be—unearthly, hybrid waifs of the world, neither white nor brown, the sport of their father's race, the curse of their mother's? Miss Diver solves the problem sentimentally.

There are five short stories in the book

called "THE MAN WHO COULD NOT LOSE," by Richard Harding Davis (*Scribner*), and four of them are silly beyond description. The hero of the title story, young Champneys Carter, is one of those fashionable and fascinating beings who give a tone of manly elegance, of valeted dignity, to the whole of Mr. Davis's works. But Champneys, alas, is not rich—not, at least, when he marries Dorothy Ingram, the exquisite and only daughter of Mrs. Ingram the billionaire widow. He was born rich and he is destined to die even richer, but at the moment we first meet him he is leading the life of a struggling literary man and Mr. Davis confesses frankly that he is poor. And yet, despite this poverty, despite the fact that bilious editors shun his fiction, he manages to pay off the debts of honor of his defunct and bankrupt father, to go in for dinners and week-end parties, golf and tennis matches upon a considerable scale, and to save the sum of three thousand dollars cash. How does he do it? The answer must be that of Mr. Taft to the Cooper Union Socialist: God knows! But no need to ponder such recondite problems. Champneys, soon after he elopes with Dorothy and gets rid of his three thousand, discovers a way to make money fast. A cheque for one hundred comes in from *Plympton's Magazine*. He lays it upon Dromedary, a nag scorned by the talent. That night he deposits twenty-five hundred in the Night and Day Bank. It is page thirty-three. On page thirty-eight he has twenty-two thousand; on page forty-four he has a handbag full of thousand-dollar bills; on page forty-nine he wins seventy thousand more. Just how much he has got on page sixty-five, when the curtain comes down, I don't know. And neither do I know why Mr. Davis stops so soon. Surely a story of such sapience and plausibility, of such intense interest to civilized human beings might have been spun out to the length of a novel. When an author hits upon so good an idea it is his duty to his readers to make the most of it. The waste of valuable products, whether of the soil or of human genius, must inevitably give distress to the cultured observer.

# SHOPPING FOR THE SMART SET

By Marion C. Taylor

THE SMART SET SHOPPING DEPARTMENT will be glad to answer questions regarding shopping and the New York shops. Readers of THE SMART SET inquiring where articles described are purchasable should enclose a stamp for reply, and state page and month. Purchasing done free of charge. Address: "EDITOR, SMART SET SHOPPING DEPARTMENT."

**F**ORTUNATELY most people have recognized the advisability of early Christmas shopping, and although we still see busy holiday crowds swarming in and out of the shops right up to 6 P.M. of December 24th, they are mostly seeking some tiny forgotten gift or more likely something in the way of household decorations. So much has been written and preached on the subject that last season it was gratifying to note that the better class of trade did most of their shopping in the latter part of November and the first weeks in December.

Another movement on foot which seems to be gaining no little headway is the giving of simple, inexpensive gifts instead of the plan of former years, when one arrived at the first of January with an empty pocketbook, a pile of bills, and a host of expensive trifles which did not by any means compensate. Many people have adopted the English fashion of sending appropriate cards of delicate workmanship (hand painting and illuminating) with the sentiments of the season and their names engraved inside. Two shops in town are showing an extensive and remarkably beautiful line of domestic and imported cards, and if one orders them in quantities the cost is very slight.

I have grouped together in the following pages some of the best values and most desirable novelties shown me this season, starting with tiny gifts at one

dollar or so to show the possibilities of even this tiny sum.

## Under Five Dollars

In the way of general gifts, I saw some of the most beautiful examples of what is called "Vase-Kraft," a remarkable pottery greatly resembling the priceless ceramics—Chinese and the like. Beautifully modeled vases and violet bowls start at sixty cents, and for two dollars and fifty cents one may buy odd two-handled jars which make artistic lamps. A very unusual inkstand and pen rest is but eighty cents. A comparatively new idea is a letter moistener in brass which has a revolving dampened cork; this was two dollars and twenty-five cents. Three coat hangers of a new and much improved style, fitting into a remarkably small leather case, sell for two and a quarter. A collapsible aluminum cup in a seal case is always acceptable, and is only one dollar and a quarter. Two cups in a lizard case are four dollars.

A new sealing wax outfit looks more like a miniature chafing dish contrivance, but is perfect in every detail and has tiny disks of wax of just the right size to put in the little pan, melt over the taper, pour in the accompanying ring to mold it and stamp with the die. This was three fifty. A handsome writing tablet, for four dollars and seventy-five cents, was of crushed Persian, the beautiful leather like levant, moiré-lined, about

twenty-four inches long, its fittings gold-plated. A morocco leather twine box stands four inches high, and has a device to cut the cord as it is pulled out. Its price is two dollars and seventy-five cents.

Pretty little silver-plated safety match box holders come ready for delivery, with a raised initial on one side. They are admirable for guest room use, and a set of two or four might be acceptable to a friend who is furnishing her home. They are but one dollar each. Perpetual bridge scores come in nickel or brass, the pencil being topped by a trump indicator; these are four dollars.

### For Women

Especially suitable for women are the following: Enamel bar pins at one of the best jeweler's in town, from two dollars up. Silver buckles for shoes, from the same shop, for two dollars and seventy-five cents. Nickel manicure stands that are away ahead of anything on the market for convenience, consisting of a tree (with a loop at the top for carrying) on which are hung the necessary manicuring instruments, and from the base of which extend stands holding the buffer and salve jars. This makes an admirable bathroom accessory for man or woman, and costs but four dollars.

A cunning little nickel hatpin stand is imported, and represents an open umbrella, through the meshes of which one runs the pins into the velvet case below. This is but one dollar fifty. One of the prettiest and most feminine imported novelties I have seen is a tiny, perfectly made little nickel table, which opens at the top to disclose a white satin-lined jewel case. A description does not do justice to its delicate beauty, and its price of three and a quarter is most reasonable. Very smart little gold-plated collar pins come in various designs, showing tiny three-letter monograms in circles, for two fifty apiece. A very plain but none the less smart gold-plated oval buckle, four and one-quarter by three and one-quarter inches, is only two dollars. A very smart morocco suitcase, six and seven-eighths by

eight and one-half inches, which would make a splendid jewel case afterward as it has a lock and key, comes in various colors, and is fitted with one quire of two-letter monogram paper, blotter, pencil, pen, and stamp pockets, for four dollars and seventy-five cents. The best necessary case I have ever seen comes in crushed Persian leather in beautiful colors, fitted with every conceivable kind of pin and needle, safeties, crocheting, bodkins, hairpins, etc., for four dollars and seventy-five cents.

A morocco hairpin box is velvet-lined and has five compartments for various size pins, for three dollars and a quarter. One of the smartest novelties I have seen at a reasonable figure was a pair of cuff links of round cabochon calcedon, a semi-precious stone greatly resembling a moonstone, set in cut crystal rims, coming in a dainty tapestry jewel case, for four seventy-five. They are the cheapest but some of the prettiest pieces of semi-precious jewelry imported by an Avenue house. Other similar pieces I shall describe under slightly more expensive gifts farther on in this article.

At a reliable house that does a large mail order business I saw some new designs in ever popular inexpensive brooches that were exceptionally pretty. A diamond-shaped pin, inset with white enamel and four pearls, is four dollars and fifty cents; a very delicate oval-shaped pin carrying out the same idea shows a pearl at each end and is four dollars. There are many other equally effective designs under five dollars.

At one of the smart bootmaker's in town I saw several designs in the very popular rhinestone slipper buckles for four dollars a pair. A pretty silver "traveling companion" was a silver case, two and one-half inches long, about as thick as a cigar, and containing two spools, thimble and needles, at three dollars and seventy-five cents. A tiny envellette purse of morocco, two by three and three-quarter inches, is one of the greatest conveniences. It is chamois-lined and is finished with a gold-plated tab, for one dollar fifty.

### For Men

There is really no reason why one should hear the oft repeated, "I never know what to get for John," for, whether John is husband, brother or just friend, there are so many acceptable novelties on the market and so many things a man always finds use for that the only trouble would seem to be to make a choice. Under five dollars in the Vase-Kraft referred to come real steins, copies of Münchener mugs, which cost from forty cents to one dollar fifty, the latter showing an unusual high-peaked pewter cover. These are a great improvement over the ordinary cheap mugs one sees in the drygoods shops. An old Dutch beer set for four dollars consists of a high tankard and six mugs, while a *zwick* set, which takes its name from the *zwick* or pinch (the peculiar indentation) on each toddy cup, and the bottle with its corked stopper is unusual and reasonable for three dollars and eighty cents. Beautifully glazed and molded tobacco jars are two dollars and two fifty.

In one of the best Avenue silver-smith's I saw some attractive imported novelties. A brass calendar paper-weight and letter clip combined was three dollars. A set of colored pencils in a brass case for one's vest pocket, very handy to men in certain lines of work, was only one dollar and a quarter. A flat moiré cigarette case for evening wear, described some months ago under "Ushers' Presents," is very much in vogue and costs but three dollars and seventy-five cents. New designs in key rings sometimes fill the bill. One of the most acceptable is in silver, and uses the initial inside a circle as a clip; the price is three dollars.

At another shop I saw a tiny morocco pocket case containing little metal cases with various necessaries—scissors, knife, file, pencil or buttonhook, each little case marked with the appropriate initial—S for scissors, etc.—for one dollar and seventy-five cents.

A remarkably safe billfold is new this season. It has four small pockets inside, besides a tiny one for stamps and the usual large pocket running its entire

length for bills. To it at one corner is attached a safety strap which connects with one's under trouser button so that it is practically impossible to have the pocket picked. In black this was two dollars and fifty cents with the strap. New cigarette cases, having a third pocket between the two covers for an extra supply, were four fifty in pigskin and four seventy-five in black seal.

A novel corkscrew and bottle opener in silver has a design etched on it, and is two fifty. A small silver dicebox may be slipped in one's pocket or attached to one's chain to while away weary moments in traveling. It contains a set of tiny silver dice and costs three seventy-five. A flat little silver affair turns out to be a combined letter opener, cigar cutter and pencil, for one fifty.

Among the smartest dress accessories are the white mocha gloves now the correct thing for evening wear. They cost two and a quarter a pair. A very convenient traveling accessory is a combination of a clothes and hat brush, which, when joined in the center, form a clothes hanger, and when divided pack flat in a small leather case, moiré-lined, for three dollars.

### From Five to Ten Dollars

One of the most acceptable gifts I know of is a set of a dozen service plates, gold-banded and monogrammed to order, for ten dollars. They are of the finest French china and the best coin gold with the highest quality of workmanship, while one may choose from a variety of styles of monograms. From the same establishment come one dozen teacups and saucers, similarly treated, for eight dollars and forty cents; one dozen after-dinner coffee cups, eight dollars; or a salad or berry set consisting of a large beautiful bowl and six deep dishes for six fifty. In the Vase-Kraft a wonderful rose bowl for long-stemmed flowers is very handsome. It stands fourteen and one-quarter inches high and is nine inches in diameter, price six dollars.

At another shop I saw a delightful line of less known European novelties, little

oddities from Germany, Belgium and Italy, odd Russian candlesticks—many of these much under five dollars. It is a little shop where particular people who appreciate unusual gifts are sure to be pleased.

At another shop on the Avenue there is being shown the most complete line of silver novelties seen anywhere, delightful silver and mahogany candlesticks and everything from the tiniest picture frames so moderately priced as to be really noteworthy. A pretty diminishing mirror comes in brass, has two little hollow posts for hatpins between which the oval mirror swings; the price is five dollars and seventy-five cents. An exceptionally large and handsome telephone record in leather is eight seventy-five. A beautiful manicure set comes in a crushed morocco case lined with moiré. It contains buffer, jars, brush, scissors, cuticle knife and a case with orange sticks, at six twenty-five. A silk-covered hot water bag folds into a tiny morocco case, ideal for traveling, for seven dollars.

Another very acceptable general gift is one of the Thermos carafes which hold a quart and are so handy for bedroom use, the price of which is five dollars. They come in "Prince's" silver plate. An "aviation clock," so called because you can literally see the minutes fly, as a leaf marked with the numeral of the minutes past the hour flips over every sixty seconds, is made of brass and glass and costs six fifty. Fancy silver bulbs for electric lights are fastened to the silk-covered wires and are a delicate accessory for one's home, especially where electroliers are in use. They come beautifully etched for six dollars.

### For Women

One may procure pretty lorgnettes from five dollars up. Attractive fancy boxes for six pairs of slippers are on sale at one of the smart bootmaker's for six dollars. A pretty bar pin has five pearls set between platinum links and is only ten dollars. Some of the most fascinating handbags, all imported, are being shown by one of the leading leather houses.

They sell from six dollars up. At this price the bag is envelope-shaped and has two separate pockets, an outer and inner one, each with distinct fastenings on the outside. For a handle it has a strap and buckle, which may be lengthened or shortened at will. Inside it has mirror, pad and pencil. At eight dollars a very simple but smart envelope-shaped strap purse is five by three inches. It has an odd clipped silver edge, and comes in suède and antelope leather. For eight dollars and fifty cents, one of the newest shapes is a long, narrow bag with rounded reinforced corners and gold-plated clipped edges at the rim on top. It has a fancy cord and tassel and comes in morocco silk-lined.

But the most feminine affair I have seen is intended for theater or calling and is a tiny bag, cut as though it were shirred near the top where the fancy silk cord encircles it. It is finished at one side by a little ornament like a tassel, and in the center from a tiny chain hangs a pearl initial in a gold-plated hoop. The bag is silk-lined and has a small purse and just space enough for cards and a handkerchief. It costs seven dollars and seventy-five cents and comes in morocco and antelope, the latter seven dollars.

I spoke a moment ago of the beautiful semi-precious jewelry which is shown by this same house. Odd green nephrite cuff links set in crystal are six and a quarter, and even prettier are amethyst quartz treated in the same manner for the same price. Plain cabochon rose quartz links are also six and a quarter, and a large round pin of rose quartz is six dollars and seventy-five cents.

### For Men

In the Vase-Kraft a combination tobacco jar and ash tray is admirable for a den, as it holds plenty of ashes and pipe knockings. The jar holds a pound of tobacco and has a sponge holder in the cover. The tray is fourteen and three-quarter inches in diameter, so this will give you some idea of its usefulness; the price is six dollars. Another smoker's accessory equally useful shows a nickel matchbox holder, under which is a nest

of four nickel and glass ash trays to be distributed; price five seventy-five. A cedar-lined cigarette box to hold fifty cigarettes is of glass and nickel, and has a beautifully handpainted hunting scene on the cover, for seven fifty. One which holds one hundred cigarettes is nine dollars and fifty cents. A cigar case of seal, like the moiré cigarette case described a moment ago, has a clipped silver edge, and is five fifty.

Many handsome pieces of elephant leather, a rare but exceptionally beautiful skin, are shown at this establishment, made up into all manner of accessories for men. A splendid combination ink-stand and perpetual calendar has two inkwells and is of brass, for five twenty-five. A very commodious although flat solid silver drinking cup, with a folding handle, comes in a seal case for only six dollars. A solid crystal pipe rack is very good looking. It has silver rims set in the crystal at the base, and at the top rings to hold the pipes. Its price is five dollars.

At a jeweler's shop on the Avenue well known for its fair prices, I saw many attractive accessories for men. The very popular lapel watch chains, sometimes called golf chains, were shown in pretty patterns in fourteen-carat gold for only six dollars. Very unusual key rings represented golf sticks and riding crops of gold, with platinum tips, from nine dollars and seventy-five cents up. Amber cigarette holders, six inches long, with gold tips, were nine fifty, while most reasonably priced were the men's evening dress chains of delicate workmanship from ten dollars up.

In the line of scarf pins, a matter that takes most careful selection, I saw delicate baroque pearls, always in good taste, for six fifty, a series of platinum wire hoops surrounding a garnet for eight dollars, a tiny wreath of pearls and sapphires for ten dollars, and other similar designs equally reasonable. I saw an excellent knife here that had small rings at either end to save the nails from being broken. It was engine-turned silver with two blades for five dollars. These are but a few of the many attractive novelties shown.

## From Ten to Twenty-five Dollars

A very beautiful chocolate set treated with the gold band and monogram like the other china described consists of a beautifully shaped chocolate pot and six delicate cups and saucers for twelve dollars. A dozen bouillon cups and saucers are thirteen fifty, while one of those delightful *tête-à-tête* breakfast sets described in the September number under the heading, "An Excellent Idea," consisting of twenty pieces, costs but thirteen fifty.

For women fascinating lorgnettes to carry in one's glove are of delicate open-work silver and cost fifteen dollars. Others of fine engine-turned work are the same price. One of the smartest accessories, now that imitation jewelry of the better sort is considered *de rigueur*, is a watch or lorgnette ribbon of moiré showing a three-letter monogram of brilliants in a circle of the same and a bar of brilliants just above the catch, for twenty-two dollars. At this same shop they show a variety of the best sort of artificial jewelry, including smart frill pins in an open twist design, from five to ten dollars according to size.

At the jewelry store referred to for reasonably priced goods I saw delicate gold and enamel chains for watches for only twenty-two dollars and a half. Seed pearl earrings that are very pretty show a flower, from which drop three pendants of four pearls each. These are only fifteen dollars a pair.

An attractive household desk accessory is a set of tiny morocco-bound books in a case, some of which turn out to be little boxes for pins and clips, pens, leads, rubbers, stamps and addresses. They cost twelve fifty for the complete set of six boxes and a memorandum book. Three attractive coalport china jam pots, each decorated with its particular fruit, come in a nickel stand and are a smart as well as useful accessory for the tea table, for fifteen dollars and fifty cents.

For men one may get, between these prices, a collapsible gold cigarette holder with an amber mouthpiece in a tiny gold case to wear on one's chain, for fifteen

dollars. For fifteen seventy-five a handsome gold engine-turned knife has four blades, while the prettiest idea, especially for a family man, is a set of folding gold picture frames, each the size of a ten-cent piece, coming in sets of four, six and eight, and folding into a tiny gold ball, for twenty-three, twenty-five and thirty dollars. For a college man there come very thin so-called "college boy watches," which are like flat medallions with a tiny watch in the center. On the back may be engraved a college flag, a monogram or whatever is desired; the price is twelve dollars and seventy-five cents. Scarf pins are shown in platinum in various designs, one of the prettiest being two platinum hoops set with four small diamonds with an amethyst in the center, for only eighteen dollars. Another, of very fine platinum wire work, with a diamond in the center, is only twenty dollars and fifty cents.

### Over Twenty-five Dollars

There are really so many new and exquisitely beautiful things being shown in the shops that the most one can do is to suggest a few of them.

An adorable coffee set of a new and severely plain pattern of silver depends largely for its attractiveness upon the graceful outline of the coffeepot, creamer and sugar bowl as well as the tray. Its price of one hundred and thirty-three dollars, at an Avenue jeweler's, is especially reasonable. Here I saw beautiful examples of this and other new designs in silver at very moderate prices.

At another shop where I know I can always find beautiful imported novelties, especially in table accessories, I was not disappointed this season. I saw an unusual wine and cake stand of Prince's silver plate, an especially well wearing metal. It had a beautiful decanter and six glasses, all held in grooves, and two beautiful cut crystal cake plates; price thirty-eight dollars. I saw there an odd little novelty for a bachelor, a little whiskey barrel of beautiful oak, banded with silver rims and setting on the regulation standard such as beer kegs rest on.

It had a tiny spigot to let the liquor into a small silver bucket, which held about enough for one drink. A cork in the center of the top showed where to fill it. It was seven and one-quarter by ten inches, held one quart and cost twenty-five dollars. An after-dinner coffee service of great attractiveness consisted of a six-sided silver tray, with a handle which rose from each side of the center. Its unusual feature was the little cut crystal cups which rested in silver holders with handles, and the delicate little spoons which were tipped with ivory. The fittings were prevented from slipping by a silver rim of an inch or so in height which surrounded the tray. The price of this was fifty-four dollars.

But most attractive of all, in fact away ahead of any similar one I have seen, was a recently imported coffee cordial and smoking service. It was all on a round silver revolving base, and had in the center a small crystal cordial bottle and six glasses. At one side were large and small crystal and silver receptacles for cigars and cigarettes and an alcohol lighter. At the other side were the beautifully shaped coffeepot, sugar and creamer, all held in a rack to prevent their slipping and surrounded by the coffee cups, which were of white coalport china, while the silver spoons each ended in a tiny ebony coffee bean. A description hardly does justice to the completeness and beauty of the entire service. Its price was one hundred and ten dollars and seventy-five cents.

In china, a family luncheon or breakfast set consisting of forty-eight pieces, all decorated like the other china described, was unusually attractive in its simplicity, and may be treated with a simple colored band (instead of gold if one wishes) of dark rich blue or green or canary yellow, with the monogram to match, at thirty-two fifty. A dinner set of one hundred pieces, which may be chosen from several arrangements to avoid the useless pieces, costs forty-five dollars and fifty cents with an old English initial; with a two-letter monogram fifty-two fifty, and with a three-letter one fifty-seven fifty.

Some unusually beautiful lamps on

sale at one of the biggest Avenue establishments are of the Vase-Kraft work, and the bases are frequently perfect reproductions of old Chinese porcelains. The unusual part of them is that the shades are also made of the pottery inset with glass, which when lit—and they are equipped with electric fixtures—give a unique and beautifully mellow effect. They come in the widest variety of styles from thirty-five dollars up. An especially beautiful desk set, especially for a man, comes in nickel and glass with some new hunting scenes exceptionally well painted. The set is a most complete one, and the pieces are all of unusually artistic shapes. The set consists of a tray, inkstand, desk pad, clock, stamp box, blotter, paper rack, calendar, memo pad and paper cutter, and costs eighty-seven dollars.

An exceptionally safe jewel case is made of steel, and fits in the usual leather cabin top bag generally used for toilet accessories. This steel case lifts out easily and is ready for the hotel safe when one is traveling. These cost forty-nine dollars, in the ten-by-six-inch size, but come in various sizes.

Many mothers of growing daughters give them furs for Christmas gifts, and it is rather difficult to find pretty sets at anything like a reasonable figure. However, a house that does a large mail order business, and consequently has to meet these conditions, is showing very effective sets of white Iceland fox in two distinct models for thirty dollars and seventy-five cents for one set and twenty-four dollars and forty-five cents for the other.

At another shop, where one may expect to find good values always, I saw a white coney coat admirable for evening use, with shawl collar and cuffs of white Iceland fox, for fifty-nine fifty. One can also procure here the popular French seal coats at reasonable figures.

### For Older People

A few things I have noticed in the shops have seemed especially appropriate for our older friends, who do so appreciate being remembered. For the

type of older woman who frequently pays little all-day visits to her friends, and is always busily engaged in making something for her grandchildren or for a gift, nothing is more acceptable than a pretty little morocco suitcase eight and three-quarter inches long and three inches deep that is being shown by an Avenue leather house. It is fitted in the top with a flat piece, to which needles, bodkins, scissors, knitting needles and all the sewing necessities are attached, and the rest of it has a quilted lining. Across the deep part of it runs a narrow compartment containing spools and a pin cushion. It is finished with a lock and key, and there is plenty of space to accommodate the work. Its price of five fifty is most reasonable.

A magnifying glass finished in sterling silver, which comes in a morocco case, is not only an admirable reading glass for an older person but also makes a splendid gift for the motorist to use to read road maps. It costs ten dollars and twenty-five cents. A fascinating wicker basket of a quaint shape has a velvet cushion for pins and a most alluring odor, which it seems comes from the potpourri under the velvet cushion. It is a dainty little gift, apt to be appreciated by those who love such delicate old time scents, and its price of three dollars and a quarter is not dear.

Another beautiful little basket is of Louis XIV best French gilt and has a tiny glass inside to hold flowers. It is three seventy-five.

### Odds and Ends

A few tiny things which occur to me before closing are the very effective Chinese boudoir slippers, which are perfect reproductions of the Oriental ones except that they do not turn up at the toes; they come in a variety of the most unusually beautiful color combinations in hand embroidery on a delicate brocaded satin ground and have the fascinating heavy Chinese soles. They are only two fifty a pair.

Remarkable real Japanese kimonos are most reasonably priced from ten dollars up at one shop in town, and at

this price they are delicately embroidered on China silk with a lining of the same of another shade. At thirteen fifty and fifteen dollars the silk is heavier and the amount of beautiful embroidery is remarkable for the money. This shop also shows beautiful cordial trays and the like with mahogany rims and brass handles, with bits of beautiful Chinese embroidery under the glass centers. They start quite a little under five dollars.

I saw the sweetest baby's gift the other day at a well known bootmaker's, a fancy box with six little trays each containing a pair of soft-soled slippers and shoes in assorted colors, the whole outfit costing but eight dollars. Very handsomely embroidered silk stockings sold at a certain shop are guaranteed against "runs" and against cutting at the back of the heel before they show other signs of wear, and I know it to be a fact that they are cheerfully exchanged for new ones should they fail to live up to their promise. They sell for only one dollar and ninety-five cents a pair. This house also carries a fine quality of black embroidered silk stocking, which comes in remarkably effective patterns at only ninety-five cents. At this same price is sold a very sheer and also a medium weight plain silk stocking that I have found very satisfactory. Here also it is possible to buy sixteen-button white glacé gloves for one dollar ninety-five, and they have proved to be soft splendidly wearing gloves. Unusually smart black or white stitched white short gloves are only ninety-five cents, while other styles are equally reasonable.

### Perfume

Many people, especially men, send perfume at the holiday season, and there is a new one that is having quite a vogue here in town among fashionable women who seem always on the lookout for something new and good. The scent is jasmine, and I have found it to be especially true, penetrating and lasting. It is put up in an unusually pretty case and an oddly shaped bottle, which adds

greatly to its attractiveness as a gift, and it is vouched for by possibly the best known Paris perfumer. It costs six and a quarter a bottle. Many people buying perfume for their own use prefer the pure oils, of which but a drop is needed, and which are more apt to give the true flower odors than those adulterated with alcohol. I have recently discovered an oil that comes in the widest variety of flower odors which are more than usually true to the flowers themselves and particularly enduring. It is not so well known in the East as it should be, but one trial is sufficient to recommend it heartily. It sells for one dollar and a half a small bottle.

While I am on the subject of perfumes, I wish to mention a cream that I have found to be unusually beneficial in actually building up the tissues. This is the season when if one's neck is a trifle thin in spots a good cream plentifully used at night does wonders, and this one is more than usually beneficial besides being delightful to use.

### Christmas Decorations

An artificial flower shop in town is turning out such beautiful Christmas flowers, poinsettias, holly and other suitable holiday novelties so much below what is usually asked for fine work of this sort that I must mention it. This shop sells the most artistic long-stemmed poinsettias from one dollar and sixty cents per dozen, and are accordingly reasonable for fancy baskets for the table, holly wreaths and other things of the sort.

### Real Plum Puddings

The English kind of plum pudding that you hear so much about but rarely get is sold at one of the tea rooms here in town for one dollar a pound. These puddings come in one, two and three pound packages, attractively done up, and may be ordered in any size. They are not at all a bad suggestion for a gift in certain quarters, and they are good to have on hand for emergency desserts even after the holiday season is over.

# SOMETHING PERSONAL

By the Editors

**T**HIS is the season when magazine publishers issue promissory notes.

Every periodical you pick up contains a more or less adroit programme of the wonders it proposes to unfold during 1912. In this respect—as in most others—THE SMART SET is different. We shall not shoulder into the annual Vanity Fair and add our ballyhoo to the general din. We could shout with the loudest were we so minded; there are not only famous names, but there is famous stuff in our manuscript safe. But we are not so minded. There is no necessity. Our readers take it for granted that the "Magazine of Cleverness" will continue to "Provide Clean and Lively Entertainment for Minds that are not Primitive."

Our readers are familiar, moreover, with the general scheme by which we carry out this idea—THE SMART SET IDEA. They know that they will find in each number a notable novelette; a good round measure of short stories that in plot, technique, characterization and knowledge of life are what short stories should be; a one-act play that will not only act well but read well; verse of real distinction; an original story in French by a master of French style; a pungent seasoning of jokes and epigrams; and finally, our various departments.

Our book, dramatic and shopping departments long ago achieved fame and need no comment here. "The Trunk in the Attic" is a new idea, but it already bids fair to rival the others in popular favor; it has brought us exceptional letters—letters for the competition, letters endorsing the basic idea which underlies our attempt to bring about a renaissance

of a languishing art. Witness the following:

**EDITORS OF THE SMART SET,**  
452 Fifth Avenue,  
New York City.

**GENTLEMEN:**

As a business man, at times much away from home, I have gradually come to write short notes to my wife; in fact, had even come to the point of sending lettergrams. In your November number I read with much interest your article on the revival of the lost art of letter writing, which roused my dormant Scotch conscience to the knowledge that I was depriving my wife of her due and much pleasure by sending such communications, so on my next absence I took care to send her a six-page letter such as I would have done prior to our marriage.

I hope that your new department will be a great success, and may it bring renewed happiness to many a lonely wife.

Very sincerely yours,

That makes us feel like a city man who has moved to the country and laid out his first garden. Plants of which we never dreamed have invaded the premises. We hoped to do a service for literature. It seems we are also reforming the domestic relations.

Another new feature of the new SMART SET which is making a wide appeal is our monthly frontispiece. Rose Cecil O'Neill, James Montgomery Flagg, Garth Jones, and Vernon Howe Bailey have in recent issues exerted their varied and strongly individual talents in our behalf, while in this number the celebrated French artist, André Castaigne, who became known to America through the pages of *The Century* and other magazines, has given us his highly interesting conception of a love affair, which made no little stir in the "smart set" of antiquity.

Knowing that some of our readers would like enlarged copies of this remarkable work of art, we have had a limited number of photogravure prints made in sepia brown, the complete picture occupying a space fourteen by twenty-two inches. As long as they last, we will mail these prints, carefully wrapped in a tube, on receipt of fifty cents. Or, as an inducement to new readers of THE SMART SET who will send three dollars for an annual subscription, or one dollar for a three months' trial subscription, the same reproduction will be forwarded postage paid, without charge.

And now something still more personal. We, the Autocrats of the Contents Table, have put much thought and many long hours into our work of selection, and it would be false modesty to pretend that we are not proud of the result. Noted authors who have not written for THE SMART SET for many years, and yet other writers who have never submitted manuscripts, have sent us of their best, for it has gone abroad that in these days a manuscript must be near the top notch to gain admission to THE SMART SET. We know that the contents of the magazine today are better than ever. Moreover, our readers know it, speak of it to their friends, and take the pains to write and tell us. Naturally, we want to get these facts before the general public so that the circulation of THE NEW SMART SET will be further increased. Frankly, this means for us larger profits; it means for you, a better and still better magazine. Of course, the obvious way to spread this information is by advertising in other magazines and in daily newspapers. We have done this to some extent, but we are not looking for obvious ways. We want the unusual, and this is precisely what a letter

that came some time ago seems to suggest. Here it is:

DEAR MR. THAYER:

This is the first time I ever wrote to the author of a book I liked. I have been tempted before, it is true, but those other books must have lacked the compelling force of your unique confessions. Somehow they just make people do things they have never done before.

I am not writing you now to point out the literary value of your book; those four pages of Mr. Howells in *Harper's* surely covered that point. I won't tell you, either, that you have given me an inside glimpse into unfamiliar things. But I do want to emphasize what I implied just above; that there is a dynamic force in "Astir" which has inspired me and many people I know, and which I should like to see do its bracing work upon thousands. Of course it has reached thousands, but I am thinking of still other thousands who are not in the habit of paying a dollar and twenty cents for a book.

Now all the popular novels eventually come out in cheaper form. Why not have your publishers offer a really popular edition of this book, which is as interesting as a novel, and which I believe will cause every reader to turn eagerly to the magazine you now own? Isn't this a practical suggestion? No charge!

Cordially yours,

We think it a most practical suggestion. The "dynamic force" which the letter mentions is a very real affair, and we, too, believe that no one can read Mr. Thayer's absorbing narrative of what he has done in publishing without taking a keen interest in what he will do, and becoming a regular reader of the magazine on which he is now concentrating all his tireless energy. Therefore, a popular SMART SET edition of the book, under the title "OUT OF THE RUT," which will include a hitherto unpublished chapter, will soon be found on the newsstands at twenty-five cents a copy. If your news-dealer hasn't it on hand, send us the purchase price and it will go to you post paid.

*Please note that if you will send to us the list of magazines which you desire for the ensuing year, we will attend to all the detail of placing your subscriptions at the lowest combination rate. You will find it to your advantage to do this.*



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*The late S. H. BUTCHER, President of the British Academy,  
M. P. for the University of Cambridge.*



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A letter from *ex-President Eliot*, of Harvard

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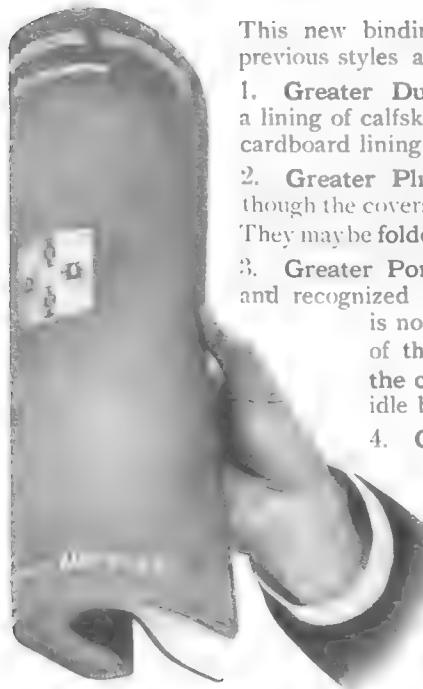
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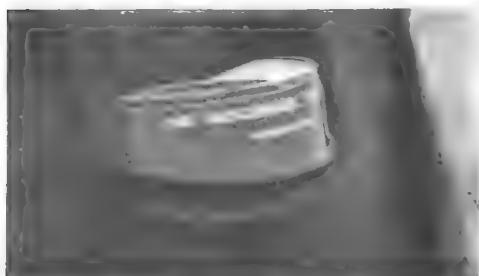
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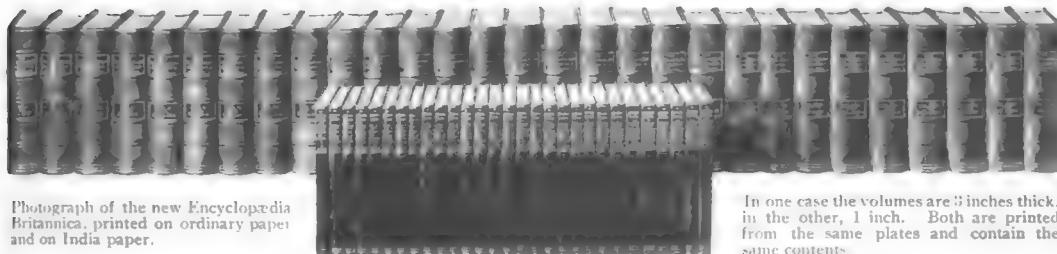
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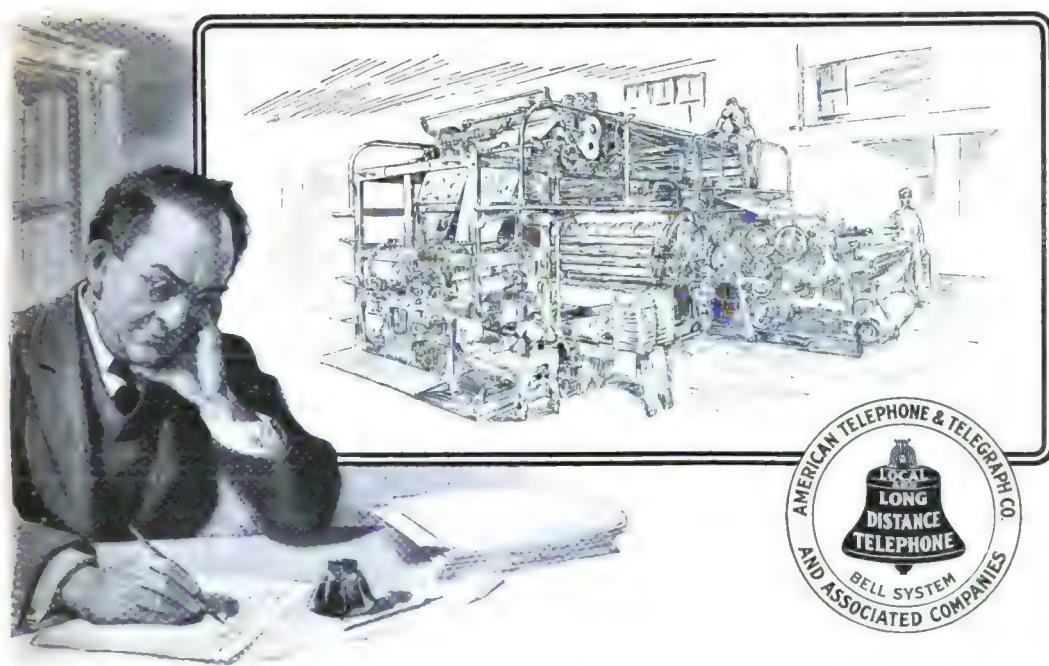
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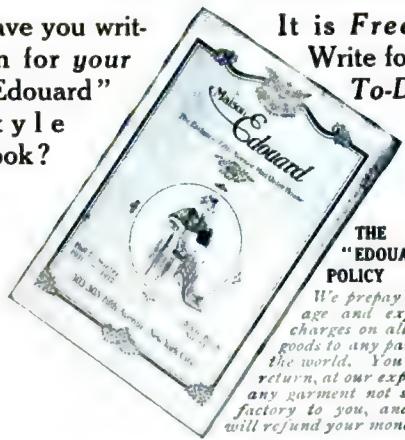
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56-Piece Luncheon Sets, \$32.50; 20-Piece Breakfast Set, \$14.50; Punch Sets, \$30.00; Toilet Sets, \$12.00; Chocolate Sets, \$13.50; Salad Sets, \$8.00.

All open stock. Use freely our excellent mail order department—it is at your service.

THE ART CHINA IMPORT CO.

32-34 West 20th Street

New York



## WILSON'S Irish Linens

are well and widely known and have given universal satisfaction to our customers

### REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD DEAL WITH US

1. You save the "Middleman's" profits.
2. We maintain a standard that gains prestige by comparison. The "Wilson" high standard is maintained in every article, no matter how moderate the price.
3. One purchase from the Wilson Linen Company means a customer gained to us. Order today, and prove the worth of our merchandise.
4. To please is not always to satisfy. Styles please—quality satisfies. Wilson merchandise both pleases and satisfies.
5. Sacrificing the quality—in order to quote a special low price—is NOT our policy. Wilson merchandise is reliable and will give the utmost satisfaction.

The qualities range from the most moderate priced up to the finest goods made, and in all sizes.

**Special Stamping Outfit** for Children's Wearing Apparel, consisting of designs illustrated in our beautiful catalogue, which also contains hundreds of articles of interest to women and

### SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFER

*Send for Catalogue*

**Wilson Linen Company**

135 Broadway

Dept. 12

*Agents Wanted*

NEW YORK

### SPECIAL HOLIDAY PRESENTS

### SPECIAL OFFERINGS IN TABLE DAMASK TOWELS AND HAND-KERCHIEFS

The table-cloths and napkins are particularly handsome in conventional as well as floral designs. An exceptional offer in table linens is a heavy satin damask dinner-cloth, with one dozen napkins, for \$5.00. One may select from several designs.

Women's pure linen hemstitched handkerchiefs are sold at 75 cents per dozen. Pillow-cases, sheets and bureau scarfs are all correspondingly reasonable in price. Trouseaux receive special immediate attention.

An assortment of handsome linens can be selected and purchased for half the amount charged elsewhere.

Large linen towels of a fine, beautiful weave, having hemstitched and scalloped borders, are attractively marked at \$3.50 per dozen.

Stop, look and listen before buying a non-advertised article

# The Man and the Factory Behind the Steger Piano



The Largest Piano Factory in the World



When you see the name **Steger & Sons** on a piano, remember that it means something more than mere name association. It means that the man who more than a quarter of a century ago built the first **Steger** piano supervises the manufacture of every **Steger & Sons** piano that leaves the factory. Under such conditions it is not surprising that their popularity has made the **Steger** factories the largest in the world—that these famous instruments sell at remarkably low prices, made possible only by the **Steger** policies of visible, audible result-valuation and small margin of profit.

## Steger & Sons

Pianos and Player Pianos

**FREE**

We want every music lover to have our handsomely illustrated free catalog, which is a real necessity to those contemplating the purchase of a piano.

The **Steger & Sons** Piano is in a class by itself—each instrument is the supreme effort of an enormous corps of expert piano builders—under the personal supervision of J. V. Steger, the greatest master piano builder in the world—in the largest piano factory in the world—at Steger, Ill.—the town founded by J. V. Steger. The **Steger & Sons** Pianos and Player Pianos are delivered anywhere in the United States free of charge. The greatest piano value offered, within the easy reach of all.

### Our Plans For Payment Make Buying Convenient

Liberal allowance made for old pianos. Write today for new Catalog — yours for the asking—and will give you some wonderful information.

**Steger & Sons, Steger Building, Chicago, Ill.**

The True Representatives of Supreme Piano Satisfaction



## Give the NEW PERFUME for Christmas

### Fifty Times the Strength

The most exquisite perfume ever made, lasts fifty times as long as the ordinary kinds. A new process; gives only pure, distilled odor of flowers, not diluted with anything. Don't use a drop—just touch the handkerchief or clothing with the long glass stopper. Odors: Lily of the Valley, Violet, Rose, Crabbapple, Lilac and Orange Blossoms. In Cut Glass Bottle in Polished Maple Case, \$1.50.

#### Specials for Christmas

"Flower Drops" in silk-lined cases—  
Lily of the Valley—\$1.00  
Lilac—\$1.00  
Rose—\$1.00  
Crabbapple—\$1.00  
Lilac and Orange Blossoms—\$1.00  
\$2.00

If you have difficulty procuring the genuine Rieger's, we will mail any of the above on receipt of price—or mention druggist's name, and we will send a

#### Miniature Bottle for 20 Cents

Money back on any for home if not pleased.

**PAUL RIEGER**

1 First Street, San Francisco,  
California, U. S. A.



## IT CAN BE REDUCED!

If you are afflicted with the disfiguring

### DOUBLE CHIN

and have tried and been discouraged by the futility of the old-fashioned "dieting," creams and lotions, or the expensive masseuse, you should know that

## Professor E. T. Mack's Chin Reducer and Beautifier

(Patent Nov. 15, 1910)

will positively eradicate the most pronounced double chin, quickly restoring the true contour to chin and neck. Merely pull the cords gently and alternately, and the "ivory tinted" rollers revolve against the fatty tissues, producing the perfect massage. The blood stimulation engendered also eliminates flabbiness or stringiness of neck or throat, making the flesh firm, and eradicating lines about chin and mouth. Use the machine five minutes on arising in the morning and on retiring at night to get the best results. If you have not a double chin, but are prone to stoutness, you will find Prof. Mack's machine a reliable preventive.

**Sent Postpaid on Receipt of \$10.00**

Remember SCIENTIFIC MASSAGE alone can prevent or reduce a double chin.

**FREE ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE TELLS WHY**

Write for a copy

**PROFESSOR E. T. MACK**

507 Fifth Avenue

NEW YORK

*Smaller profits, but quicker returns—that's advertising*

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Advertising increases output—lessens cost—keeps down price



"A  
Treat!"

Sample Can  
Maillard's Cocoa  
Free on Request

Maillard's Breakfast Cocoa  
gratifies and satisfies. Dainty  
yet hearty food with a delicate,  
delicious flavor quite its own.  
Quickly prepared—easily digested.

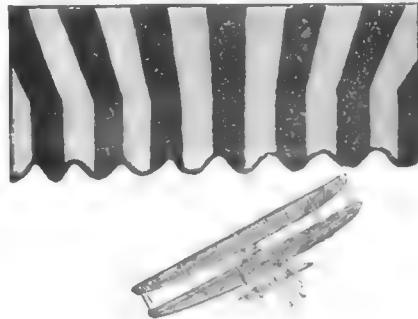
At All Leading Grocers

*Maillard's*  
NEW YORK

Fifth Avenue at 35th Street

CHOCOLATES, BONBONS, FRENCH BONBONNIÈRES

The unique Luncheon Restaurant is a popular resort  
for ladies—afternoon tea 3 to 6



we're living high—  
up in the air

we're living fast—  
in the cafes

high flyers and  
fast goers use

## RED RAVEN

clears the head  
cools the blood  
settles the stomach  
and is ideal

"For High Livers' Livers"

splits, everywhere 15c



## Cupid's Snare

"Beauty charms the eye  
But a perfume melts the  
heart to love"

A DELICATE perfume is the magic charm of woman.  
He who has come within its enchanting spell  
forever carries in his soul the vision of his enchantress.

## FARIA SOLID PERFUMES

(The Sachets de Luxe)

The greatest achievement of perfumer's  
science. The odor of a thousand  
blossoms concentrated in compressed  
cubes. You lay the cakes among your  
silks, lingerie, stationery, etc., and they  
give their enticing fragrance to the  
entire contents.

Faria Solid Perfumes (Parfum Concrete quintessence)  
are the most enduring, delicate and delightful  
fragrance in the world. In

Red Rose, Violet, Heliotrope, Lilac, Carna-  
tion, Corylopsis, Lavender, and Sandalwood

An Ideal Gift for Christmas!

Each cake packed in a pretty box, \$1.00 postpaid. State odor  
desired.

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Advertised goods are reliable goods

## "Always Acceptable" Can you say this of all your Gifts?

Every lover of good things to eat will welcome a box of HATCH luscious Salto-Nuts or confections, whether it be Christmas or any other season of the year. Hatch Goodies are "different" in taste and appearance. Ask the initiated, or send for a copy of our unique book (edition 2-S)

### "HATCH AN APPETITE"—MAILED FREE

SEND YOUR CHECK for any of the following delicacies. We will ship your order promptly to any address. *Charge accounts solicited.*

Hatch



Famous home-prepared SALTO-NUTS, including Walnuts, Hickory, Pistache, Goobers, Almonds, Cashew, Brazil Nuts, others, \$1.25 pound mixed. DAINTY SUPREME CHOCOLATES and BONBONS ("handsomest packed candies in America") \$1.00 pound. Bitter-sweet ITALIAN CHOCOLATES filled with rare nuts and fruits, 80c. pound. ORIENTAL DELIGHTS, expensive fruits liqueured and nutted, \$1.00 pound. NUTTED RAISINS (stuffed by hand), 50c. a box.

Hatch 1223 Broadway, at 30th Street, New York

HOISTING LIFT VAN ON BOARD STEAMER  
NEW FIRE-PROOF STORAGE  
Clean, Separate, Locked Rooms  
Most Modern and Convenient

WEST SIDE WAREHOUSE  
248, 250 and 252 WEST 65th STREET

Local! Domestic and Foreign  
Removals in Wheel or Lift Vans

BOWLING GREEN STORAGE & VAN COMPANY  
18 BROADWAY Telephone, 3450 Broad

## THE SMART SET FOR

### JANUARY, 1912

Will contain among other features:

"THE VILLA OF PARADISE," a novelette by Molly Elliott Seawell, with an unusual plot.

"THE JEMIMA HYPOTHESIS," by Brian Hooker, an essay containing a distinctly original and cleverly conceived doctrine of life.

"THE PLAINT OF EVE," by George Sylvester Viereck, a great poem on woman, which comes appropriately enough as a reply to Kipling's recent attack.

"THE TRUNK IN THE ATTIC," a department of interest to all who ever wrote a love letter, conducted by Louise Closser Hale.

A wonderful story by Dolf Wyllarde concerning a woman who wished to appear older than she was, and a business story of a very unusual sort by H. H. Bashford—both these really extraordinary features.

The January SMART SET will be the best issue since June.

## CONGRESS CARDS

For Social Play—Art Backs—Exquisite Colors—High Quality.  
New Designs—Club Indexes—Ideal for Bridge.  
Gold Edges—Air-Cushion or Ivory Finish.



OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES—HOYLE UP-TO-DATE  
ISSUED YEARLY—SENT FOR 15 CENTS IN STAMPS  
THE U. S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U. S. A.

## BICYCLE CARDS

In Use Throughout the World for General Play  
The Most Durable 25 Cent Card Made.  
Club Indexes—Air-Cushion or Ivory Finish.



Advertising decreases cost of Distribution

*Before you buy, read the Advertising pages in THE SMART SET*

There's just the difference between a raw, poorly made Cocktail and a

## Club Cocktail

that there is between a raw, new Whiskey and a soft old one.

The best of ingredients—the most accurate blending cannot give the softness and mellowness that age imparts.

Club Cocktails are aged in wood before bottling—and no freshly made Cocktail can be as good.

*Manhattan, Martini and other standard blends, bottled, ready to serve through cracked ice.*

**Refuse Substitutes  
AT ALL DEALERS**

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Props.  
Hartford New York London**



**HEADACHE?  
BROMO-SELTZER**

# *Milo*

The  
**Egyptian  
Cigarette  
of Quality**

**AROMATIC DELICACY  
MILDNESS  
PURITY**

At your club or dealer's

THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.

# **MENNEN'S "FOR MINE"**



**Mennen's Borated Talcum Powder**  
keeps my skin in healthy condition.

*Sample Box for 4c. stamp.*

**GERHARD MENNEN CO.  
Newark, N. J.**





# Chickering

pianos

stand as a *guaranty* of lasting beauty  
*in quality* as well as *durability* of

**T O N E**

*It was* the piano of *our forefathers*,  
and is the *piano* of

**To day**

*Nearly NINETY YEARS of constant improving  
has made the CHICKERING a valuable asset.*

Chickering Pianos may be bought of any Chickering  
representative at Boston prices with added cost of  
freight and delivery. Our literature will be sent  
upon request.

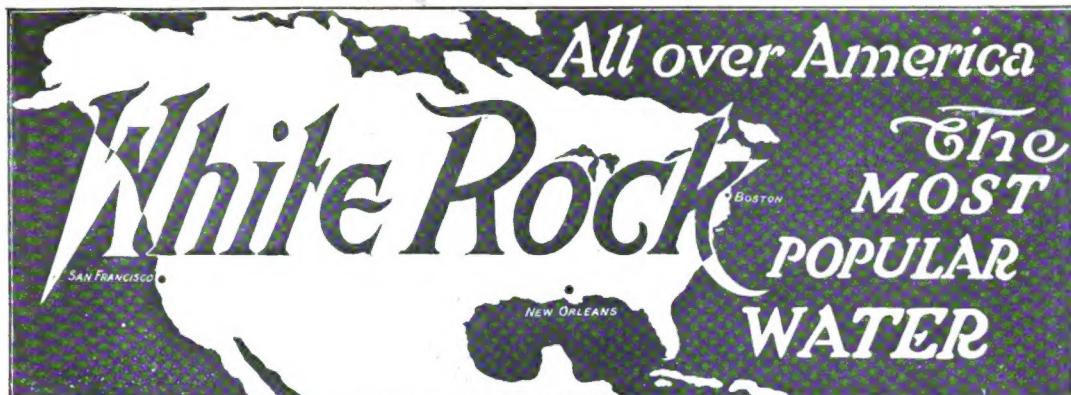
*Made Solely by*

**CHICKERING & SONS**

Established 1823

BOSTON, MASS.

Advertising insures the consumer perpetual uniformity of value



## Your Eyelashes *Are They Beautiful?*



"EYES THAT DAZZLE" are invariably shaded by long, thick, sweeping lashes and encircled by perfect brows. My "LASHGROW" positively grows full, luxuriant lashes and shapely brows, making a plain face lovely, a pretty face entrancing. May be applied in the privacy of one's own boudoir. Marked results will be noted in a few days. Absolutely harmless. Write to Dept. 2-K for literature and prices.

### ROSY CHEEKS IN TWENTY MINUTES!

Hulda Thomas' Facial Treatment draws the blood to the most sallow, wrinkled face in twenty minutes, making muscles firm, removing discolorations and restoring the healthy complexion of girlhood. *Test sample, by mail, 25 cents; Larger size (three applications), 50 cents.*

**CONSULTATION FREE.**—You can consult Mrs. Thomas in perfect confidence in regard to any physical blemish. Visit her new Beauty Parlors (the most completely equipped in this country), or write for booklet, edition 2-K, describing all preparations and treatments.

**HULDA THOMAS** DEPT. 2-K, 11 WEST 38th STREET, NEW YORK  
At Fifth Avenue. Phone, 6241 Murray Hill

## Perfect NAILS

are a social necessity. Nothing mars the appearance of otherwise beautiful nails like surplus skin and hangnails. These may be instantly removed without cuticle knife, scissors or pumice stone by the use of

### *The Simplex* Cuticle Remover

It softens the cuticle and prevents it from growing on the nail. Contains no harmful acids—will not bleach—healing. Buy a bottle to-day through your dealer or direct.

Wm. G. Korony, Manufacturing Chemist  
237 South Fifth Street, Louisville, Ky.  
Eastern Agent: Louis Hartung  
711 Broadway, New York City

50¢



Trial Bottle mailed on receipt of ten cents with name of your local dealer.



## Madame Blair THE REMODELING SHOP

Without any great outlay I can give to your old gowns or suits a new and stylish appearance. Smart, fresh gowns made out of those slightly worn or out of season. I have proper facilities to do this remodeling skilfully and artistically. Because of my experience and natural ability I am in position to render expert service in this work.

I do all kinds of high-class dressmaking: smart coats, ladies' gowns—both afternoon and evening; street suits; distinctive, separate blouses—both tailored and fancy; cleaning, pressing, etc. My telephone number is Riverside 4884. I shall be pleased to give you PERSONAL SERVICE over the telephone, in an interview or by letter. Out-of-town customers need only to send me their exact measurements for remodeling or new garments and I'll guarantee a satisfactory fit.

REASONABLE PRICES  
132 WEST 91st STREET NEW YORK CITY

FOR WOMAN, CHILD AND HOUSEHOLD.



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*A trade-marked, advertised article is the "quality ideal" for the manufacturer to live up to*

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# The Gift of all gifts

You cannot give "Genius" for Christmas but you can closely approach it.



## The Baldwin Player-Piano

*offers two-thirds of genius's equipment: Suppleness of execution with the power to produce musical effects artistically.*

The other third is personality.

It invites you to express the soul and color in music as *you* feel them. It emancipates you from mechanical tyranny, permitting spontaneous and independent effects of beauty wholly new to player music-making.

"In playing the Baldwin Player-Piano," said a famous pianist, "one *really* does share the artist's sensation of 'doing it all himself.'"

"THE BALDWIN PLAYER-PIANO"—this book sent on request.

## The Baldwin Company

CINCINNATI  
142 West Fourth Street

New York  
8 E. 34th Street

Chicago  
323 So. W. Wash Ave.

St. Louis  
1111 Olive Street

San Francisco  
310 Sutter Street

Indianapolis  
18 N. Penn's St.

Louisville  
425 S. Fourth Ave.

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1626 California St.



*Advertising is the hall-mark of Quality*

# Libby's

## Evaporated Milk

—a most convenient necessity. Keep a supply of Libby's Milk in the pantry and you are prepared for any emergency where milk or cream is required.

Gives a fine rich flavor to tea,  
coffee, and all cooking

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

Ask your  
grocer for  
Libby's Milk

Absolutely  
Pure  
Milk

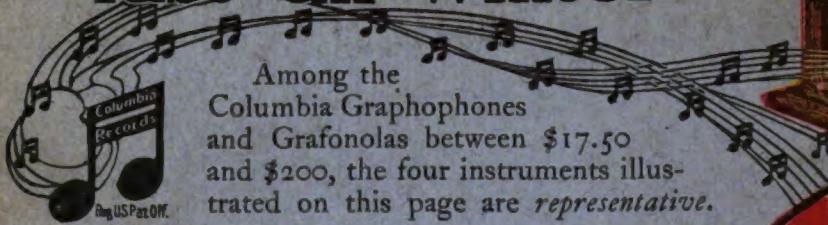


THE TROW PRESS, NEW YORK

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# Make *this* Christmas last all winter



Among the Columbia Graphophones and Grafonolas between \$17.50 and \$200, the four instruments illustrated on this page are representative.



# Columbia

Intelligent comparison is the basis of intelligent buying. We are asking you to do the one very thing that you must

do if your buying is to justify your own judgment: Make comparisons!

You cannot afford to make such an important purchase as that of a musical instrument, in the dark. Make comparisons!

We have just issued a new Catalog of Columbia Graphophones, Hornless Graphophones, and Grafonolas. Don't make the mistake of buying a musical instrument before you have received that catalog from your dealer, or from us by mail direct. If you do not yet own a record-playing instrument, now is the one best time to do it. If you do own one, exchange it! Any Columbia dealer will quote you a liberal allowance.

Columbia instruments play any make of disc records, just as Columbia Double-Disc Records may be played on any disc machine. We have a new 184-page catalog of Columbia Double-Disc Records by a majority of the greatest artists in the world—great names and great records. Send for it.

**COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., Gen'l, Box 308, Tribune Building, New York**

Headquarters for Canada: McKim's Bldg., Toronto. London, Karlsruhe, S. W.

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the one ideal gift  
for all the family  
for all the year around